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THE

WORKS OF SALLUST:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THE LATE

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

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THE

LIFE OF SALLUST:

BY

T. M.

We so seldom find the talents which make men admirable, united with those qualities of the heart which render them amiable, that many have supposed such perfections to be, in some degree, incompatible; have imagined, that refinement in individuals, as well as nations, is generally purchased at the expense of purity and innocence, and that the sun of knowledge too often corrupts while it illuminates. It cannot be denied, that the union of virtue and genius is a phenomenon almost as rare as it is glorious; and amply as human nature abounds in contrarieties, it does not produce a more degrading alloy, a more melancholy mixture, than that of talents with profligacy. We contemplate a character of this kind, in which meanness is so blended with sublimity, as a traveller through Greece and Asia looks on those motley structures, in which broken mar-

bles and columns are found mixed among the vilest rubbish, and the fragments of ancient splendour are converted to purposes of filth and wretchedness. Such is the mortifying spectacle which the life of Sallust presents: alternately exciting our admiration and contempt by the vigour of his intellect and the corruption of his heart, he seems to have studied all that is excellent in theory, for the sole purpose of avoiding it in practice.

He was born at Amiternum, in the country of the Sabines, in the year of Rome 668. The family of the Sallustii was good but not illustrious; and it does not appear that, previous to the time of the historian, the name had acquired either rank or celebrity at Rome. He was in his eighth year, when Sylla, after a life of tyranny and faction, died with a composure of spirit which better men might emulate *.

* When Sylla found that he was dying, he hastened to put a finishing touch to those memoirs of himself, from which some interesting traits are preserved to us. Among the many examples of a calm resignation of life, which the Pagan world has left for our instruction, there is none perhaps more gracefully firm than that which Tacitus has recorded of the polished voluptuary, Petronius. His death was indeed (as St. Evremont calls it) "la plus belle de l'antiquité."

The honours which the Romans paid to the memory of this extraordinary person, afford a most striking example of the anomalies of the human mind. His government had been a series of murders and proscriptions; ninety senators had fallen the victims of his cruelty, and near three thousand knights had been massacred or exiled. He had sacrificed to the rage of civil dissension the blood of one hundred thousand citizens; and yet around the pile of this foe to her liberties, Rome did not blush to exhibit all the pageantry of grief *; and the shower of rain which happened to fall after the burning of the body, was supposed by the infatuated people to be sent expressly by heaven at that moment, to cool the ashes of the tyrant, and give him, even in death, some proof of its interposition in his favour.

As long as Sylla lived, notwithstanding his abdication of power, the influence of his name,

* For the particulars of this splendid ceremony the reader must consult M. de Brosses, in his very skilful Supplement to the Remains of Sallust, tom. i. p. 377. He seems, in the following passage, to have imitated the pompous formula of the King's toast in Hamlet: "Le sénat répondoit aux trompettes par des acclamations lugubres: les chevaliers répondoient au sénat: l'armée aux chevaliers: toute la populace à l'armée."

and the terror of his presence, were sufficient to repress every thought of innovation. The man still remained, though the dictator was no more. But, as soon as he died, this calm of cowardice ceased, and the claims of the respective factions were renewed with all their former animosity. The cause of the people was but little advanced in the struggle, and the power of Pompey, which succeeded to that of Sylla, preserved to the nobles that high superiority which the aristocratic laws of the dictator had given them.

The early pursuits of Sallust were such as might be expected from the discordant qualities of which his character was composed. While the learned philologer Atteius presided over his studies, and fed his mind with that pure attic eloquence which we find transfused so admirably into his writings, the abandoned Nigidianus was the companion of his debaucheries; and it is to be feared, that even Nature herself was not sufficiently respected in their orgies. With such dispositions we cannot wonder, that, when Sallust applied his attention to political affairs, he should adopt the popular faction as the more favourable to his views and character, and as opening a field for his ambition, while it flattered all his baser propensities. His first ap-

pearance in public life seems, however, to have been rather unsuccessful, and he thus complains of his failure in the History of Catiline's Conspiracy: "I was induced, in my younger days, by my own inclination, and the example of others, to devote my time to the affairs of the republic; but the impediments were numerous which I met with in this pursuit. Instead of modesty, temperance, and public spirit, I saw nothing around me but boldness, bribery, and rapacity; and though my mind, as yet unaccustomed to corruption, was struck with disgust at the depravity which it witnessed, yet, young and thoughtless in the midst of profligacy and temptation, I caught the infection of the times, and became the victim of cupidity and ambition *."

* This passage recalls to our minds the account which Lucian so feelingly gives, of the disgust with which he retired from the profession of the law: Εγω γαρ επειδη ταχίστα ξυνειδον ὁποσα τοις ρητορευσι τα δυσχερα αναγκαιον προσεικαι, απαγην και ψευδος και θρασυτητα, και βοην και ωθισμους και μυρια αλλα, ταυτα μεν, ὡσπερ εικος ην, απεφυγον· επι δε τα σα, ω Φιλοσοφια, καλα ὡρμησας, ηξιουν ὁποσον ετι μοι λοιπον τε βιε, καθαπερ εκ ζαλης και κλυδωνος εις ευδιον τινα λιμενα εσπλευσας, υπο σοι σκεπομενος καθεδεσθαι.—Piscator, sive Reviviscentes. "As soon as I perceived the numberless inconveniences which necessarily attend the professors of the law; as soon as I knew the deceit and falsehood, the effrontery, clamour, and dis-

Ambition however was not the only feeling which occupied, at this time, the ardent spirit of Sallust. Fausta, the wife of Milo, and daughter of Sylla *, one of those beautiful

tension, which characterize them, I naturally fled with disgust from the pursuit, and turning my mind to thy beauties, O Philosophy! it was my wish beneath thy auspices to pass whatever yet remained of my existence, like one gliding into a peaceful harbour from all the inclemency of winds and waves."

* Fausta was one of those heathen ladies, whom a father of the church very elegantly styles "expolitæ libidinis victimæ." Her gallantries indeed were rather multifarious; for time has preserved us the names of five of her lovers, and we may of course allow for a considerable number, who had either the discretion or the luck to lie concealed. Macrobius tells a lively witticism which was suggested by the names of two of these favoured gentlemen: "Faustus, Syllæ filius, cum soror ejus eodem tempore duos mœchos haberet, Fulvium Fullonem et Pompeium Maculum: Miror, inquit, sororem meam habere maculam, cum fullonem habeat." Saturnal. l. ii. 2. Unfortunately the pun here is not translateable; but there is another ancient witticism upon a similar subject, which, though it has nothing to do with Fausta, deserves to be repeated. When Porcius, son to Cato of Utica, was in Cappadocia, he intrigued with the fair Psyche, who was wife to his friend Maphradates. "What close friends" (it was remarked) "are Porcius and Maphradates! they have but one soul between them."—φιλοι δυο, ψυχη μια.—It should perhaps have been premised, for the sake of some readers, that Psyche is the Greek for soul.

philanthropists, who study more to bless than to tantalize mankind, was wooed by the young historian, and did not distinguish him by a refusal. He seems, however, to have been as unlucky in love as in politics. The husband was officious enough to interrupt the lovers "dans un moment" (if we may believe the learned president De Brosses) "fort essentiel et tout-à-fait critique pour l'honneur du mari," and the gallant was dismissed after a chastisement so severe, and so degrading, that it disgusted him for ever with intrigues in consular families. Indeed so complete was the reformation which the lash of Milo produced, that Sallust is said to have declared some time after in the senate-house, upon being reproached with the immorality of his life, that "he had given up women of rank, and taken to the daughters of freedmen *."

> Libertinarum dico, Sallustius in quas
> Non minus insanit quam qui mœchatur.
> Horat. Sat. ii. Lib. 1.

* "Sallustius tanto ardore insanivisse in libertinos, quanto mœchus in matrones: quod cum illi in senatû à censoribus objectum esset, respondit: Se non matronarum sed libertinarum sectatorem esse." Schol. in Sat. Horat. Lib. i. Sat. ii.

We cannot ascertain the period of his life, when he first aspired to the honours of magistracy; but as the quæstorship was a previous step to the other offices which he appears to have held, we may suppose that he obtained this situation soon after he had reached the age which the laws rendered necessary for its attainment. In the year 702 he was elected a tribune of the people, and it is less a subject of triumph to him than it is of disgrace to the times in which he lived, that Cato should have failed at a moment when Sallust was successful *. He had now an opportunity, however, of revenging himself upon the husband of Fausta, whose trial for the murder of Clodius took place during the year of his tribuneship. The factious spirit of Clodius had long disturbed the commonwealth. His animosity to Cicero, after the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline, had been so actively exerted, that, notwithstanding

* He alludes to this preference, with some degree of vanity, in the introductory part of the Jugurthine War, where he says, "When the juncture in which I succeeded to the magistracy is considered, as well as the respectability of those who were disappointed in the same pursuit," &c. —Castilioneus, however, is of opinion, that the prætorship was the object of rivalry to which the passage refers; and he is possibly correct.

the influence of the senate, who regarded Cicero as their grandest bulwark, that great man, with a timidity which was the blemish of his character, yielded to the popular clamour, and retired into voluntary banishment. A triumph so signal, and in some degree unexpected, was sufficient to intoxicate the party of Clodius; and their insolence was such as generally follows a momentary advantage in civil dissensions. During these events the designing Cæsar, whose mind never wandered from its mighty object, abetted the party of Clodius and the populace; while Pompey, with a fluctuation which never yet characterized greatness, after abandoning Cicero to the persecutions of Clodius, assisted Milo in his hostility to the latter, and then attached himself again to the demagogue with the hope of supplanting the popularity of Cæsar. The absence of Cicero was not protracted very long; the law for his recall was passed by acclamation, and the vanity of the orator was gratified by a kind of triumphal entry into Rome. Such were the transactions which preceded the year 702, when Sallust became a tribu[illegible] ople. The commotions of the for[illegible] on- tinued with unabating fury [illegible] rent which gave Sall[illegible] his[illegible]

violent struggle for the consulship between Milo, Hypsæus, and Scipio. His ignominious exposure in the bed-chamber of Fausta still rankled in the heart of the historian, and he eagerly coalesced with Clodius in opposition to the author of his disgrace. The riots and massacres to which the contest gave rise were but a repetition of those barbarous scenes of blood by which Rome, the great theatre of the world, was so often stained and degraded. At length the murder of Clodius put a crown to these party excesses, and raised the indignation of the populace as high as their demagogues could desire. The particulars of the trial of Milo are, perhaps, better remembered by the scholar than any other detailed transaction of antiquity, from its having given birth to the most polished piece of eloquence that ancient or modern genius has ever produced. But, unfortunately, the talent to write was not seconded by the courage to speak; the muse of oratory trembled before the legions of Pompey; and Milo, amidst the luxuries of his banishment at Marseilles, confessed himself indebted to the timidity of his advocate for the very delicate mullets to which it had been the means of introducing him.

Sallust was one of the managers of this

memorable trial; and even without reference to the authority of Pedianus *, we may imagine the degree of acrimony with which the prosecution was conducted. His enmity to Cicero, which had originated, perhaps, in their political differences, and was at length become a personal feeling, displayed itself upon this occasion openly and malignantly. Assisted by his colleagues, Rufus and Munacius, he endeavoured to implicate the orator in the guilt of Milo, and did not hesitate to say, in the course of his violent harangues, that "though the arm of Milo had struck the blow, the head of a greater man had planned it."

The biographers of Sallust have supposed that soon after the termination of this affair, some

* "Inimicissimas conciones de Milone habebant." Ascon. Pedian. in Milon. Ciceron.—This seems to have been the only occasion (if we except his virtuous declaration before the senate) on which Sallust appeared as a public speaker. His habits of concise and elaborate composition were not very favourable to that ready flow of thought which is the first requisite to extemporaneous eloquence. It was said of Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, "dicebat melius quam scripsit;" and indeed the talents of writing and speaking have been very seldom united. An orator in some degree resembles an *improvvisatore*, and it is always with difficulty, and seldom with success, that either can submit to the trammels of regular composition.

pacific overtures were made by the parties to each other, and a kind of reconciliation established between the historian and Milo. It is, certainly, not difficult to believe that men so ambitious and profligate would readily assume any feeling, either of hatred or amity, which promised to promote the factious design of the moment; for the heart has no share in the transactions of a true politician, and there is as little of principle in his enmity as there is of sincerity in his friendship. But we do not find a sufficient motive for this accommodation; and that Sallust did not cease to be obnoxious to the partizans of Milo appears by his subsequent expulsion from the senate, which may be safely attributed to their machinations. This signal degradation he suffered in the year 704, and it cannot be doubted that the licentiousness of his life concurred with the zeal of his enemies in bringing him to such public debasement, and almost justified their hostility *. The ignominious retirement to which he was dismissed had scarcely lasted two years, when the return of

* M. Le Clerc and others seem to think, that the censors inflicted this disgrace upon Sallust on account of his *bonnes fortunes* among the matrons of Rome; but the passage in Dion Cassius, who is our only respectable authority for the story, does not warrant such a conclusion.

his patron, Cæsar, into Italy, after a long series of the most splendid victories, consoled his mortified spirit and gave a new spring to his ambition. It was at this period he is supposed to have written his first letter to Cæsar on the regulation of the commonwealth *; and if history and experience did not amply teach us the hollowness of that zeal which demagogues profess for liberty, we should wonder at the apostacy which he exhibits throughout this extraordinary composition. No longer the advocate of free government, he looks to arbitrary power as the only hope of salvation to the state, and urges Cæsar to assume the sovereignty with an earnestness, which we might respect, if we could but think it disinterested. The adulation which breathes through this letter is equally unlike the republican character of the writer, and we cannot imagine the female robe to have sat more awkwardly on the limbs of Achilles than the garb of flattery hangs about the nervous sentences of Sallust. This sacrifice of principle, however, was not left unrewarded, and the influence of Cæsar procured his appointment to the quæstorship, by which,

* This letter is the second as they stand in the common editions of Sallust, where their chronological order is evidently inverted.

after two years of humiliation, he was restored to his senatorian rank. During the period of his office, or a short time after, while Cæsar was occupied in the siege of Alexandria, he composed his second political letter; and as the object to which he had formerly directed the ambition of the conqueror, was in a great measure secured by the blind devotion of the senate, who had lately united in the person of Cæsar the three incompatible dignities of dictator, consul, and tribune of the people, the tenour of this address is more calm, enlightened, and dispassionate; and the luminous glimpse which he gives of the last dying moments of the republic is interesting and instructive.

In the year 708, upon the return of Cæsar to Rome, he was raised to the high situation of prætor, and about the same time became the husband of Terentia, whom Cicero had been obliged to divorce, after an experiment of more than thirty years. It is difficult to account for this singular choice of the historian *, unless

* After the death of Sallust, when Terentia must have been about fifty-six years of age, she was married to Messala Corvinus, another celebrated orator; which has led the pious St. Jerome to congratulate her upon having been put through such a course of orators. But

we can suppose that it proceeded from his animosity to Cicero, and that he was happy to receive a deserter from the hostile camp who could best betray to him the weakness of the enemy.

In the mean time the wreck of Pompey's army was collected under Cato and Scipio in Africa, and began to assume an aspect of resistance, which, though not very formidable, called for the attention of Cæsar. He accordingly gave directions to Sallust, whom he had appointed one of his lieutenants, to march with a body of troops to the coast, and there embark immediately for Africa. But long and painful service had wearied these hardy veterans. As soon as they arrived at the place of embarkation, and found that they were destined to new dangers, a spirit of mutiny declared itself, and they refused to obey the orders of their lieu-

this was not all: so late as the reign of Tiberius, Terentia still had charms to captivate the antiquarian Rufus, who married her after she had passed her hundredth year, and thought himself the happiest virtuoso in Rome to possess two such valuable antiques in his collection, as the chair of Cæsar and the wife of Cicero. See Dion Cassius, lib. lvii. for some pleasant remarks upon this taste of Rufus.

tenant. In vain did he threaten and promise; their discontent soon kindled into fury, and he was forced at length to consult his own safety by flight, while the malcontents proceeded with the most furious menaces towards Rome, murdering, indiscriminately, all who were ill-fated enough to encounter them. Cæsar, upon hearing of their approach, went forth to meet them alone, notwithstanding the representations of his friends, who trembled at the danger to which he exposed himself, and it was upon this occasion that by the single word "Quirites" he abashed a whole army of mutineers, and had them all repentant at his feet. Such was the dominion which he held over the soldiers, and such must ever be the ascendency of those splendid qualities, which, like the shield of the magician in Ariosto, dazzle men out of their liberties.

E tolto per virtù dello splendore
La libertate a loro. Cant. ii.

Soon after the arrival of Cæsar in Africa, there were some apprehensions entertained of a scarcity of provisions for the troops; in consequence of which a part of the fleet was detached under the command of Sallust to take

possession of the island of Cercina, in which a rich magazine had been formed by the enemy. "I do not pause to consider," said Cæsar, in giving orders to his lieutenant, "whether the service on which I send you is practicable or not; the situation in which we are placed admits neither of delay nor disappointment *." The enterprise, however, succeeded without much difficulty. Decimius, who commanded at Cercina, upon seeing the approach of the squadron, escaped to sea in a skiff, and abandoned the island to Sallust, who, taking possession of the stores, had the corn all shipped aboard his transports, and returned with the welcome supply to Cæsar.

This is the only occurrence during the war, in which the historian appears to have been prominently concerned; but either his services or his flattery recommended him so strongly to Cæsar, that he was appointed, after the conquest of Numidia, to the government of the whole African province, including Libya, Numidia, and Mauritania, and extending along the coast from

* "It is not thus" (says De Brosses) "that ordinary men are addressed; and when we recollect that it was Cæsar who gave these orders, we cannot but think highly of the talents of Sallust who received them."

Carthage to the ocean *. If the wild irregularities of youth were all that could be objected to Sallust, his biographers would have lingered less harshly on his name, and the follies of the boy would have been forgotten in the greatness of the man †. But those cold vices of the heart, which time can neither soften nor eradicate, were, unhappily, his leading characteristics, and have left the darkest stain upon his memory. So active was the spirit of rapacity with which he plundered the subjects of his government, that in the course of a year he returned to Rome, sinking under the wealth which he had wrung from the unfortunate Numidians. An effort was made to bring him to an account for these extortions, but the fruits of his guilt enabled him to avert its punishment; a bribe administered to Cæsar was the spell which dis-

* "Elle comprenoit la Lybie maritime, la Numidie et la Mauritanie; c'est-à-dire toute la côte d'Afrique depuis Carthage jusqu'à l'océan." M. de Brosses, Vie de Salluste, tom. iii. p. 360.

† There is something so meritorious in surmounting early frailties, that a manhood of virtue is even enhanced by a youth of irregularity. Neither the temperance nor the orthodoxy of St. Austin would have appeared to us half so admirable, if he had not been in his youth both a Manichæan and a profligate.

solved the prosecution, and Sallust was left to employ his affluent leisure in writing against luxury, peculation, and avarice.

With the wealth of the injured Africans he laid out those delicious gardens * which still

* M. de Brosses, in his Life of Sallust, has described these gardens very amply and accurately. The learned president visited Italy in the year 1739, and has given such a lively account of his travels, that we cannot help wishing he had written more in this style, and had left all the learned lumber of his Sallust to German professors and Scotch doctors of laws. The following is his account of the site of these gardens: " Ils comprenoient à ce qu'il semble, tout ce grand espace qui se trouvé enfermé entre les murs de Rome, la rue de la porte Colline (via Salaria), la rue qui va des quatre fontaines ou de la porte Pie jusqu'à l'angle de St. Suzanne (via Nomentana), et de là, suivant en ligne droite le long des jardins de Barberini, et à travers les jardins de Ludovisio, jusqu'aux murs de Rome, ou peu en deçà de la porte Pinciane, à l'angle de l'ancienne rue Collatine. Cet espace qui contenoit autrefois la maison, les jardins et le marché de Salluste, le temple et le cirque de Vénus Erycine ou Sallustienne, les petits temples de la Lune et de Quirinus, les rues de Mamuria et de la Grenada (malum Punicum) et même peut-être une partie de la place exécrable (campus Sceleratus), où l'on enterroit vives les vestales coupables, est aujourdhui occupé par divers terreins incultes, par les eglises de N. D. de la Victoire, de Sainte Suzanne et de St. Nicolas de Tolentin, par la rue Salaria, par les vestiges d'un ancien cirque, nommé mal-à-propos, dans quelques cartes mo-

"look green" in the pages of antiquity, and which were long the delight and the wonder of Rome. There, in the midst of parterres and porticos, with an Italian sky over his head, and the voluptuous statues of Greece before his eyes, the historian produced those rigid lessons of temperance, those strong delineations of character, and those connected views of motives, events, and consequences, which deserve so justly to be called "Philosophy teaching by examples." There, reposing in the temple of his Venus, after an interview, perhaps, with some fair Libertina, he inveighed against the sensuality of the Roman youth; or reclining amidst vases and pictures which African gold had purchased, composed his elaborate declamations against the rapacity of provincial governors.

Such were the labours and the luxuries, which Sallust was obliged to relinquish, before he could be weary of the one or sated with the other. He died at the age of fifty-one, in the year of Rome 718; and perhaps the best summary of

dernes, le cirque de Flore, mais qui est en effet le cirque de la Vénus Erycine de Salluste, et enfin par les jardins de Negroni, l'extremité de ceux de Barberini, et la plus grande partie de ceux de Ludovisio." Tom. iii. p. 362.

his life and character is comprised in the following couplet of Young:

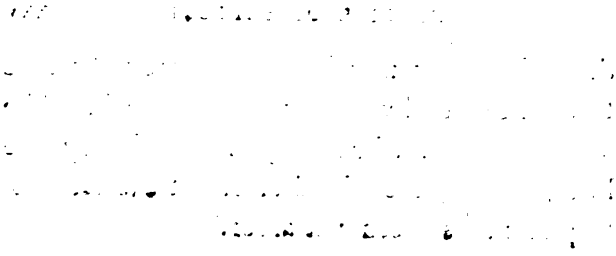
> The man disgusts us, while the writer shines,
> Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines!

The merits of Sallust as a writer and a historian have been often discussed, and are in general justly appreciated. He shews, however, the fallacy of a standard in criticism, as there is scarcely a fault in his writings, which some have not praised as a beauty; and, on the other hand, scarcely a beauty which some have not censured as a fault. While Quintilian admires the brevity of his style, there are others who condemn it as vicious and affected *; and Julius Scaliger, with a still more capricious singularity of opinion, declares that diffusion and prolixity are the most striking defects of Sallust. The speeches, interwoven with his history, which some critics value so highly, are considered by others as false and inelegant

* Quos inter (says Morhofius, Polyhist. lib. iv. cap. xi.) Joh. Petrum Maffeium quoque fuisse Erythæus refert Pinacoth. ii. p. 53. "Illud," inquiens "in eo ferendum non erat, quod Sallustium Crispum, Romanæ decus historiæ, ad sui judicii calculum revocare et damnare audebat; ideo fortasse, quod divinam ejus prudentiam illustremque brevitatem," &c.

fabrications; and Cassius Severus has classed them among the failures of genius with the verses of Cicero and the prose of Virgil. The authenticity of these harangues is certainly too questionable to admit of their exciting such a lively degree of interest as might atone for the interruption which they cause in the narrative; and even the dramatic allusion that should be preserved is destroyed by the uniformity of the historian's style, which confers on the rough, uneducated Marius an array of language as dense and artificial as it gives to the polished and eloquent Cæsar. Without, however, entering into the minuteness of criticism, or pausing upon any of those heretical opinions which we have mentioned, we may consider ourselves orthodox in looking to Sallust as one of the purest models of historical composition; as a writer, whose style, though formed on the study of the Greeks, is peculiarly his own and original both in its faults and its perfections, being often affected yet always vigorous, and sometimes too brief yet never obscure. The precepts of virtue too with which he has enriched his works are truly philosophical and most admirably inculcated; and we have only to regret, while we read and admire them, that

these flowers of moral eloquence are not native to the heart of him who utters them; but, like Virgil's branch of gold upon the gloomy tree in the shades, are a kind of bright excrescence, "quod non sua seminat arbor."



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CATILINE'S

CONSPIRACY.

frail and transitory, it should be the endeavour of every man to extend his fame, and leave a lasting memorial of his existence. For what are all the advantages of wealth, and all the graces of form and feature? mere precarious gifts, that soon fade and moulder away. It is virtue, and virtue only, that ennobles the human character, and lives in the memory of after-times.

But a just estimate of our mental and bodily faculties was not easily made. Which of them was most conducive to the success of military operations, was in former times a question much agitated, and long undecided. It is evident, however, that before the undertaking of a warlike enterprise, judgment is required to concert and plan the necessary measures; vigour in the execution is equally necessary. The powers of man, in their separate functions feeble and ineffectual, demand each other's aid, and flourish by mutual assistance.

And yet we see that in the commencement of royalty (for by that title the first rulers of the world were dignified) the several kings proceeded by different exertions; some choosing to cultivate their mental faculties, while others relied on bodily vigour. But in that period men led a blameless life; each individual enjoyed his own, and with that was satisfied. In process of time,

when Cyrus in Asia, and the Spartans and Athenians in Greece, began to extend their conquests over cities and nations; when the lust of dominion was a sufficient motive for the desolation of war, and the acquisition of territory swelled the conqueror's pride; then at length the dangers of the field and the intricacy of negotiations made it evident that the head, and not the sword, is the great engine of war. Were the same attention paid to the affairs of civil government; if kings and leaders of armies were as willing to display their genius in the calm seasons of peace, the rights of men would rest on a surer foundation, and the world would no longer be a scene of war and wild commotion. Dominion obtained by the powers of genius, may be supported by the same arts. But when, in the place of industry, moderation, and justice, sloth, ambition, and inordinate desires succeed, the manners of a whole people change with their condition; and the government is transferred from the hands of incapacity, to the man of superior genius.

The labours of man, whether he choose to cultivate the land, to explore the ocean, or to raise the lofty dome, agriculture, navigation, architecture, and all the arts of life, owe their success to the faculties of the mind; and yet

we see in the mass of life numbers addicted to sloth and the gratifications of appetite; men uneducated and uninformed, who have passed their time like incurious travellers, of whom it may be said, the organs of bodily sensation were their delight, and their minds were no better than a burden. The life and death of all of that description, I rank in the same degree; they pass away, and leave no trace behind them. He only, according to my way of thinking, can be said to live, and to answer the ends of his being, who devotes his time to some worthy employment, and either distinguishes himself by honourable deeds, or seeks the fame of excellence in some liberal art.

But the business of human life presents a variety of employments; and nature, by a secret bias, invites the industry of man to different scenes of action. To serve the commonwealth by patriot toil and vigour, is the highest glory; eloquence in the same cause deserves its rank of praise. A name may become great and eminent in peace, as well as war. The men who have performed, and the historians who have recorded generous actions, have been ever held in esteem. It is true, the fame of him, who writes, can never equal that of him, who acts; but still to compose the history of great transactions, has

ever appeared to me an arduous undertaking: first, because the style must be proportioned to the subject; and, again, because the reflections of the historian are in danger of being misconstrued. If he censures what is wrong, his objections are supposed to spring from envy and malevolence: if he describes a great and splendid virtue, and sets forth the glory of honourable deeds, every man in that case makes himself the standard by which he judges; what he fancies within the reach of his own powers, he is willing to believe, and all beyond that compass he rejects as fiction.

As to myself, I must acknowledge, that in my younger days I felt, like many others, a strong desire to enter on the career of civil employment, but many obstacles occurred to retard me in my progress. Instead of modesty, self-denial, and virtue, I saw boldness, corruption, and rapacity, around me. A mind, like mine, as yet unpractised in wrong, was disgusted of course by this general depravity; but still entangled in the vices of the times, and young and ambitious, I was hurried away by the torrent; and, though my heart condemned the morals of those around me, I felt all the same aspiring impatience; and the love of fame, with its sure attendant envy, haunted and dis-

turbed me. At length, however, when, after various conflicts, I escaped from all the dangers of my situation, and my spirits were restored to peace and tranquillity, I resolved to pass the rest of my life at a distance from the stage of public business*: but, in that retreat, it was by no means my intention to let the hours of leisure run to waste in listless indolence. I was not willing to pass my days in agriculture, hunting, or such degrading pursuits. On the contrary, recurring to those early studies, from which vain ambition had seduced me, I formed a resolution to compose a narrative of Roman affairs, selecting for that purpose such events as seemed worthy of the notice of posterity; a task, in which I was the more willing to engage, as I could then bring to the work a mind uninfluenced by hope or fear, and perfectly free from party connexions. I shall therefore, with the strictest regard to truth, and with all possible brevity, relate the conspiracy of Catiline; this event appearing to me to rank among the most memorable and interesting, whether we consider its singular atrocity or the novelty of the dangers which it menaced. Before, however, I enter upon my narrative, it will be proper to give some account of the manners and character of the man.

* See Note A, at the end of Cicero's Orations.

15 Lucius Catiline was the descendant of an illustrious family. The extraordinary vigour of his body was equalled by that of his mind; but his genius was fatally bent on mischief. Intestine discord, murder and massacre, plunder and civil wars, were the delight of his youth; and in those scenes of commotion he exercised his earliest talents. His frame of body was such that he could endure hunger, cold, and watching, with a patience altogether incredible. His spirit was bold and daring; his genius subtle and various. Perfect in the arts of simulation and dissimulation; greedy after the property of others, and prodigal of his own, whatever he desired, he desired with ardour. Possessed of sufficient eloquence, his portion of wisdom was but small. Fond of the vast, the immoderate, the incredible, his spirit aimed at projects far beyond his powers *.

Such being the temper of the man, it is no wonder, that, having before his eyes the late example of Sylla's usurpation, he formed a design to make himself master of the commonwealth. The measures by which he pursued his object gave him no solicitude: to be the tyrant of his country by any means, was his ardent passion. His mind, naturally fierce and impetuous, was

* See Note B.

rendered still more so by the ruin of his fortunes, and the goading reproaches of a guilty conscience; evils, which the crimes of every day augmented. The general depravity of the times was a further incentive: he saw the people corrupt and profligate, hurried on in a wild career of luxury and avarice, vices which differ in their nature, but agree in the misery of their consequences.]

And here, since I have had occasion to mention the manners of the age, if I go back for a moment to review the practice of our ancestors, the digression, I trust, will not be deemed improper: it will serve to shew the spirit of the Roman government in war and peace; the system of civil and military institutions; the arts by which our ancestors founded the commonwealth, and carried it to the highest grandeur. We shall at the same time see by what fatal steps the government declined, till it fell from the noblest height into its present depth of degeneracy, and from the best and most flourishing state has now become the most weak and flagitious.

The city of Rome, as we collect from history, was founded and governed by the Trojans, who under the conduct of Æneas saved themselves from the destruction of their country, and wandered for some time from place to place in

quest of a settled habitation. They were soon joined by the Aborigines, or natives of Italy; a race of men, who ran wild in the woods, and lived without any form of government, unchecked by laws, free and independent. The two nations agreed to coalesce: united within the same walls, it is wonderful how soon they became one undistinguished people, notwithstanding the diversity of their origin, their language, and their manners. The new state went on increasing in population, extending its territory, and forming wholesome regulations, insomuch that it began to assume the appearance of an opulent and flourishing colony. From that time, according to the usual course of human affairs, their growing affluence provoked the jealousy of their neighbours. Contentions ensued, and wars with different princes. The new settlers obtained little or no assistance from their allies, while the rest, struck with terror, kept aloof from the perils of war. The Romans, in the mean time, neglected nothing; intent on their internal polity, and conducting the war with vigour, they planned their military operations with judgment; they executed with dispatch; they animated one another; they gave battle to the enemy, and by their courage were able to protect their liberty, their country, and their fellow-citizens.

Having at length surmounted all their difficulties, and by their valour delivered themselves from the calamities of war, they resolved to succour their allies; and thus, by conferring benefits, not by receiving them, they enlarged the circle of their friends.

They established a regular form of government, with the title of king. A select number of the wisest citizens, men indeed impaired by years, but still retaining the vigour of the mind, formed the great council of the state. They were distinguished by the title of fathers; a name derived from their advanced age; or, perhaps, from their paternal care of the commonwealth. In process of time, when the royal dignity, which was at first intended to protect the liberty of the subject, and promote the interests of the commonwealth, began to degenerate into pride and despotism, the constitution underwent a change, and two magistrates were appointed to supply the office of king for the term of a year only. The policy of the measure was, that a mere annual authority would not be sufficient to inflame the minds of men with pride and insolence. This was a period when every man stood forward in the service of his country, and when all who possessed talents, discovered and exerted them. In

despotic governments the able and the worthy are objects of more suspicion than the wicked and insignificant; nothing is so formidable to a tyrant as virtue.

Now civil liberty being established at Rome, the rapid progress with which the state enlarged its territory is almost incredible. The love of glory pervaded every breast. Young men, as soon as they were of age to carry arms, betook themselves to toil and labour in the camp, and in that school acquired the military art. To have burnished arms, and well-trained horses, was their pride; loose women and convivial riots had no attraction. To soldiers so formed and exercised, no labour was fatiguing; no place was rugged or difficult; the face of the enemy struck no terror: their virtue towered above all obstructions. The struggle among themselves was for glory. To assault the foe, scale the walls, and to be seen while they performed such deeds, was their ambition. In that consisted their riches; that was their highest glory; that was their true nobility. Covetous of praise and lavish of money, they panted for glory, and were indifferent about riches; a competence obtained with honour satisfied their wishes. I could here enumerate their military exploits; could mention places where they had

defeated powerful armies with a very inferior force, and taken cities by assault which Nature herself had fortified; but this recital would lead me too far from my original design.

It may, however, be observed, that in the course of human affairs much is owing to chance and the circumstances of the times. Hence it happens, that the actions of men are often obscured or aggrandized, as caprice inspires, not as truth should dictate. For example, the transactions of the Athenians were, it must be acknowledged, great and noble; but surely they fall short of the splendour with which they are represented. The fact is, Athens produced a race of eloquent writers, whose genius gave such a lustre to what they related, that the fame of their countrymen surpasses all the rest of the world; and the virtue of the men who figured in those times, is now seen in all the colours of eloquence, carried by the writers as high as imagination could aspire. The Romans had not those advantages: their ablest men were employed in action. They exercised the body as well as the mind. To act, rather than speak, was the ambition of eminent men, and they performed what others might praise, instead of praising what others had performed.

But even that rude, unenlightened age produced a system of the best and wisest institu-

tions *. Sound morals were established in the city and the army. A spirit of union prevailed; not a symptom of avarice was seen; virtue and justice were secured as much by good inclination as by the laws. Their strife, their quarrels, and their differences were all confined to the enemy; with their fellow-citizens they knew no disunion; to distinguish themselves by superior virtue, was the only struggle. Magnificent in their temples, they were economists in their homes; and their fidelity in friendship was pure and exemplary. Their maxims for their own good and the welfare of the public were few and simple, namely, courage in war, and justice in peace. As a proof of what has been advanced, it may be observed, that in the most active campaign they had more frequent occasion to punish the soldiers who attacked the enemy without orders, or continued the battle after the signal for retreat, than the men who deserted their colours or fled from their post. In time of peace, their rule was to secure obedience by rewards rather than by punishments; and when they received an injury, they chose rather to forgive, than to revenge.

By this wise system the republic rose to the highest pitch of grandeur; great and opulent states were reduced to subjection; powerful

* See Note C.

kings were conquered; Carthage, that formidable rival, was laid in ruins; and Rome remained mistress by land and sea. It was then that fortune began to change the scene, and throw every thing into confusion. The people who had before that time endured hardship and labour, peril and adversity, began to relax; and to them repose and riches, the great objects of other nations, became a burden that broke their spirit, and extinguished their virtue. A love of money, and a lust for power, took possession of every mind. These hateful passions were the source of innumerable evils. Good faith, integrity, and every virtuous principle, gave way to avarice; and in the room of moral honesty, pride, cruelty, and contempt of the gods succeeded. Corruption and venality were introduced; and every thing had its price. Such were the effects of avarice. Ambition was followed by an equal train of evils; it taught men to be false and deceitful; to think one thing, and to say another; to make friendship or enmity a mere traffic for private advantage, and to set the features to a semblance of virtue, while malignity lay lurking in the heart. But at first these vices sapped their way by slow degrees, and were often checked in their progress; but spreading at length like an epidemic

contagion, morals and the liberal arts went to ruin; and the government, which was before a model of justice, became the most profligate and oppressive.

In this decline of all public virtue, ambition, and not avarice, was the passion that first possessed the minds of men; and this was natural. Ambition is a vice that borders on the confines of virtue; it implies a love of glory, of power, and pre-eminence; and those are objects that glitter alike in the eyes of the man of honour, and the most unprincipled: but the former pursues them by fair and honourable means, while the latter, who finds within himself no resources of talent, depends altogether upon intrigue and fallacy for his success. Avarice, on the other hand, aims at an accumulation of riches; a passion unknown to liberal minds. It may be called a compound of poisonous ingredients; it has power to enervate the body, and debauch the best understanding; always unbounded; never satisfied; in plenty and in want equally craving and rapacious.

At length, when Lucius Sylla had by force of arms restored the commonwealth (though unfortunately the issue of his enterprise did not produce the consequences which his first intentions seemed to promise); in the commotions that

followed, his soldiers, flushed with conquest, thought of nothing but plunder and depredation. One aspired to have a splendid mansion; another, to possess a landed estate: none were restrained within the bounds of moderation; all gave a loose to their fury, and committed the most violent outrages on their fellow-citizens. There was still another source of corruption: Sylla, in order to allure to his interest the minds of the army which he commanded in Asia, renounced the military system of our forefathers, and allowed his soldiers to riot in luxury; the consequence of which was, that the softness of those delightful regions, and a life of indolence, made the men forget the discipline of their ancestors, and relaxed their native vigour. It was in Asia that the Roman soldiers first began to yield to the seductions of wine and women; to admire statues, pictures, and sculpture; to seize them for their own use in private houses and public buildings; to pillage the temples, and to lay violent hands on every thing sacred and profane without distinction. When soldiers, thus inured to licentiousness, were flushed with victory, it cannot be matter of wonder that they left nothing to the vanquished. A series of prosperity is often too much even for the wisest and best disposed: that men corrupted should make a

temperate use of their victory could not be expected. Riches became the epidemic passion; and where honours, imperial sway, and power, followed in their train, virtue lost her influence, poverty was deemed the meanest disgrace, and innocence was thought to be no better than a mark for malignity of heart. In this manner riches engendered luxury, avarice, and pride; and by those vices the Roman youth were enslaved. Rapacity and profusion went on increasing; regardless of their own property, and eager to seize that of their neighbours, all rushed forward without shame or remorse, confounding every thing sacred and profane, and scorning the restraint of moderation and justice.

In order to form a just idea of ancient frugality and modern luxury, let us first consider the magnificence of our buildings, our superb mansions and villas, in extent and grandeur resembling large cities: it will then be matter of curiosity to compare the temples raised by our ancestors in honour of the gods; the simplicity that appears in those venerable structures, plainly shews that our forefathers, a religious race of men, considered piety as the ornament best befitting places of worship, in the same manner as true glory was, in their estimation, the proper decoration of their houses. To those principles we

must ascribe their conduct on the day of victory: they took nothing from the vanquished but the power of renewing hostilities. Is that the practice of the present times? Our victorious armies, with an abject spirit unworthy of soldiers, and with a ferocity that shocks humanity, plunder their allies, and rapaciously seize what the commanders of former times left even to their enemies. We seem to think, that to commit acts of oppression is the true use of power.

Need I mention, what to all but eye-witnesses would seem incredible? whole mountains levelled to the valley by the expense and labour of individuals, and even the seas covered with magnificent structures! To such men riches seem to be a burden: what they might enjoy with credit and advantage to themselves, they seem in eager haste to squander away in idle ostentation.

To these vices, that conspired against the commonwealth, many others may be added, such as prostitution, convivial debauchery, and all kinds of licentious pleasure. The men unsexed themselves, and the women made their persons venal. For the pleasures of the table, sea and land were ransacked; the regular returns of thirst and hunger were anticipated; the hour of sleep was left to caprice and accident; cold was a sensation not to be endured by delicate habits;

luxury was the business of life, and by that every thing was governed. In this scene of general depravity, the extravagance of youth exhausted whatever was left of their patrimonial stock; and their necessities urged them on to the perpetration of the most flagitious deeds. The mind, habituated to every vice, could not divest itself of passions that had taken root, and, by consequence, all were hurried down the stream of dissipation, eager to grasp whatever could administer to inordinate and wild desires.

In so vast, so populous, and so corrupt a city, which swarmed with hordes of the vile and profligate, Catiline had at his beck a band of desperate men, who served as a body-guard near his person. Whoever was thoroughly debauched, and rendered infamous by a long course of adultery; whoever by his gluttony, by gaming, by his headlong passions, his lawless pleasures, and festival carousals, had ruined his fortune; whoever was overwhelmed with debts, contracted to pay the forfeit of his crimes; the whole gang of parricides, sacrilegious wretches, convicts, or men who lived in fear of conviction, together with the perjurer and assassin, who were nourished with the blood of their fellow-citizens; and, in short, all who felt themselves distracted by their flagitious deeds, their poverty,

or the horrors of conscience; all of this description lived with Catiline in friendship and the closest familiarity. If it happened that a person of unblemished character was drawn into the vortex of Catiline and his crew, by the force of daily intercourse, and the baits thrown out to ensnare him, he soon became one of the same stamp, in nothing inferior to the rest.

To allure the youth of Rome to his party, was Catiline's main design: in the early season of life the tender mind, he well knew, was susceptible of the first impression, and consequently easily moulded to his purposes. He watched the temper of his proselytes, and studied their predominant passions. He found concubines for some, and for others horses and dogs. He spared neither his purse nor his honour, in order by any means to increase the number of his followers. It has been said, and the story has gained credit, that the young men who frequented Catiline's house, prostituted their persons in violation of the laws of nature: but that was no more than a suggestion, a mere report, that sprung from various causes, and never rested on any solid proof.

He himself, indeed, had been in his youth guilty of flagitious acts of lewdness; he deflowered the daughter of an illustrious family, and dishonoured a vestal virgin; he committed

a number of nefarious crimes, in violation of all laws human and divine. To fill the measure of his guilt, he became at last violently enamoured of Aurelia Orestilla, a woman in whom no good man saw any thing to praise except her beauty. He had at that time by his first wife a son grown up to man's estate, and that circumstance made Orestilla unwilling to consent to the marriage. To remove the objection, Catiline put his son to death, and by that atrocious deed cleared his house to make way for his impious nuptials. Of this story no doubt can be entertained. To me it seems the grand motive that incited him to the execution of his dark design. A mind like his, guilty and self-condemned, at war with gods and men, lay on the rack of reflection, and knew no rest night or day. Hence his complexion pale and livid; his eyes of a baleful hue; his pace unequal, now slow and solemn, then hurried and precipitate. His air, his mien, his physiognomy, plainly spoke his inward distraction.

As to the young men, whom, as already mentioned, he had seduced to his interest, they were all trained in a course of vice, and fashioned to his will and pleasure. Some were taught to bear false witness; to forge the signature to deeds; to violate all good faith; to squander their

fortunes, and bid defiance to every danger. When by shaking off all sense of shame, they had completely blasted their characters, he found new work to exercise their talents, and urge them on to more daring steps in guilt. If there was no real cause to incite him to acts of violence, he chose in those moments, in order to discipline his troops, to make them lie in ambush, and without provocation murder innocent men. Without constant practice the hand of a ruffian might lose its cunning, or perhaps the better reason was, that the malignity of his nature would not allow him an interval to pause from guilt and horror.

Such were the men on whom Catiline depended for support. He knew that they were all, no less than himself, overwhelmed by a load of debts contracted in every quarter; he saw, moreover, that Sylla's soldiers had dissipated their ill-gotten wealth, and, in their present distress recollecting the sweets of plunder, wished for nothing so much as another civil war. Encouraged by these considerations, he resolved to overturn the government, and make himself master of the commonwealth. The circumstances of the time favoured his design: there was no army in Italy; Pompey was waging war in distant climes; profound tranquillity prevailed in Italy and the pro-

vinces; the senate had no object to excite their vigilance, and Catiline had sanguine hopes of obtaining the consular dignity. In this posture of affairs he thought that no time ought to be lost.]

Accordingly, on the calends of June, in the consulship of Lucius Cæsar and Caius Figulus, he held a conference with his principal friends, having first sounded each in a private parley. He exhorted some, he tempted others; he stated the vast resources in his power; the unprepared condition of the state, and the glorious consequences of a sudden revolution. Having explored the sentiments and disposition of all, he called a meeting of such as he knew to be the most distressed and resolute.

Among the conspirators who assembled on the occasion, there were several of senatorian rank; namely, Publius Lentulus Sura, Publius Autronius, Lucius Cassius Longinus, Caius Cethegus, Publius and Servius Sylla (sons of Servius Sylla), Lucius Vargunteius, Quintus Annius, Marcus Portius Læca, Lucius Bestia, and Quintus Curius. Of the equestrian order, the persons that attended were, Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, Lucius Statilius, Publius Gabinius Capito, and Caius Cornelius. To these were united great numbers from the colonies and municipal towns, all men

of weight and consequence in their different parts of the country.

Besides the foregoing list, there were several of the leading men at Rome, who by dark and occult practices acted a part in the conspiracy. They were not, indeed, pressed by want, or any kind of embarrassment in their affairs, but the hope of rising to power inflamed a spirit of ambition. At the same time, the major part of the Roman youth, and particularly those of patrician rank, wished well to Catiline's interest: though possessed of the means to support a life of splendour, and even of luxury, they preferred future prospects to present certainty, and wished for war instead of peace.

It was, moreover, reported at the time, and believed by many, that Marcus Licinius Crassus was not a stranger to the conspiracy. For this opinion two reasons were assigned; the first, because Pompey was at the head of a great and powerful army, and Crassus, from motives of ill-will and hatred, would gladly see any man rise on the ruins of his rival. Secondly, because, if a revolution was brought about by Catiline, he had no doubt but he should be able to place himself at the head of the conspirators.

It is worthy of notice, that, before this time, a plot of a similar nature had been formed by a

small number of malcontents under the auspices of Catiline. The particulars of that conspiracy deserve a place in history, and shall be here related with the strictest regard so truth.

In the consulship of Lucius Tullus and Marcus Lepidus, Publius Autronius and Publius Sylla, the two consuls elect, were accused and punished according to the laws against bribery and corruption. In a short time after, Catiline, convicted of extortion, was declared incapable of being a candidate for the consulship, as it was not then in his power to offer himself within the time prescribed by law. In the same juncture a fierce and turbulent spirit discovered itself in the person of Oneius Piso, a young man of patrician descent, bold and enterprising, ruined in his fortune; and to the depravity of his nature uniting the pressure of his wants, he saw no remedy but that of raising convulsions in the state. With this man, on the nones of December, Catiline and Autronius held a conference, the result of which was, a resolution to murder the two consuls, Lucius Cotta and Lucius Torquatus, in the capitol, on the calends of January, Catiline and Autronius were to seize the ensigns of consular authority, and, thus invested with power, to dispatch Piso at the head of an army to hold both the Spains in

subjection. The design transpired, and was, by consequence, deferred to a further day. On the nones of February they determined to execute the intended massacre, and, not content with the death of the consuls, they devoted to destruction a great part of the senate. But at the time appointed, it happened that Catiline gave the signal with too much precipitation, before a sufficient number of his armed accomplices had invested the senate-house. By that rash act the plot was rendered abortive; otherwise, on that day would have been executed the most horrible catastrophe that ever disgraced the annals of Rome.

The conspiracy having thus miscarried, Piso, notwithstanding, was soon after sent to the Nether Spain, in the character of quæstor, with the additional authority of proprætor. That commission was procured for him by the influence of Crassus, who was eager to promote the enemy of Pompey. The senate readily concurred in the measure, willing to remove a dangerous citizen to a distant province, and, at the same time, conceiving that Piso might be made a bulwark of the constitution against the overgrown power of Pompey, who filled the minds of men with gloomy apprehensions of innovation and tyranny.

Piso set out to take upon him the government

of Spain; but on his march through the provinces was assassinated by a party of Spanish cavalry that followed in his train. The cause of this event cannot now be ascertained; some ascribe it to the pride and arrogance of the man, who ruled the unhappy natives with an iron rod; others will have it that the assassins, heretofore the friends and partizans of Pompey, committed the murder by order of that commander. For this suggestion there is undoubtedly some colour, it being a fact well known, that the people of Spain had never been guilty of so foul a deed; but, on the contrary, had shewn a mild and passive spirit under the worst oppressions of government. As to myself, I leave the question undecided. Enough has been said concerning the first conspiracy; I now pass to the second.

20 The conspirators, who have been already mentioned, being assembled in convention, Catiline, though he had tampered with them separately, thought it expedient to address them in a body, in order to inflame the minds of all with new ardour, and a spirit of union. For this purpose, he withdrew with the whole party to the most retired part of the house; and, after due precaution to exclude spies and informers, he delivered the following harangue:

"If I had not abundant reason to rely with

confidence on your fidelity and undaunted valour, the opportunity that now presents itself would answer no useful end, and the prospect which we have of making a radical reform of the state, would be vain and fruitless. For myself, if I thought I had now to do with weak and abject spirits, I should remain inactive, unwilling to exchange a safe and sure condition for the precarious prospect of future events. But I know you all; I know your firmness, your unshaken constancy in the worst of times. Encouraged by your fidelity and courage, I have planned a great, a glorious enterprise. Our hopes and fears are the same; our interests are interwoven with each other; the same good or evil awaits us all. We stand or fall together. Our desires and aversions are the same; we have but one will, that is our bond of union; to think alike of the commonwealth is the true source of lasting friendship.

"The cause in which we are embarked has been explained to you all in separate conferences. I burn with impatience to strike the finishing blow. The ardour that expands my bosom, is kindled by your presence to a brighter flame; but let me ask you, what must be our condition, if we have not the spirit to redress our grievances, and vindicate the rights of men?

What I desire to know, is the true state of the commonwealth. A few imperious demagogues have seized all power into their own hands; to those usurpers, kings, princes, and tetrarchs, crouch in subjection; they are tributary to our masters; foreign nations pay taxes to them; and as to us, wretched citizens! in what light have we been considered? The good, the virtuous, the noble, and ignoble, are all blended in one undistinguished mass; a mere vulgar herd, without interest, without place or preferment; obliged, like slaves, to bend to those, who, if a thorough reform took place, and restored the government to its true principles, would shrink and tremble before the majesty of the people. At present, every thing is engrossed by a proud and insolent oligarchy; power, riches, honours, are in the hands of the few, or scantily dealt out among their creatures, at their will and pleasure. To us they have left nothing but disgrace, contempt, and danger, the terror of prosecutions, and the pangs of griping poverty. How long, ye brave and gallant men! how long will you endure these vile indignities? Let us rouse at once; or, if we must fall, let us fall nobly in one brave attempt, rather than crawl on to our graves, dragging a miserable

existence under the scourge of insolent nobles, to die at last the victims of a lawless usurpation.

"But the juncture is favourable: success, I call men and gods to witness! success and victory are in our hands. We are in the vigour of life; our minds are strong and active; while, on the other hand, our enemies, enervated by sloth and luxury, droop under their infirmities, and languish in decay. To begin the attack, is to conquer; events will direct and guide our future operations.

"Is there a man, who feels the energy of his nature, who in these times can look tamely on, and see the senators and the patrician order riot in such heaps of wealth, that they are able with wild profusion to cover the seas with magnificent buildings, and annihilate mountains, while we are left to pine in want and misery of heart? Shall the nobles build their splendid porticos for the purpose of making a communication between two or more palaces; and shall we in the mean time want a cottage for the reception of our household gods? Behold your tyrants at an immense expense purchasing pictures, statues, vases curiously wrought in gold and silver; see them with sudden caprice pulling down their new-built mansions, erecting others more magnificent, and in short, dissipating their riches

with lavish extravagance, and yet, with all their folly, still unable to drain their coffers. And what is our case? We have beggary at home, a load of debts abroad; desolation before our eyes, and not the smallest hope of relief to assuage our misery. In a word, the breath we draw is all that is left us.

"And shall we not in these circumstances rise as one man? Behold, my friends, behold that liberty for which you long have panted; behold riches, honours, and immortal glory, all within your reach: they glitter before your eyes; they call you forth to action. These are the bright rewards which fortune has in store for valour. The situation of affairs, the time, the favourable juncture, the dangers that surround you, the hard hand of poverty that weighs you down, and the splendid spoils of war, that promise joy and affluence; all these are now before you; they are strong incentives, more powerful than all the arguments I can urge. Make your own use of me; I am your general, if you will; or if you choose it, your fellow-soldier. My heart is with you; my powers of body and mind are devoted to your service. As matters stand at present, I am not without hopes of obtaining the consulship, and in that high office I propose, in conjunction with you, to concert our future

measures. When I say this, I rely on your generous ardour, persuaded that you are not so abject as to pine in slavey, when you have it in your power to be the legislators of your country."

This speech was addressed to the passions of men who groaned under every kind of distress, without any means of support, and without a gleam of hope to comfort them. To such minds a convulsion in the state was an inviting prospect, the bright reward of all their labours. The majority, however, desired to be informed upon what terms they were to embark in so bold an enterprise; what was to be the recompense of their fidelity; what were their resources, and where they were to look for friends to support their cause? Catiline promised to cancel all their debts, a proscription of the rich, the honours of the magistracy, sacerdotal dignities, plunder, rapine, with all the usual perquisites of war, and whatever the insolence of victory could extort from the vanquished.

He further added, that Piso, who commanded in Spain, and Publius Sitius Nucerinus, who was at the head of the army in Mauritania, were both friends to the enterprise. He stated, as a further advantage, that Caius Antonius, a man involved in various difficulties, was a candidate for the consulship, and he wished for nothing so much

as to have him for his colleague in that important office. With such a friend, as soon as he succeeded in the election, it was his intention to throw off the mask, and carry his grand design into execution.

He then proceeded to pour forth a torrent of invective against the best men in Rome; he mentioned his most zealous partisans by name, and expatiated in their praise; he addressed each individual; to some he represented their urgent necessities; he talked to others of their lewd intrigues and their voluptuous passions; to the greater number he painted, in the deepest colours, the distresses that surrounded them, and the ruin that hung over their heads ready to crush them. Nor did he omit the consequences of Sylla's victory, with the plunder that enriched the soldiers. Perceiving at length, that by these and such-like topics he had inflamed the minds of all, he requested their support at the approaching election of consuls, and dismissed the assembly.

A report prevailed at that time, and was received by many, that Catiline, at the close of his harangue, proceeded to bind his accomplices by an oath of fidelity; and, to give it the most solemn sanction, sent round the room bowls of human blood mixed with wine. When, after dreadful imprecations, all had swallowed the

unnatural beverage, as if it was a libation used in religious sacrifices, he took the opportunity to open the secrets of his heart. He gave the assembly to understand, that by the ceremony he had introduced, his intention was to bind them to each other by the most sacred obligation, in the presence of numbers engaged in a great and glorious enterprise. It was thought, however, by men of reflection, that this anecdote, with many others of a similar nature, was invented by certain politicians, who imagined that they could throw the most odious colours on such of the conspirators as were afterwards put to death, and by that artifice appease the resentment that blazed out against Cicero for the part he acted on that occasion. But a fact of that magnitude requires the strongest proof, and none has come to my knowledge.

Quintus Curius has been mentioned in the list of conspirators; a man of no mean extraction, but charged with a load of crimes, and on that account degraded by the censor from his senatorian rank. To a bold, pragmatical, and audacious spirit, he united an equal mixture of frivolous vanity; hence that eternal loquacity that discovered all he knew. He was sure to reveal whatever he heard, and with the same

indiscretion he betrayed himself, about his words and actions equally indifferent.

This man had been for a considerable time connected in a criminal commerce with a woman of rank, of the name of Fulvia; but his fortune being reduced, and, by consequence, his generosity diminished, he began to find that his visits were received with cold reluctance. To restore himself to favour, he assumed a new style and manner. He addressed his mistress in magnificent terms, and promised the wealth of the seas and mountains of gold. He approached her at times with an air of ferocity, and to force her to his will threatened her life. In a word, forgetting his former manners, he behaved with a fierce and brutal insolence. The cause of this alteration was not long unknown to Fulvia; she saw the commonwealth in danger, and resolved not to conceal a secret of such importance. She thought fit, however, to suppress the name of the person from whom she gained intelligence; but the rest, with all the particulars of Catiline's plot, she discovered to her acquaintance, in form and circumstance as the same reached her knowledge. The alarm excited by this discovery made such an impression, that from that moment numbers espoused the interest of Cicero, declaring aloud, that of all the candidates he

was most worthy of the consular dignity. Before that juncture, the patrician families heard of Cicero's pretensions with indignation. The honour of the highest office in the state, they said, would be impaired and tarnished, if a new man, however distinguished by extraordinary merit, should be able to raise himself to that pre-eminence. But a storm was gathering, and pride and jealousy yielded to the occasion. The election soon after followed, and in a full assembly of the people Cicero and Antonius were declared consuls for the year.

This event was a blow that staggered the conspirators; but Catiline, still fierce and determined, abated nothing from the violence of his temper. He continued his exertions; he strained every nerve, and provided arms at proper stations throughout Italy. The money which he was able to raise by his own credit, or that of his friends, he conveyed to the city of Fæsulæ, to be there deposited in the hands of Manlius, the man who was afterwards the first that reared the standard of rebellion.

Even in this situation of his affairs, Catiline, we are told, still had the address to gain over to his cause a number of proselytes, and among them several women, who in the prime of life had gained large sums of money by setting a

price on their beauty, but in more advanced years, when the decline of their charms reduced their profits, but left their passion for luxury still in force, they continued to live in the same course of unbounded expense, and consequently contracted a load of debt. By the arts of these women, Catiline flattered himself that he should be able, to cause an insurrection of the slaves, and with their assistance he resolved to set fire to the city. He had still a further use to make of his female friends: by their influence he hoped to draw their husbands into the conspiracy, or, if they refused to comply, he had no doubt but he could contrive to get them put to death.

In the number of Catiline's profligate women, Sempronia, a celebrated courtezan, claims particular notice. The bold and masculine spirit with which she committed the most flagitious deeds, had signalized her name. She was of a good extraction; distinguished by her form and beauty, and happy in her husband and her children. Well skilled in Greek and Roman literature, she sung and danced with more elegance than the modesty of her sex required. She had besides, many of those nameless graces that serve to prompt desire. Virtue and honour were not worthy of her attention. She was prodigal

of her money and reputation to such a degree, that which she regarded least you would not be able to say. She loved with such a rage, that, without waiting to be solicited, she invited the men to her embraces. Notorious for repeated violations of truth and plighted faith, she was known to forswear her debts, and by perjury to colour a breach of trust. It must be added, that her hands were not free from blood; she was an accomplice in several murders; and, in short, her rage for the pleasures of life conspired with her distressed circumstances to make her a fit instrument in every scene of iniquity. With all these evil qualities, she was not destitute of genius: she had a pleasing vein of wit, and a turn for poetry. She sparkled in company, and by raillery and sprightly talents could enliven conversation. She had the art of passing with wonderful celerity from the most serious to the lightest topics, from a grave and modest strain to the gay, the airy, and the tender. In a word, vivacity and elegant accomplishments were hers in an eminent degree.

Though Catiline had thus prepared his measures, he did not lose sight of the consulship. He declared himself a candidate for the following year, still conceiving, if he succeeded, that Antonius would be an instrument in his hands.

Determined, in the mean time, not to remain inactive, he made it his business to lay snares for Cicero. The consul was never off his guard, but with consummate address was able to counteract the schemes of a wily adversary. He had no sooner entered on the consulship, than he took care to secure Fulvia in his interest, and through her he gained, by the force of promises, such an influence on Quintus Curius, who has been already mentioned, that the machinations of Catiline were discovered to him without delay. Besides this advantage, Cicero had the precaution to detach Antonious from the conspiracy. He promised by his weight and management to procure for his colleague the administration of an opulent province; and, by that prospect of preferment, engaged him to take no part with the enemies of the commonwealth. In the mean time Cicero took care to have, without parade, a number of his friends and clients near at hand to protect his person.

The day on which, according to custom, the consuls elect were declared, by the suffrage of the people, Catiline had the mortification of seeing all his hopes utterly defeated. His various efforts against the life of Cicero were likewise unsuccessful. In that distress, when all his secret machinations ended in confusion and disgrace, he

resolved, without further hesitation, to have recourse to open arms.[27] For that purpose, he ordered Caius Manlius to his post at Fæsulæ, to overawe that part of Etruria; to the territory of Picenum he sent a man of the name of Septimius, a native of the city of Camertes, and at the same time dispatched Caius Julius to guard the passes of Apulia: several others were commissioned to seize the most advantageous posts in every quarter. He himself remained at Rome, exerting his utmost industry, and concerting plans of mischief. He was still envenomed against Cicero, and never ceased to lay snares for his life. He resolved to set fire to the city, and in every quarter stationed a band of assassins. He went constantly armed, and exhorted his followers to hold themselves in readiness on the first alarm. He never rested day or night; a stranger to repose, unsubdued by toil, and never fatigued by midnight vigils.

Perceiving at length that all his labours were still ineffectual, he directed Portius Læcca to call the chiefs of the conspiracy to a meeting in the dead of night. He there expostulated with his partisans, and after severe reproaches for their want of zeal, he gave them to understand, that he had commissioned Manlius to take upon him the command of an armed force, which was

already mustered; and that various other officers had been dispatched to proper stations, with orders to begin the war. He added, that he wished for nothing so much as to put himself at the head of his army; but Cicero by his counsels, his activity and vigilance, continued to frustrate all his measures. To cut off the consul was, therefore, a point of the greatest moment.

The assembly remained mute, and covered with consternation, when Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, offered to bear the murderer's poniard; and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, declared himself ready to join in the same horrible design. They resolved that very night to collect a band of ruffians, and at the dawn of day, under pretence of paying an early visit, to proceed to the consul's house, and dispatch him on the spot, unguarded and unsuspecting. Curius took the alarm; he shuddered at the danger that threatened Cicero's life, and discovered the plot to Fulvia, who took care to give immediate intelligence to the consul. The assassins kept their appointed hour, but gained no admittance; their design proved abortive.

Manlius, in the mean time, exerted himself with his utmost vigour to raise an insurrection in Etruria. The people in that part of the country were ripe for a revolt; extreme poverty, and the

sense of injuries under Sylla's usurpation, exasperated the public mind; the wretched inhabitants had been deprived of their lands, and plundered of their property; resentment fostered in every breast, and all were loud for a revolution. The country abounded with freebooters, and all of that description the rebel chief collected in a body. At the same time he made it his business to enlist the soldiers whom Sylla had planted in different colonies; a licentious crew, who had dissipated the spoils of war in riotous expense, and were now reduced to extreme poverty.

29 Cicero was regularly informed of all that passed, but found himself much embarrassed by the magnitude of the danger: apprehending that it would not be in his power to traverse the machinations of the conspirators by his own private diligence, and not being sufficiently apprized of the numbers and designs of Manlius, he resolved to open the whole affair to the senate. Public report had spread a general alarm, but the particulars were not sufficiently known.

The senate, as was usual in cases of urgent necessity, ordained by a decree, "That the consuls should take care that the state suffered no detriment." By this law, which was founded on ancient policy, and the institutions of our ancestors, the consuls were invested with ex-

traordinary powers. They were authorized to raise new levies, and lead the armies of the republic to the field; by coercion to restrain the citizens of Rome and the allies, within due bounds; and to exercise supreme jurisdiction at home as well as in the camp. When no such act has passed, the consular authority is limited by law. The acts of power above-mentioned were never known to be exercised, unless sanctioned by a declaratory law.

In the course of a few days after the decree of the fathers, Lucius Senius, a member of the senate, produced in that assembly a letter, which he said was brought to him from the city of Fæsulæ, importing that Manlius, about the sixth of the calends of November, had taken the field at the head of a numerous army. The account was swelled, as is usual on such occasions, with a number of prodigies and reports from various quarters; with an account of conventions held in different places; that large quantities of arms were provided; and that a servile war was ready to break out in Capua and Apulia.

The senate ordered by a decree, that Quintus Marcius Rex should proceed to Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus to Apulia, in order to secure those parts of the country. Those

two generals had been for some time waiting on the outside of the city walls, in expectation of a triumphal entry, but that honour was withheld from them by the contrivance of artful men, whose practice it was on all occasions, just or unjust, to put every thing up to sale. By the same decree of the senate, the prætor, Quintus Pompeius, and Quintus Metellus Celer, were ordered to repair to their posts; the former to command at Capua, the latter at Picenum. Both had it in commission to levy forces with all the expedition that the times required.

The senate, at the same time, passed another decree, "by which rewards were promised to whoever should give information touching the conspiracy: if a slave, he was to have his freedom, and one hundred thousand sisterces; if a freeman, double that sum, and a full indemnity." It was further ordered, that whole families of gladiators should be stationed at Capua and other municipal towns, in proportion to the strength and importance of the places. Rome was guarded by a night-watch placed at convenient posts throughout the city, under the command of the inferior magistrates.

These preparations spread a general alarm through the city. The face of things was entirely changed. To scenes of joy and festivity,

the consequence of a long peace, dismay and terror succeeded. Hurry, bustle, and distraction, were seen in every quarter; no place was safe; distrust prevailed; no confidence among neighbours; a medley of peace and war prevailed; all were covered with confusion, and each individual formed his idea of the danger according to his doubts and fears. The panic that seized the women was still more alarming. They had till then lived secure under a great and flourishing empire, and now the horror of an approaching war threw them into consternation. In despair they raised their hands to Heaven; they wept over their infant children; they ran wild through the streets inquiring for news; they trembled at every report; they forgot their taste for pleasure, their pride and luxury, anxious only for their own lives, and the safety of their country.

Meanwhile Catiline abated nothing from the ferocity of his nature; he persisted in his dark designs, still meditating scenes of destruction. The vigorous measures of the senate were not sufficient to control a mind like his. He even knew that he was impeached by Lucius Paulus for an offence against the Plautian law, and he still remained unshaken and undaunted. At length, in order to varnish his character, and throw a veil over his traitorous intentions, he had

the hardiness to take his seat in the senate. It was on that occasion that the consul, Marcus Tullius Cicero, apprehending, perhaps, some dangerous consequence from the presence of such a man, or else fired with indignation at the audacity of a detected traitor, delivered that noble oration, which he afterwards reduced to writing, and published to the world.

As soon as Cicero closed his speech, Catiline, who went prepared with all his arts of dissimulation, rose with a modest and dejected air, and in a softened tone implored the fathers not to give credit to false suggestions against a man descended from an illustrious family. Following the example of his ancestors, he said that on many occasions he had deserved well of the commonwealth; and from his early youth had so regulated his conduct, as to entitle himself to fair and honourable expectations. Was it probable that he, of an illustrious patrician rank, could wish to see the government overturned? or that Cicero, a new man, lately transplanted from a municipal town, could have the interest of the state more at heart than himself? He went on in a strain of bitter invective against the consul, when he was interrupted by a general clamour. The fathers with one voice pronounced him an enemy to his country, a traitor,

and a parricide. By this treatment Catiline was transported beyond all bounds: he broke out with rage and fury, and "Since," he said, "I am thus encompassed by my enemies, and by this outrage driven to the last extremity, the flame which I find kindled round me, shall be extinguished in the general ruin."

Having uttered that furious menace, he rushed out of the senate, and retired to his own house. He then fell into deep reflection; he saw that Cicero was not to be assailed by stratagem, and that the midnight guards prevented his intended conflagration. In the agitation of his mind, he judged that the best step he could take, would be to augment his army, and, before the legions could be called into the field, to anticipate the measures of his enemies. Having formed this resolution, he set out in the dead of the night with a few attendants, and made the best of his way to the Manlian camp. He left directions with Lentulus, Cethegus, and such of his accomplices as he knew to be men of prompt and daring resolution, to strengthen their faction by every method in their power; if possible, to cut off the consul; and hold themselves in readiness to lay a scene of blood and massacre, to kindle a general conflagration, and involve the commonwealth in all the horrors of a de-

structive war. They might rely upon his firmness, and in a short time would find him at the gates of Rome with a powerful army.

During these transactions at Rome, Caius Manlius sent a deputation to Quintus Marcius Rex, with instructions to the following effect:

"We take this opportunity, general, to inform you, and we call gods and men to witness for us! that our motive for taking up arms is neither to injure our country, nor to involve others in the calamities of war. To shield ourselves from oppression is all we have in view. Indigent and distressed as we are, our country has driven us forth like outcasts, all undone and ruined in our fortunes by the hard hand of inhuman usurers. The protection of the laws which our ancestors enjoyed, has been refused to us: at present the man who surrenders his all, is not allowed the privilege of personal liberty. The unrelenting temper of our insatiable creditors, and the harsh decisions of the prætor, have reduced us to the lowest depth of sordid misery. In ancient times the humanity of government was extended to the distresses of the people; and, within our own memory, the pressure of debts was so great, that, with the consent of all good men, the creditor was obliged to receive a composition in full of his demands. We

learn from history, that the Roman people, in order to curb the overbearing spirit of the magistrates, and to be governed by their own laws, seceded in open revolt from the authority of the senate.

"Our enterprise has no such object in view; we have neither ambition nor avarice, the two grand springs of human actions, the constant cause of all the strife, and all the wars that disturb the world. We demand a reform of the laws; we stand for the rights of man, and equal liberty; that liberty, which no good man will resign but with life itself. We conjure you and the senate to take our case into consideration; we claim the protection of the laws, which the prætorian tribunals have wrested from us. Deliver us from the sad necessity, in which the brave and honest will only think how they may sell their lives at the dearest rate, and in their fall secure a great and just revenge."

Quintus Marcius returned an answer in a calm, laconic style: he told them, "if they expected any favour from the senate, they must lay down their arms, and proceed to Rome, there to present their petition in a suppliant style. They then would find, that humanity and moderation were the attributes of the fathers, and the people of Rome, insomuch, that

of all who sued to them for protection, no one ever sued in vain."

Catiline, who was at that time on his march to the camp, sent dispatches to several men of consular rank, and to others distinguished by their worth and honour. The substance of his letters was, that "being unjustly charged with constructive crimes, and unable to cope with a powerful faction, he yielded to the impending storm, and chose a voluntary exile at Marseilles. A strained and fabricated treason was laid to his charge; but, though he was conscious of his innocence, he chose that retreat, that he might not, by a public contest with his enemies, be the unhappy cause of tumult and seditious insurrections."

It happened, however, that Quintus Catulus was able to produce a letter, which he averred to have been sent to him by Catiline. The tenour of it was very different from what has been stated. Catulus read it to the fathers. The following is an authentic copy:

Lucius Catiline to Quintus Catulus, greeting.

"The firm and constant friendship which I have experienced from you on many trying occasions, and which I must ever remember with gratitude, encourages me to address you in the

present juncture. It is not my intention to trouble you with a defence of the part I am now to act: conscious of no guilt, I will not waste the time in an unnecessary proof of my innocence; a fair state of the facts will be sufficient, and I have no doubt but you will be convinced of the truth.

"Oppressed by my enemies, and pursued by inveterate calumny; not suffered to reap the fruit of my labours and unwearied industry; and, moreover, deprived of the advantages and honours annexed to my rank; I was naturally led upon this, as upon other occasions, to stand forth in the cause of my fellow-citizens. The debts which I have incurred must not be reckoned among the motives that direct my conduct. I have effects and possessions sufficient to answer all the obligations contracted on my own account; and as to the engagements in which I am bound for others, Aurelia Orestilla is willing, with her own and her daughter's fortunes, to discharge all demands.

"Would you know the motive that rouses me to action? I saw men of no consideration rising to honours, while I was proscribed, disgraced, and rejected, for unjust and groundless suspicions. In order, therefore, to preserve the poor remains of honour which my enemies have

left me, I resolved to pursue such measures as my present situation will justify.

" I could add more on this subject; but I learn this very moment, that violent measures are to be pursued against me. I recommend Orestilla to your protection: I leave her in your care. Shield her from oppression; I conjure you by the tender regard you have for your own children. Farewell."

Having dispatched this letter, Catiline passed a few days with Caius Flaminius in the territory of Reaté, and during that time distributed arms to the insurgents whom he had allured to his party. From that place he proceeded with the forces, and all the pomp of a consular general, to join Manlius in his camp.

That step being known at Rome, the senate declared Catiline and Manlius public enemies, and by a decree promised a free pardon to such of the rebels as were not condemned for capital crimes, provided they laid down their arms within a time limited. Power was also given to the consuls to muster new levies; Antonius had orders to proceed at the head of his army in quest of Catiline, and the good order of the city was committed to the vigilance of Cicero.

We are now at the point of time when the commonwealth was reduced to the most humi-

liating condition. She had carried her victorious arms from the rising to the setting sun: the city of Rome flourished in peace and affluence, the two great comforts of human life; and yet, in that very period, she harboured in her bosom a crew of desperate incendiaries; men determined with fatal obstinacy to overwhelm themselves and their country in one promiscuous ruin. It is worthy of notice, that after two decrees, one offering a reward to informers, and the other a free pardon to such as revolted, not a man was found to make a discovery, nor was there a single deserter from the enemy. Such was the malignity of the times; it spread like a contagion, and envenomed the minds of men against their country.

Nor was this dangerous spirit confined to the conspirators and their accomplices; it pervaded the lower class of citizens; and the rabble, with their usual levity, wished for a convulsion in the state. Nor is this to be received as matter of wonder: it is natural to men who have no means of subsistence, to view the opulent with an eye of envy; lavish of their encomiums on the leaders of faction, they traduce the good and worthy with envenomed rancour; they hate the established system, and pant for innovation; they are weary of their own condition, and hope to find relief in

the distractions of their country. Tumult and sedition are to such men the season of plenty, and, in all events, poverty has nothing at stake.

There were, besides, various causes that conspired in that juncture to inflame the popular discontent. In the first place, all who had signalized themselves by their crimes; who by profusion had dissipated their substance; who were forced by their enormities to fly their country; and, in short, all the loose and abandoned, crowded in one general conflux to the city of Rome, as to the centre of corruption. To these were added the whole tribe that remembered Sylla's victory, and could name the common soldiers who rose to the dignity of senators, with a list of others who acquired immoderate riches, and lived in all the splendour of royal magnificence. All these were ready to take up arms, expecting to enrich themselves with the plunder of a civil war.

Besides these pests of society, there was at Rome a number of young men, who had been used in the country to earn a livelihood by their daily labour, but being attracted to the city by the frequency of public and private largesses, they preferred an idle life to the unprofitable labours of the field. These, and all of their stamp, hoped to find their account in public

commotions. That men like these, reduced to indigence, and void of morals, yet flushed with hopes of a reform in the senate, should make the interest of the state subservient to their own private views, was a natural consequence.

There was still another party, composed of those whose fathers had been ruined by Sylla's proscriptions, and lost the rights of citizens. Their descendants hoped to find in the calamities of war a redress of grievances, and wished for nothing so much as an opportunity to assert their rights.

The city, moreover, was divided into factions, and they who did not take part with the senate, could not bear to see their country in a more flourishing condition than themselves. Dissensions between the populace and the senate had been the old inveterate canker of the commonwealth, subdued, indeed, for a considerable time; but, after an interval of many years, revived with all the violence of former rancour.

The renewal of this mischief may be traced to the consulship of Pompey and Crassus. Under their administration, the tribunes of the people recovered their ancient rights, and all the powers annexed to their office. That magistracy, in a short time, fell to the lot of young men of fierce and turbulent dispositions, who began to disturb

the proceedings of the senate, and by their contentions to inflame the people against the constituted authority of the state. To strengthen their influence, they distributed largesses with unbounded generosity, and by adding liberal promises, seduced the multitude into a league against the constitution. The tribunes were elate with success, they triumphed over all opposition, and were the first men in the state. The nobles exerted themselves to stem the torrent, with pretended zeal for the dignity of the senate, but in fact to promote their own grandeur. The truth is, the men who in those times appeared on the stage of public business, had the address to gloss their designs with specious colours, some pretending to be the friends of the people; others to maintain the rights of the senate. The public good was the ostensible motive of every faction, while ambition and the love of power were the secret springs that set the whole in motion. The contention between the parties was carried on with animosity; justice and moderation were discarded, and the side that occasionally prevailed, exulted with all the pride and insolence of victory.

At length, when Pompey was sent to command against the Pyrates, and afterwards to conduct the Mithridatic war, the popular party was no

longer able to make head against the nobles. The reins of government were seized by a few leading men, who engrossed the honours of the magistracy, the administration of provinces, and preferment of every kind. Superior to their fellow-citizens, and above control, they lived in splendour and security, by the terror of prosecutions restraining all who presumed to take a part in public business, and, by consequence, leaving the people without a leader. In process of time, when the scene of affairs was changed, and men began to think a revolution not impracticable, the old dissension broke out with redoubled violence. The discontents of the populace rose to such a pitch, that if Catiline gained the first victory, or even left the fortune of the day undecided, the commonwealth would have been reduced to the brink of danger. The war would have continued with alternate vicissitudes, without a decisive blow to end the conflict, till both sides, enfeebled and exhausted by repeated losses, would have fallen an easy prey to some ambitious chief who stood prepared in such a crisis to usurp the supreme power, to the utter ruin of public liberty.

There were numbers in the city of Rome, who for some time stood aloof from the conspiracy, but at last threw aside the mask, when they saw

the standard of rebellion actually raised, and went over to Catiline. Among these was Aulus Fulvius, the son of a senator. He was taken on his way to the camp, and conveyed back to Rome, where he suffered death by order of his father.

Lentulus, in the mean time, attentive to the instructions left by Catiline, made it his business, either by his own management, or the address of his agents, to engage in his faction all who by their dissolute life, or the ruin of their affairs, were fit to be employed in the grand undertaking. The citizens of Rome were not the only objects of his choice. He enlisted foreigners of every nation, whom he found capable of carrying arms. With this view, he employed a man of the name of Publius Umbranus to tamper with the deputies from the state of the Allobrogians, and, if possible, to draw them into a league with Catiline. In this negotiation he had no doubt of success, when he considered that the Allobrogian state was encumbered with a vast load of public debt, and that the inhabitants groaned under the same distress. The turbulent and warlike genius of the people, which resembled the rest of Gaul, he judged would be an additional motive to make the ambassadors enter into the plot. Umbranus had

been a trader in Gaul, and in the course of his transactions had become acquainted with the principal men in various parts of that nation, and therefore, without hesitation, undertook the business. He met the Allobrogians in the forum, and immediately entered into conversation. He inquired about the situation of their affairs, and seeming to be much affected by their misfortunes, desired to know what prospect they had of an end of all their difficulties. The deputies stated their sufferings under the magistrates sent to govern them, and, in bitterness of heart, accused the senate of being deaf to their remonstrances. They had no hopes of relief. Death, they said, and death only, could end their misery. Umbranus made answer, "If you find a spirit within you, and are determined to act like men, I can shew you the way to redress your grievances." Roused by those animating words, the Allobrogians solicited the friendship of Umbranus, declaring that there was no enterprise so bold and arduous, that they were not ready to undertake, provided it tended to deliver their country from the pressure of its debts. Umbranus led them to the house of Decius Brutus, who at that time was absent from Rome. The place was every way fit for a dark transaction: it bordered on

the forum, and Sempronia, who was privy to the conspiracy, took care to accommodate her friends with an apartment proper for so deep a consultation. To give importance to the solemnity of the meeting, Umbranus called in the assistance of Gabinius, and in his presence laid open the secrets of the plot. He mentioned the principal conspirators by name, and, to animate the deputies, added a number of others, all of eminent rank, but no way implicated in the business. The deputies promised their assistance, and Umbranus adjourned the meeting.

The Allobrogians retired to their lodgings, and there began to waver. Having weighed all circumstances, they were in doubt what part to act. They felt the oppression of their debts; with the spirit of their country they were fond of war, and the advantages of victory dazzled their imaginations. On the other hand, they saw superior strength on the side of the senate, a regular plan of well-concerted councils, and in the place of deceitful promises, a bright and certain recompense. They continued for some time fluctuating between hope and fear, when the good genius of the commonwealth gained the ascendant. They applied to Quintus Fabius Sanga, the patron of their country, and gave him a detail of all that came to their knowledge.

The whole was communicated to Cicero. That minister directed the deputies to act the part of men firm and ardent in the cause of rebellion. He desired that they might hold frequent interviews with the conspirators, and, by amusing them with a show of zeal, gain their confidence; and, by that artifice, obtain full proof against them all.

During these transactions, violent commotions broke out in the Nether and Ulterior Gaul, and likewise in the territory of Picenum, in Bruttium, and Apulia. The agents whom Catiline had sent into those parts, conducted themselves with headlong violence, and like frantic men threw every thing into confusion. They held nocturnal meetings; they ordered arms to be distributed, and by hurry and constant bustle spread a general alarm, when, in fact, there was no real danger. The prætor, Quintus Metellus Celer, seized a number of the most active incendiaries, and loaded them with irons. The same step was taken by Caius Muræna, who commanded in Cisalpine Gaul, in the character of lieutenant-general.

43 Meanwhile Lentulus, in conjunction with the chiefs that remained at Rome, concluding that the party was in sufficient force, came to a resolution, that, as soon as Catiline entered the

territory of Fæsulæ at the head of his army, Lucius Bestia, one of the tribunes, should call an assembly of the people, and after declaiming with virulence against Cicero, should arraign that most excellent consul as the author and sole cause of an unprovoked and dangerous war. This invective was to be a signal to the conspirators, as soon as night came on, to begin their work, and execute what had been committed to their charge.

The parts in this horrible tragedy were cast as follows: Statilius and Gabinius, with a crew of their accomplices, were to set fire to the city in twelve convenient quarters. In the hurry of a general conflagration, they concluded that it would not be difficult to reach the consul with an assassin's dagger, with many others of rank, who were devoted to destruction. The attack on Cicero's house was committed to Cethegus: he was to force an entrance, and imbrue his hands in the blood of the consul. Others in different parts of the city were to add to the horrors of the scene. There was besides a number of young men, the sons of illustrious families, who had it in charge to turn parricides, and cut the throats of their fathers. The incendiaries, as soon as they carried fire and sword through all quarters of the city, were to rush

forth at once, and rally round the standard in Catiline's camp.

While these measures were in agitation, Cethegus shewed the most violent impatience. He complained that he was embarked with men who gave no proofs of zeal and ardour in the cause. By their cold delay, he said, the best opportunities were lost. In a daring enterprise the surest way is to act, and not linger in debate. For his part, he was ready, at the head of a few brave and gallant men, to unsheath the sword, and make the senate-house a theatre of blood. Cethegus was by nature fierce and determined; a bold and active hand in the hour of danger. Dispatch, and not deliberation, was his favourite measure.

In this state of affairs, the Allobrogians, as directed by Cicero, contrived, through the management of Gabinius, to have an interview with the chiefs of the conspiracy. At that meeting, Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Cassius being present, the deputies demanded a solemn obligation, under the sanction of an oath, duly signed and sealed, that they might carry it with them as an authentic document to their native city. Without such a deed, they said it would not be in their power to engage their countrymen in a project of that importance.

The three conspirators first mentioned above, having no suspicion of a snare, agreed to the proposals. Cassius thought it sufficient to assure the Gallic agents, that in a short time he should be present in person among their countrymen; and in fact he departed from Rome while the deputies still remained. Lentulus thought it of moment that the treaty with the Allobrogians should be ratified by new obligations between them and Catiline, and, with that intent, he appointed Titus Vulturcius, a man born at Crotona, to accompany the Allobrogian deputies to the rebel army. By the same messenger he sent a letter to Catiline, of which the following is a copy:

"You will learn from the bearer, who it is that now writes to you. Remember the danger you have incurred, and never forget what is worthy of a man. Neglect nothing that the crisis of your affairs demands; avail yourself of all that can be enlisted, and do not reject the assistance of the meanest."

With this letter he sent a verbal message, the substance of which was, that since Catiline was declared a public enemy, there could be no good reason for not causing an insurrection of the slaves. All things, he added, were in readiness at Rome, according to Catiline's own directions,

and it would now behove him to urge on by rapid marches to the walls of Rome.

Matters being thus arranged, and the night fixed for the departure of the Allobrogian deputies, Cicero, to whom they had imparted every circumstance, ordered the prætors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, and Caius Pomptinus, to place themselves in ambush near the Milvian bridge, in order to seize the whole party. He explained to the two prætors the nature and cause of their commission, and left them to act as exigencies might require. In conformity to those orders, a military guard, without noise or parade, invested the bridge. As soon as the Allobrogians, with Volturcius, their guide, arrived at the place, a shout was set up on both sides. The Gallic agents, aware of the scheme, surrendered to the prætors without hesitation. Volturcius stood on his defence, exhorting his followers, and for some time determined to cut his way sword in hand; but perceiving himself deserted by his party, he endeavoured to make terms with Pomptinus, to whom he was well known; but finding that his supplications had no effect, and thinking his life in danger, he surrendered at discretion.

Intelligence was immediately conveyed to Cicero. The consul heard the detail with trans-

ports of joy, but a joy mingled with anxiety. To see the conspiracy detected with the clearest evidence, and the commonwealth rescued from destruction, was undoubtedly matter of triumph; but how to proceed against so many of the first eminence, who had proved themselves traitors to their country, was a consideration big with doubt and perplexity. If he acted with all the rigour due to such atrocious crimes, he plainly saw a storm of the bitterest resentment already gathering over his head; and, on the other hand, should guilt of that magnitude be treated with lenity, it were on his part nothing short of conniving at the public ruin. Having weighed all circumstances, he summoned up his resolution, and ordered Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinius, to be brought before him. At the same time he sent for Ceparius of Terracina, who was preparing to set out with intent to raise an insurrection of the slaves in Apulia. The four who had been first mentioned, appeared without delay, but it happened that Ceparius was not to be found at his own house. In his walk he heard that the conspiracy was brought to light, and thereupon made his escape.

Lentulus being at that time invested with the character of prætor, Cicero took him by the hand, and walked with him to the Temple of

Concord, where he had convened the senate. The other conspirators were conducted under a strong guard. A full meeting of the Fathers being assembled, the consul ordered Volturcius and the Allobrogians to be called in. Flaccus, the prætor, attended with the packet of letters which had been delivered to him at the Milvian bridge.

Volturcius was interrogated concerning his intended journey, the papers in his possession, the nature of his undertaking, and the motives on which he acted. His answers were evasive. He endeavoured, under various pretences, to cloak his design, disclaiming all knowledge of the conspiracy. Being told, that under the sanction of the public faith he might speak with impunity, he gave an account of the whole, in regular order, exactly as things happened. It was, he said, but a few days since he was apprized of the conspiracy: Gabinius and Cepa-rius were the men that seduced him: he knew no more of the general plan than the Allobrogian deputies, except one particular circumstance: he had been frequently told by Gabinius, that Publius Autronius, Servius Sylla, and Lucius Vargunteius, with a number of others, were involved in the same guilt.

The Gallic deputies confirmed the evidence of

Volturcius. Lentulus pleaded ignorance of the whole, but his letters were evidence against him; and by the testimony of the ambassadors it appeared, that in common discourse his constant topic was a prediction of the Sibylline books, "by which the sovereignty of Rome was promised to three of the name of Cornelius; that the prophecy was verified in the persons of Cinna and Sylla, and now remained to be fulfilled in himself, the third predestined master of Rome." It was moreover proved, that Lentulus was in the habit of boasting, "that the current year was the twentieth from the burning of the capitol, and, according to the prediction of soothsayers and augurs, would be remarkable for a disastrous civil war."

The letters already mentioned were produced, and, the several seals being acknowledged by the prisoners, were read to the senate. The Fathers ordered by a decree, that Lentulus should abdicate his office of prætor, and thereupon that he and his associates should be detained in the custody of persons appointed for the purpose. Lentulus was consigned to the care of Publius Lentulus Spinther, one of the ædiles; Cethegus was committed to Quintus Cornificius; Statilius to Caius Cæsar; Gabinius to Marcus Crassus; and Ceparius, who had been taken on the road

and brought back to Rome, to the custody of Cneius Terentius, of senatorian rank.

The whole of this scene of iniquity being thus fully laid open, (the common people) who with their usual love of innovation had till that time pampered their hopes of a civil war, began to act with different sentiments. They talked of Catiline and his black design with execration; they extolled Cicero to the skies; they considered their own case as an escape from the tyranny of a desperate faction; they celebrated the glorious event with unbounded demonstrations of joy. According to their way of reasoning, a war of civil dissension would afford the sweets of plunder, but would not end in public ruin; but a general conflagration was horrible in its nature, barbarous in the project, and utterly destructive to themselves, who had nothing but their common utensils, and the clothes on their backs.

On the following day one Lucius Tarquinius was led to the bar of the senate. This man was apprehended on his way to Catiline's army, and brought in custody to Rome. He offered to make important discoveries, if he might speak with safety under the promise of a public pardon. Being satisfied on this point by the consul, he gave an account in effect the same as

Volturcius had done, stating the intended fire of the city, the massacre of the worthiest citizens, and the route by which the rebels were to advance to Rome. He added, that "he was dispatched by Crassus to inform Catiline, that, so far from being discouraged by the imprisonment of Lentulus and Cethegus, with the other conspirators, he ought to expedite his march towards Rome, in order to revive the courage of his party, and rescue his friends from confinement."

As soon as the informer mentioned the name of Crassus, a man of the first consideration in the state, distinguished by his illustrious birth, his vast riches, and his power and influence, a murmur of disapprobation was heard from all quarters of the senate. Numbers pronounced the charge altogether incredible; others were of opinion that it was not destitute of foundation, but that in such a crisis it would be more prudent to temporize, than to provoke the resentment of a great and powerful citizen. The majority of the Fathers had their private reasons for taking part with Crassus: they were under pecuniary obligations, and did not hesitate to pronounce the charge a false and malicious calumny. Upon that point they desired that the question might be put. Cicero collected the

voices, and the Fathers decreed unanimously, that "the information was false and groundless, and that Tarquinius should stand committed, never to be heard again, unless he first discovered the person by whose procurement he had fabricated so vile a falsehood."

There was at that time a current opinion, that Publius Autronius was the author of the charge, under an idea that Crassus, finding himself implicated in the plot, would be a shield to protect the rest of the conspirators.

Others would have it, that Cicero suborned the witness, apprehending that Crassus might be induced, according to his custom, to undertake the defence of pernicious citizens. By involving him in the general guilt, it was supposed that his voice would be silenced. Since that time, Crassus has averred in my hearing, that he was indebted to Cicero for that dark imputation.

It must be acknowledged, that Quintus Catulus and Caius Piso were not able by their weight and influence, by entreaty, or any other inducement, to prevail on Cicero to suffer a cloud of suspicion to be thrown on Julius Cæsar by the Allobrogians, or any other witness. Those two great men were, in that juncture, the avowed enemies of Cæsar; the former, because on his

return from Cisalpine Gaul, in a prosecution carried on against him for being corrupted by a bribe to pass judgment of death upon a native of the country beyond the Po, Cæsar took a decided part in that affair, and obtained judgment against him. The mind of Catulus was embittered by his disappointment when he stood candidate for the office of high pontiff. Cæsar opposed his election; and that so young a man should enter into competitions, and be able to defeat an ancient citizen in the evening of his days, when he had almost closed the career of public honours, was a reflection that inflamed him with resentment. Their time for framing an accusation against Cæsar was not ill chosen: Cæsar, by private liberality, and a profusion of largesses, had contracted an immense load of debt, and by that circumstance gave his enemies a fair opportunity.

Cicero, however, refused to enter into their designs; but still Piso and Catulus, though they found their solicitations ineffectual, persisted in their malevolent purpose. They caballed with individuals, framing from their own invention the foulest imputations, and, to give them colour, pretending that they had all their intelligence from Volturcius and the Allobrogians. By these artifices they excited the popular odium,

and made Cæsar so obnoxious, that a band of Roman knights, who had ranged themselves under arms to guard the avenues of the Temple of Concord, drew their swords, and brandished them in a menacing manner, as Cæsar went forth from the senate. By this act of violence the knights declared their detestation of the conspiracy, or, perhaps, acted with a nobler motive, to announce their ardour in the cause of their country.

The Fathers, finding ample reason to be satisfied with the testimony of the Allobrogians and Volturcius, proceeded to consider of the recompense due to them for their services. In the mean time, the freedmen and clients of Lentulus were busy in various parts of the city, with a design to collect a party of slaves and labouring men, in order to rescue their patron out of custody. Others went about the streets in quest of certain seditious declaimers, on all occasions ready incendiaries for hire, and consequently well practised in the arts of raising popular tumults. Cethegus also had his emissaries, who endeavoured to stir up his domestic slaves and freedmen, an abandoned crew, ever ready for any desperate mischief. They were to proceed in a body, and sword in hand set their master at liberty.

The consul, informed of all that was in agitation, disposed his guards at proper stations, as the exigence seemed to require, and without delay convened the senate. To that assembly he opened the case of the prisoners. They had been all adjudged traitors and public enemies; he now moved for a decree, to determine finally what ought to be done with men in their situation. The question being put, Decius Junius Silanus, at that time consul elect, was the first in order to deliver his opinion. His advice was, that not only those in actual custody, but also Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbranus, and Quintus Annius, as soon as taken, should all be condemned to suffer death. Julius Cæsar opposed that proposition: his speech on the occasion made such an impression on Silanus, that his resolution failed, and he went over to the opinion of Tiberius Nero, who was for strengthening the guard, and adjourning the debate for further consideration. Cæsar in his turn, when called upon by the consul, spoke in effect as follows:

"In all debates, conscript Fathers, when the matter under deliberation is in its nature doubtful, it is the duty of every senator to bring to the question a mind free from animosity and friendship; from anger and compassion. When

those emotions prevail, the understanding is clouded, and truth is scarcely perceived. To be passionate and just at the same time, is not in the power of man. Reason, when unbiassed, and left to act with freedom, answers all our purposes: when passion gains the ascendant, reason is fatigued, and judgment lends no assistance.

51 "Were it necessary, conscript Fathers, to cite examples from history, of kings and nations hurried away by resentment or commiseration, an ample field lies before me: but I choose rather to call to mind the conduct of our ancestors, who, in various instances, acted a dispassionate part, and resolved with wisdom.

"In the Macedonian war, which was carried on against king Perses, the city of Rhodes, which had grown under the protection of Rome, and was at that time rich and powerful, acted towards us with perfidy and ingratitude. But at the close of the war, when the conduct of the Rhodians was taken into consideration, our ancestors, unwilling to have it said that they had waged a war of avarice, and not with a nobler motive to vindicate their rights, generously granted an amnesty to that misguided people. Again, in all our Punic wars, though the Carthaginians, in the season of profound peace, and,

at other times, during a suspension of arms, had been guilty of the most violent breach of the laws of nations, our ancestors, though many opportunities offered, scorned to act with a spirit of retaliation. They considered what was worthy of the Roman name, not the vengeance due to a barbarous enemy.

" In the case now before us, let it be our wisdom, conscript Fathers, not to suffer the crimes of Lentulus and his accomplices to hurry you beyond the bounds of moderation. Indignation may operate on your minds, but a due sense of your own dignity, I trust, will preponderate. My opinion is this : if you know of any pains and penalties adequate to the guilt of the conspirators, pronounce your judgment ; I have no objection. If you think death a sufficient punishment, I concur with Silanus : but if the guilt of the prisoners exceeds all forms of vindictive justice, we should rest contented with the laws known to the constitution.

" The senators who have gone before me, exhausted the colours of rhetoric, and in a pathetic style have painted forth the miseries of their country. They have displayed the horrors of war, and the wretched condition of the vanquished ; the young of both sexes suffering violation ; children torn from the mother's arms ;

virtuous matrons exposed to the brutal passions of the conqueror; the houses of citizens, and the temples of the gods, pillaged without distinction; the city made a theatre of blood and horror; in a word, desolation and massacre in every quarter.

"But why, immortal gods! why all that waste of eloquence? Was it to inflame our passions? to kindle indignation? to excite a detestation of rebellion? If the guilt of these men is not of itself sufficient to fire us with resentment, is it in the power of words to do it? I answer, No: resentment is implanted in our hearts by the hand of nature; every man is sensible of injury and oppression; many are apt to feel too intensely. But we know, conscript Fathers, that resentment does not operate alike in all the ranks of life: he who dwells in obscurity, may commit an act of violence, but the consequence is confined to a small circle. The fame of the offender, like his fortune, makes no noise in the world. It is otherwise with those who figure in exalted stations; the eyes of mankind are upon them; and the wrong they do is considered as an abuse of power. Moderation is the virtue of superior rank. In that pre-eminence no apology is allowed for the injustice that proceeds from partiality, from anger, aver-

sion, or animosity. The injury committed in the lower classes of life, is called the impulse of sudden passion; in the higher stations, it takes the name of pride and cruelty.

"I am willing, conscript Fathers, to admit that the keenest torments are in no proportion to the guilt of the conspirators. But let it be remembered, that in all cases of punishment, it is the catastrophe that makes the deepest impression on the minds of the people. Is the criminal treated with severity? his crimes are forgotten, and his sufferings become the general topic. What has been proposed to you by Decius Silanus, sprung, I am persuaded, from his patriot zeal; I know the character of the man; integrity and honour are the principles that direct his conduct. Neither partiality, nor private resentment, can govern his opinion. But what he has proposed, appears to me, I will not say cruel, (for in the case of such malefactors, what can be cruel?) but I am free to declare, that it is contrary to the laws established by our ancestors.

"But let me ask you, Silanus, had your fears for the public no influence on your judgment? or was it the enormity of the crime that roused your indignation? Our fears may now subside: the vigilance of a great and enlightened consul

has provided against every danger: the guards, properly stationed by his orders, afford us ample security.

"With regard to capital punishment, it is a truth well known, that to the man who lives in distress and anguish of heart, death is not an evil; it is a release from pain and misery; it puts an end to the calamities of life; and after the dissolution of the body, all is peace; neither care nor joy can then intrude. But tell me, Silanus, in the name of the immortal gods I ask you! why did you not add, that, before the mortal stroke, the prisoners should suffer pain and torment under the scourge of the executioner? Those penalties, you will say, are forbidden by the Porcian law: and have we not laws, in express terms declaring, that the life of a Roman citizen shall remain inviolable, and that banishment is the only sentence that can be enforced? Shall it be said that the lictor's rod is worse than death? be it so; and what can be too severe in the case of men convicted of the most horrible crimes? If, on the other hand, stripes and lashes are the slightest punishment, with what colour of reason are we to respect a prohibitory law on a point of no importance, and yet violate it in a matter of the greatest moment?

" It may be said, who will object to a decree against the enemies of their country? The answer is obvious: time may engender discontent; a future day may condemn the proceeding; unforeseen events, and even chance, that with wild caprice perplexes human affairs, may give us reason to repent. The punishment of traitors, however severe, cannot be more than their flagitious deeds deserve; but it behoves us, conscript Fathers, to weigh well the consequences before we proceed to judgment. Acts of state, that sprung from policy, and were perhaps expedient on the spur of the occasion, have grown into precedents often found to be of evil tendency. The administration may fall into the hands of ignorance and incapacity; and in that case, the measure, which at first was just and proper, becomes by misapplication to other men and other times, the rule of bad policy and injustice.

" Of this truth, the Lacedæmonians have left us a striking example; they conquered the Athenians, and, having established a supreme council of thirty, introduced a new form of government. Those magistrates began their career by seizing the loose and profligate, and, without a regular trial, sending them to immediate execution. The people beheld the scene with

exultation, and applauded the proceeding. But arbitrary power, thus established, knew no bounds: honest men were seized without distinction, and put to death with the vile and infamous. The city of Athens was covered with consternation, and the people had reason to repent of their folly, in not foreseeing that discretion is the law of tyrants.

"At Rome, within our own memory, the victorious Sylla ordered Damasippus, and others of the same stamp, who had enriched themselves by the spoils of the commonwealth, to be strangled in prison: who at that time did not consider the measure as an act of justice? all ranks of men proclaimed with one voice, that a set of incendiaries, who by their seditious practices had embroiled the state, had justly paid the forfeit of their crimes. What was the consequence? a general massacre followed. Whoever coveted his neighbour's house in the city, or his villa in the country; whoever panted for a well-wrought vase, a splendid garment, or any other valuable effects; his stratagem was to insert the owner in the list of the proscribed. It followed by consequence, that the very men who applauded the execution of Damasippus, perished afterwards by the same

violence. Nor did the carnage cease, till Sylla satisfied the rapacity of his followers.

" It must be admitted, that, in times like the present, when Marcus Tullius Cicero conducts the administration, scenes of that tragic nature are not to be apprehended. But in a large populous city, when the minds of men are ever in agitation, a variety of jarring opinions must prevail. At a future day, and under another consul, who may have an army at his back, falsehood may appear in the garb of truth, and gain universal credit. In such a juncture, should the consul, encouraged by our example, and armed with power by the decree of the senate, think proper to unsheath the sword, who shall stop him in his career? who will be able to appease his vengeance?

" Our ancestors, conscript Fathers, never wanted wisdom or courage; nor were they ever so elate with pride, as to be above imitating the wholesome institutions of other nations. They borrowed the make of their arms, and the use of them, from the Samnites; from the Tuscans they adopted the robes and ensigns of the magistracy; and in short, whatever they saw proper and useful among their allies, and even their enemies, that they were sure to transplant for their own advantage. They wished to im-

prove by good example, and they were above the little passion of envy.

"In that early period, and with that generous disposition, they looked towards Greece, and from that nation imported the custom of punishing some offences by the lictor's rod, and in capital cases they pronounced judgment of death. In process of time, when the state rose to power and grandeur, and the people, as will always be the case in prodigious multitudes, were divided into contending factions, innocent men were often oppressed, and grievances increased and multiplied; it was then that the Porcian law, and others of a similar nature, repealed the power of inflicting capital punishment, and left to the condemned the privilege of going into exile.

"By these examples, and this train of reasoning, I am led to this conclusion: consult your own dignity, conscript Fathers, and beware of innovation. I believe I may assume, without fear of being contradicted, that the eminent men of a former day, who from small beginnings raised this mighty empire, possessed a larger portion of wisdom and virtue than has fallen to the lot of their descendants. What our ancestors obtained with glory, we of the present

day find too much for our decayed abilities; we sink under the weight.

"But you will say, what is the scope of this long argument? Shall the conspirators be discharged, and suffered to strengthen Catiline's army? Far from it: my advice is this; let their estate and effects be confiscated; detain their persons in separate prisons, and for that purpose choose the strongest of the municipal towns; declare, by a positive law, that no motion in their favour shall be brought forward in the senate, and that no appeal shall be made to the people. Add to your decree, that whoever shall presume to espouse the cause of the guilty, shall be deemed an enemy to the commonwealth *."

As soon as Cæsar closed his speech, the senators appeared to be variously inclined. Some freely spoke their minds; others were content by different ways to signify their sentiments, and opposite opinions seemed to prevail. At length Marcus Cato was called upon in his turn. The substance of his speech was as follows:

"Upon the question now before you, conscript Fathers, I feel myself affected by different

* See Note D.

sentiments. When I view the circumstances of the times, and the dangers that surround us, I see reason to be alarmed; when I consider what has been said by some who have gone before me, their arguments appear to me ill-timed, and of little weight. The reasoning of those senators was altogether confined to the degree of punishment due to men who have conspired to levy war against their country, their parents, their altars, and their gods. But the true point in debate should be, before we think of pains and penalties, what measures ought to be pursued in order to avert calamity and ruin. Crimes of a different nature from the present are tried and condemned after the commission of the fact; at present our business is to ward off the impending danger. Suffer the incendiaries to execute their purpose, and the tribunals of justice must be silent. When the city is taken by assault, nothing is left to the vanquished.

"To you, who have always set the highest value on your splendid mansions and magnificent villas; who have been delighted with your pictures and your statues; who have had your pleasures more at heart than the interest of your country; to you I now address myself. If you still cherish your possessions; if, whatever their value may be, you still wish to enjoy

them, I conjure you by the immortal gods! awake from your lethargy, and stand forward in the cause of your country. We are not now in a debate about the revenue; the complaints and grievances of our allies are not the subject of our inquiry; our lives and liberties are at stake; all that is dear to us is in danger.

"I have often had occasion, conscript Fathers, to deliver my sentiments in this assembly: I have often remonstrated against luxury and avarice, those darling passions of the time; and by speaking my mind with freedom, I know that I have given umbrage to many. But how was I to act? in my own conduct I have been a rigid censor of myself; and could it be expected that I should see the transgressions of others without reproof? It is true, that my sentiments made no impression; but the commonwealth was not in danger; it subsisted by its own internal vigour. The flourishing state of our affairs made an apology for the weakness of government. The debate at present is not about good or evil manners; the grandeur of the Roman empire is not part of our inquiry: the question is, whether the state, such as it is, shall remain in our hands, or fall with ourselves in one common ruin, a prey to our enemies?

"In such a juncture, are we to hear of mercy

and moderation? We have lost, for a long time have lost, the true names of things: to be lavish of the property of others, is called liberality; to be daring in guilt, is fortitude; and by these steps we are led to the brink of ruin.

"Let those who approve of the reigning manners, pursue their error; let them be merciful to the plunderers of the revenue; but let them spare the effusion of our blood, and let them not, by extending mercy to a set of abandoned culprits, involve honest men in sure destruction.

"Cæsar has delivered his sentiments concerning life and death, and he treated the subject with force and elegance. He, it should seem, considers all we have heard about a state of future existence, as a vulgar error; the places assigned to good and evil spirits are to him a mere fable; gloomy, waste, and dreary regions, the abode of guilt and sorrow, are no part of his creed. His opinion, therefore, is, that the effects of the malefactors should be confiscated, and they themselves confined in the jails of different municipal towns; and this measure he recommends, as I conceive, from an apprehension, that, if detained at Rome, they may be rescued by their accomplices, or by a mob hired for the purpose. But let me ask, is Rome the only

place that harbours traitors and incendiaries? Are not men of that stamp to be found all over Italy? Is not the place where the authority of government is least in force, the most likely to be disturbed by tumults and insurrections?

"From these premises it follows, that Cæsar's advice, if he believes that a conspiracy has been actually formed, is feeble and ineffectual: on the other hand, if, amidst the general consternation, he alone sees nothing to fear, that very circumstance is to me a new cause of alarm: I fear for myself, and my fellow-citizens.

"For these reasons, conscript Fathers, when we pronounce sentence on Lentulus, and the rest of his faction, let us remember, that we decide the fate of Catiline and his followers. Act with vigour, and the enemy shrinks back dismayed. If you remain languid, and do not adopt the most vigorous measures, the rebels will advance upon us with redoubled fury.

"Our ancestors, it is well known, raised an infant state to a vast and flourishing empire; but let us not imagine that this great work was accomplished by the mere force of arms. If a warlike spirit was the sole cause of our grandeur, the state at this day would be more secure and flourishing than ever. We have a larger body of citizens; our allies are more numerous, and

our store of arms, our horses, and military preparations, exceed all that was known in former times. But there were other causes of their success and grandeur, and those causes exist no longer. Our ancestors were distinguished by industry at home; they administered justice abroad; they brought with them to public debate firm integrity, and minds free from vice, unbiassed by passion.

"What has the present age to boast of? Luxury and avarice form the characteristic of the times; we have private wealth and public poverty; we idolize riches, and sink down in torpid indolence; between good and bad men no distinction is made; the rewards of virtue are the quarry of ambition. Nor can this be matter of wonder; each individual thinks for himself only; self-interest is the spring of his actions: at home, he leads a life of voluptuous pleasure, and in the senate, corruption and private influence warp and disgrace his conduct. Of all this what is the consequence? We are lulled to sleep, while our enemies are busy, active, and vigilant, to involve us all in ruin.

"But I wave these complaints, and pass to what presses more: a conspiracy has been formed by men of illustrious rank, to lay waste

the city with fire and sword. The Gauls, a people ever hostile to the Roman name, have been invited to join the league; the rebel chief at the head of his army is near at hand, and hovers over his prey. Yet we sit here in tame debate, uncertain what course to take with parricides who have been seized in the heart of the city.

"Is this a time for compassion? indulge it, if you will; grant a free pardon to the traitors; they are young men, led astray by false ambition; release them from confinement; let them issue forth to rally round the standard of rebellion. But let me entreat you, pause for a moment: it were false compassion, and inevitable ruin will be the consequence. We are now in a crisis big with danger; and would you persuade me that you are free from apprehension? I know the contrary: you are all alarmed, and yet, fluctuating in doubt, you watch each other's motions with effeminate weakness, unwilling to decide for yourselves.

"You rely, perhaps, on the immortal gods, for that protection which they have extended to the commonwealth in the hour of danger. But do not deceive yourselves: the favour of Providence is not obtained by occasional vows and womanish lamentation; it is by vigilance, by the

wisdom of councils, and by vigorous measures, that the efforts of men are crowned with success. The supplications of sloth and indolence are offered up in vain: the gods look down with indignation.

"In an early period of our history, when the Gauls carried on a fierce and bloody war against the state, Aulus Manlius Torquatus condemned his own son to death for having presumed to attack the enemy without orders. That excellent young man died for his excess of valour; and in a time like this, when the guilt of unnatural traitors calls aloud for vengeance, will you linger here in doubt, undecided, wavering, and irresolute?

"Am I to be told, that the former conduct of these unhappy men pleads in their favour? If that is your opinion, spare the dignity of Lentulus: I consent, if he ever spared his character, his honour, or his fame; if in any one instance he ever shewed the least regard for gods or men. Extend your mercy to Cethegus; excuse the rashness of youth, if this is not the second time of his being in arms against his country. What shall I say of Gabinius, Statilius, and Ceparius? no more than this: had they ever listened to the dictates of truth and

honour, the crime of treason would not now be laid to their charge.

"Let me now assure you, conscript Fathers, that if I saw you in danger of nothing more than a simple error, I should willingly leave it to time to correct your judgment. But we are beset on every side; the danger presses; the enemy draws near; Catiline is at your gates; traitors lurk in the heart of the city; you cannot deliberate in private; your measures are known abroad; and for all those reasons you have no time to lose.

"To conclude; since by the pernicious practices of abandoned men the commonwealth is involved in danger; since the agents in this scene of iniquity stand detected by the evidence of Titus Volturcius and the Allobrogian deputies, as well as their own confession; and since it is now in proof, that they were all engaged in a black conspiracy to lay a scene of blood, of massacre, and a general conflagration, my settled opinion is, that, in conformity to ancient usage, the several malefactors, like criminals capitally convicted, should be condemned to suffer death. My voice is for their immediate execution."

As soon as Cato concluded, all of consular rank, and, indeed, the majority of the Fathers,

went over to his opinion. They extolled his spirit and greatness of soul with the warmest applause; they fell into mutual reproaches, and accused one another of pusillanimity. The house resounded with the praises of Cato, and a decree was passed in form and substance as he proposed.

A reflection occurs in this place, which may claim some attention. The brave exploits and upright policy of the Romans have filled the page of history. After studying that page with diligence, and attending to the observations of others, I was led by curiosity to inquire what were the resources of the commonwealth, and what the principles that contributed to raise and support so vast a fabric. I was aware, that with inferior armies Rome had often made head against great and powerful nations; I knew that mighty monarchs had been obliged to yield to the superior valour of well-disciplined forces, and that the Roman legions were not to be subdued by adverse fortune. The Greeks had made the palm of eloquence their own, and the Gauls were at one time famous for a more warlike spirit.

The result of my inquiries was, that the Roman name owes all its lustre to the patriot spirit of a few great and eminent men, who by their virtue enabled poverty to cope with the wealth

of nations, and inferior numbers to triumph over numerous armies. But when, after a long series of success, luxury diffused its baneful influence, and the minds of men grew torpid in ease and indolence, the commonwealth by its own inward energy was still able to stand on a solid basis, firm and unshaken by the vices of her commanders abroad, and the intrigues of her magistrates at home. But the season of public virtue has declined, and for several years Rome, like a superannuated matron, did not produce one great and eminent character.

Of late indeed, we have seen flourishing among us two illustrious citizens, both of the first order, adorned with superior talents, but different in their manners. The persons whom I have in view, are Marcus Cato and Caius Julius Cæsar. Two such characters ought not to be passed by in silence. They naturally present themselves to the historian's observation, and since the opportunity is so fair, I shall here endeavour, with all the skill I am master of, to give the prominent features of each *.

In point of birth, age, and eloquence, they were nearly equal. Greatness of soul was the characteristic of both. They attained the sum-

* See Note E.

mit of glory, but by different means. Cæsar came upon mankind by acts of friendship and public munificence: Cato stood distinguished by his moral conduct, and the integrity of his life. Humanity and benevolence were the virtues of Cæsar: severity of manners added dignity to the name of Cato. The former gained the affections of mankind by liberal donations, by generosity to his friends, and by forgiving his enemies; the latter distributed no favours, and on that reserved temper founded his glory. One was the protector of the unhappy; the other, the scourge of bad men. Cæsar was admired for the facility of his manners; Cato for his unshaken constancy. In a word, Cæsar entered on a career of vigilance, of active industry, and laborious application; he devoted his time to the interest of his friends, regardless of his own; whatever he possessed worthy of acceptance, he gave as a present; ambition was his ruling passion; he aimed at prodigious things; he desired to have the command of armies; he considered war as his element, and panted for some bright occasion, which might lay open to him the field of glory. Cato, on the other hand, was careful to observe the rules of moderation, of regular conduct, and, above all, an inflexible severity of manners. In point of riches he vied

with no man; with the factious he entered into no competition; an honest emulation inspired his soul; the constant rival of the good and worthy, he struggled for the palm of courage with the brave; in simplicity of life he contended with the modest, and in a constant course of virtue, with the most pure and innocent. To be, and not to seem, was his settled principle. He disregarded popularity, and his glory rose the higher.

As soon as the senate concurred, as has been mentioned, with the sentiments of Cato, the consul thought that no time ought to be lost, and accordingly, to prevent seditious attempts during the night, which was then approaching, he ordered the triumvirs to prepare for the immediate execution of the condemned malefactors; he himself, having first disposed his guards at proper stations, conducted Lentulus to the prison. The prætors attended the rest of the conspirators.

In the jail, as you ascend on the left hand, there is a place called the Tullian dungeon, sunk about twelve feet under ground, enclosed on all sides with strong walls, and covered over with a stone arch; a dark and dismal vault, exhaling a fetid stench, the last stage of guilt and misery. Lentulus was conducted to that hi-

deous cavern, and there strangled by the officers of justice.

Such was the dismal catastrophe of a man descended from an illustrious branch of the Cornelian family, who had been invested with the consular dignity. He closed his days by an ignominious death, the just retribution due to his crimes. Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Ceparius, suffered in like manner.

While these transactions passed at Rome, Catiline, with the forces which he had collected, and those that listed under Manlius, was able to form two legions. He allotted to each cohort as many soldiers as his numbers would allow. Afterwards, when volunteers arrived, and recruits were sent to the camp by his various agents, he distributed his new levies in equal proportions, and by degrees his legions had their full complement. His whole number at first did not exceed two thousand. When his army was reinforced, not more than a fourth part was supplied with military weapons; the rest were armed with what chance threw in their way; some with darts, others with spears, and the rest with stakes sharpened to a point.

Antonius advanced at the head of his army; but Catiline, declining an engagement, wheeled off towards the mountains, at times directing his

march towards Rome, and soon after shifting his route, as if determined to penetrate into Gaul. To force him to a decisive action was impossible. He flattered himself, if his adherents at Rome succeeded in their machinations, that he should soon receive a strong reinforcement. Flushed with these expectations, he resolved to reject the slaves, who from the first crowded to his standard. For this conduct he had political reasons: the war, he pretended, was undertaken to reform the senate, and restore the rights of the people: the cause of freedom, he thought, ought not to be dishonoured by an alliance with men of the lowest rank in society.

It was not long before intelligence from Rome reached the camp. It was there known that the conspiracy was detected, and that Lentulus, with Cethegus and the rest, had suffered death. The consequence was, that Catiline soon found himself abandoned by a number of those ready tools of rebellion, whom the love of innovation, and a passion for plunder, had induced to follow his banners. In that posture of affairs, he thought it advisable to lead his army, by forced marches, over craggy mountains into the territory of Pistorium; and thence his plan was to wind through the defiles of the country, and find a passage into Cisalpine Gaul.

It happened, however, that Quintus Metellus Celer, with three legions under his command, was stationed in the country near Picenum. The difficulties to which Catiline was reduced, made it probable that he would endeavour to elude the Roman general. Accordingly, Metellus, informed by the deserters, of the march of the rebels, moved forward without delay, and pitched his camp at the foot of the mountains, in a situation that commanded the passage into Gaul. At the same time Antonius, at the head of a large army, having an open country before him, pursued by rapid marches, and hung upon the rear of the enemy.

In that crisis of his affairs, Catiline found himself enclosed on one side by inaccessible mountains, and on the other hemmed in by the legions. He knew that his partisans were undone, and executed at Rome; no way for flight and no hope for succour remaining, he resolved to stand the hazard of a battle with Antonius. His plan thus settled, he drew out his army, and, to inflame their ardour, addressed them in the following manner:

"I am not now to learn, my fellow-soldiers, that true courage and heroic fortitude can never be inspired by the power of words: if an army is void of spirit; if the men do not feel a ge-

nerous impulse in their own hearts, no speech that a general can make, will rouse them to deeds of valour. Courage is the gift of nature. When it burns like an inward fire, and expands the breast, it is sure to blaze out in the field of battle. He whom neither danger nor glory can excite, will never be roused by exhortations. His fears have made him deaf to the call of honour. It is for a different purpose that I have now assembled you: I mean to give you my best instructions, and open to you the reasons that incline me to vigorous and decisive measures.

"You have heard what a dreadful disaster the temper of Lentulus has brought upon himself, and our glorious cause; you know, that, being amused with hopes of a reinforcement from Rome, I lost the opportunity of marching into Gaul. I need not say any thing of our present situation; the posture of affairs is visible to you all. Two hostile armies are at hand; one holds us in check on the side of Rome; the other obstructs our march into Gaul; to tarry longer in our present situation, even if we wished it, is not in our power. Provisions to support an army cannot be procured. Turn which way you will, you must open a passage sword in hand.

"I desire you, therefore, I entreat you, my fellow-soldiers, to call forth all your ardour; let this day give proofs of your heroic spirit. When you rush to the attack, let each man remember that on his arm depend riches, honours, immortal glory, and, what is more, liberty, and the cause of his country. Plenty of every thing is the sure fruit of victory: the colonies and municipal towns will be ready to open their gates to us. If we shrink back, no resource is left; not a friend will stretch a hand to protect the men who acted like traitors to themselves.

"Let me further desire you to compare your own case with that of your enemy: in the opposite army the men have not our incentives to animate their valour. We take the field for liberty and our country; we fight in defence of our own lives. What are the motives that combine against you? the adverse ranks have no interest in the quarrel; they draw their swords to support the pride and grandeur of a few tyrannical masters. Let this reflection inspire you with new ardour; let it edge your swords; and when you advance to the charge, remember that you are this day to crown your former exploits by a great and glorious victory.

"Had you preferred a life of ignominy, you

might have passed your days in exile, and there you might crawl on in want and beggary; or you might have remained at Rome, without money, without effects, without a prospect of relief, all wretched dependents on the bounty of your masters. But you scorned a life of servitude, and resolved, like men, to obtain a radical reform of cruel and oppressive laws. If at this moment it were possible for you to abandon your glorious enterprise, could you, do you think, secure your retreat? The attempt would demand your firmest valour. Peace is obtained by victory only; in flight there is no safety: when the arms which are in our hands for self-defence are turned from the enemy, carnage and destruction follow. The man in battle who fears the most, is in the greatest danger; courage is a tower of strength.

"When I survey you all, my fellow-soldiers, and call to mind your past exploits, I am sanguine enough to anticipate a glorious victory. From your youthful vigour and undaunted courage I expect every advantage. Even the difficulties of our situation inspire me with confidence; for difficulties have often produced prodigies of valour. The superior numbers of the enemy will not be able in these narrow defiles to surround our lines. Should it be our lot to

experience the malignity of fortune, let us determine to sell our lives at the dearest rate, rather than be seized like a herd of cattle, to be sacrificed at the will of a barbarous conqueror. Resolve to act like men, and if we must fall, let us not fall unrevenged; let us resolve to die sword in hand, and leave a victory, for which the conqueror may have reason to mourn."

Having closed this spirited harangue, Catiline paused to arrange all his measures, and, in a short time, the signal for advancing sounded through the ranks. The army marched in order of battle to the open plain. The cavalry had orders to dismount. Their horses were led to a remoter ground. By this measure, all being placed in one common danger, Catiline hoped that a bolder spirit would pervade the whole army. He himself proceeded through the lines on foot, and formed the best disposition that his numbers and the nature of the place would allow. The plain was bounded on the left by a steep range of mountains, and towards the right by a sharp-pointed rock. Eight cohorts formed their lines in the centre; the rest of the troops took post in the rear, as a body of reserve to support the broken ranks. A select number of centurions and resumed veterans, with such of the common soldiers as were distinguished by their brave ex-

ploits, advanced as a chosen band to the front of the lines. The command of the right wing was given to Caius Manlius, and of the left to a native of Fæsulæ. Catiline himself, at the head of the freedmen, and the recruits from the colonies, took his station near his favourite eagle, said to be the same that Marius displayed in the war against the Cimbrians.

Antonius, the commander of the Roman army, was attacked by a fit of the gout, and, by consequence, unable to conduct the battle. He gave the honour of the day to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant-general. By the directions of that officer the army was drawn up in the following order: the veterans, who had been called out to serve in the exigence of the times, were stationed in the front; the rest of the army formed their lines in the rear. Petreius rode through the ranks, calling on the men by name: he exhorted, he conjured them to exert their former courage. "You see," he said, "a band of freebooters, of robbers, and murderers, a vile collection of incendiaries almost naked and disarmed. When you advance to the charge, remember that you draw the sword in the cause of your country, your children, your altars, and your household gods." Petreius had been a military man for more than thirty years: he

rose to eminence through the several gradations of tribune, præfect, lieutenant-general, and prætor, having served during all the time with the highest honour. In the several stations through which he passed, he had a fair opportunity of knowing most of the veterans; he called to mind their former conduct, and by holding to view their acts of valour, inspired them with a resolution to act in a manner worthy of themselves.

Having arranged his measures, Petreius ordered the trumpets to sound to battle. The cohorts advanced with a slow pace in regular order. Catiline's soldiers did the same. As soon as the two armies drew so near, that the light-armed troops could begin the onset by a volley of darts, both sides set up a warlike shout, and rushed on to the attack. A close engagement followed. None relied on their missive weapons; they fought sword in hand. The veterans, eager to preserve their renown in arms, advanced into the heat of the action. The rebels received them with a steady countenance. A fierce and obstinate conflict ensued. Catiline, at the head of his light-armed infantry, shewed himself in the front of the lines; he fought in the thickest ranks; he succoured all that gave ground; he supplied the place of the wounded

with fresh soldiers; wherever the enemy pressed, he was ready to support the ranks; he charged in person, and enacted prodigies of valour, at once a gallant soldier and an able general.

Petreius, seeing that Catiline disputed the field with more obstinacy than he at first expected, led his prætorian cohort into the thick of the battle. The rebels were thrown into disorder, and a dreadful slaughter followed. All who resisted were put to the sword. The Roman wings, at the same time, attacked the enemy in flank. Manlius, and the commander from Fæsulæ, both fighting bravely, fell in the first onset. Catiline saw his troops routed on every side, and nothing but desolation round him. Having only a handful of his followers left, he was still determined not to forget his illustrious birth, and the dignity of his rank. He rushed among the closest ranks, and, exerting himself with fury and brave despair, fell under repeated wounds.

When the battle was ended, the fierce and obstinate spirit that animated Catiline's army, appeared manifest to view. The spot on which the soldier took his stand during the action, was covered with his body when he expired. A few, whom the prætorian cohort overpowered, were driven from their post, but they fell under honourable wounds. Catiline was found at a dis-

tance from his men, amidst heaps of slain. His breath had not quite left him: the same ferocity that distinguished him when living, was still visible in his countenance.

It may be further observed, that in his whole army not one free citizen was taken prisoner, either during the battle, or after the defeat. Determined to give no quarter, they were prodigal of their own lives. Nor could the army of the commonwealth boast of having gained a cheap victory. They paid the price of their blood. The bravest among them were either slain in the action, or carried from the field covered with wounds. Numbers went from the camp to survey the field of battle, led either by curiosity, or in search of plunder. Employed in moving the dead bodies, they found among the slain a friend, a relative, or an intimate companion. Some discovered their particular enemies stretched on the ground. The impressions made by this melancholy scene were various: mixed emotions of joy and sorrow, regret and congratulation, prevailed throughout the army.

THE

ORATIONS

OF

CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

THE

FIRST ORATION OF CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

SPOKEN IN THE SENATE, 8TH NOVEMBER, A. U. C. 690 *.

How long, Catiline, will you dare to abuse our patience? how long are we to be the sport of your frantic fury? to what extremity do you mean to carry your unbridled insolence? has the guard stationed every night on Mount Palatine made no impression on you? does the watch that patroles the streets of Rome excite no alarm? The people are covered with consternation; all honest men are of one mind; they unite against you in every quarter: and are you not struck with terror? not struck by this awful meeting of the Fathers, assembled, as you see, in this place of strength and security? behold

* See Note F.

their countenances; observe the looks with which they view you: and does not your heart shrink within you? do you not feel that your guilt is detected? that your designs stand manifest to view? that your conspiracy is defeated? do you imagine that in this assembly there is a single person who is not aware of your proceedings? who does not know what you did last night, or on the night preceding; where you held your convention; who were your associates; and what measures you concerted? But, O degenerate times! the senate is informed; the consul knows every circumstance, and yet the traitor lives! Lives, did I say? he comes into the house; he takes his seat among us; he throws his eyes around, and marks every one of us for destruction: while we, brave men! sit here in tame debate, conceiving, if we ward off the danger from ourselves, that we discharge our duty to our country.

Your fate, Catiline, has been too long deferred: before this time you ought to have suffered death by order of the consul. The ruin which you have planned, ought long before this day to have fallen on your own head. Could that eminent Roman, Publius Scipio, when he was no more than chief pontiff, by his own private authority cut off Tiberius Gracchus, an

enemy, indeed, to the state, but still a man who wished to alter, not to overturn the government; and shall we, the chief magistrates, the consuls of Rome, tamely suffer the machinations of a traitor, who means with sword and fire to lay waste the Roman world? I will not go back for ancient precedents; I omit the example of Quintus Servilius Ahala, who with his own right arm put to death Spurius Melius, a man charged with meditating innovations in the state. There was in ancient times that energy of mind, yes, in this republic there was that patriot spirit, that could punish a domestic traitor with a weight of vengeance never inflicted on the most inveterate foreign enemy. Even at this time we have against you, Catiline, a just and awful decree of the senate: the commonwealth is defended by prudent counsel, and in this august assembly there is ample authority; but we, the consuls, I speak my mind with freedom, we, the consuls, are deficient in our duty.

In a former period of our history, the senate ordained by a decree, that Lucius Opimius, the consul, *should take care that the commonwealth received no injury*. Not a single night intervened, when Caius Gracchus was put to death for seditious practices; that very Gracchus, who was descended from a father of distinguished

merit, from a grandfather of eminent character, and a line of illustrious ancestors. Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular dignity, suffered in like manner: his two sons perished with him.

By a similar decree, the commonwealth was committed to the two consuls, Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius: on that occasion, was the punishment of Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, then one of the praetors, deferred for a single day: they both fell a sacrifice to the justice of their country. And yet, during the last twenty days, we, the consuls, have suffered the authority of this assembly to languish in our hands. We are armed with a similar decree; but it is with us a mere matter of record, like a sword enclosed in the scabbard. By that authority you, Catiline, have been long since condemned to death. You live, notwithstanding, but you live, not to repent of your crimes, but to cherish them in your heart, and add to your iniquity.

To administer justice with mercy, conscript Fathers, is the propensity of my heart; but in this dangerous crisis I am not willing to appear remiss; but still, it must be acknowledged, I have remained inactive; my conscience upbraids me for it. An army has been levied: the rebels are encamped in the defiles of Etruria: their

numbers increase every day. The commander of that army, the chief of that hostile crew, walks at large among us. We see him in the senate, bent on mischief, and meditating scenes of blood and massacre. Should I this moment, Catiline, order you to be seized, and hurried away to execution, good men, I fear, would still pronounce me slow and tardy in the discharge of my duty: none would think me rigorous or vindictive.

But this act of justice, which ought to have been long since performed, I choose for weighty reasons to defer for the present. You shall then be sent to execution, when there cannot be found a man so vile and profligate, so like yourself, as not to acknowledge that you deserved your fate. As long as there breathes a man hardy enough to defend your cause, I will allow you to live; but you shall live, as you now do, encompassed by a numerous guard, whose watchful care will not suffer you to move or stir against your country. The eyes of men, when you little suspect it, will be fixed upon you, and their ears will be ready to catch each treasonable word that you shall dare to utter.

Thus situated, Catiline, what have you to expect? The gloom of night cannot conceal your fell designs; the walls of your own house are not thick enough to enclose the voice of treason;

every syllable is heard; your dark complottings all transpire. Then take my advice; renounce your frantic projects; think no more of massacre and ruin. You are hemmed in on every side; your designs are seen in open daylight. To convince you, I will give you a detail of the whole:

You may remember what passed in the senate on the twelfth before the calends of November: on that occasion, I declared aloud, that on a certain day the standard of rebellion would be reared. I even named the day, the 27th of October: I gave notice, that on that day, Caius Manlius, your accomplice, your general officer, would be in open arms. Was I a false prophet? did I not foretell that horrible event? what is more, did I not fix the very day? But this is not all: I declared to the Fathers, that the 28th of the same month was the day fixed by yourself for a general massacre of the most eminent citizens: Rome was to be made a theatre of blood and horror. On that day, a considerable number of the most illustrious men withdrew from the city, not so much to avoid your band of assassins, as to defeat your execrable project. Can you deny, that on that day you was closely besieged by a guard under my direction? that by my vigilance all your measures were defeated? When you found that numbers had withdrawn

from the reach of your poniards, what was your declaration? the men, you said, who made their escape, were of no consequence, provided that I, who kept my post in the city, fell a victim to your fury. Nay more; your design against Prænesté was to be carried into execution on the calends of November; in the dead of night that fortress was to be taken by assault; but you found all your measures counteracted. By my orders the garrison secured the colony. You do nothing, you form no plan, you harbour no design, but I hear, I see, I discover all.

Let us now review the transactions of last night. A true state of the facts will convince you, that I am more active to save the commonwealth, than you to destroy it. Where was you last night? I will tell you, and I will name the place: you were at the house of Marcus Lecca, in consultation with your accomplices. Do you deny it? why that sullen silence? the proof is in my power: I now see in this assembly men of senatorian rank, who are leagued with you in your frantic schemes; they attended your midnight council.

Immortal gods! where are we? in what city do we reside? of what republic are we members? Here, conscript Fathers, here in this very house,

in this great council of the commonwealth, in this august assembly, the most venerable on the face of the globe, here in a Roman senate, we have among us a lurking band of traitors, who have resolved on the murder of your consul; who have conspired against you all; who have planned the ruin of this city, and, by consequence, of the Roman world. I see the men now before me; in the character of consul I behold them; I am to collect their votes in this debate; and, when I ought to send them to the sword of justice, I forbear to mention their names.

But my business, Catiline, is with you: you were last night at the house of Lecca; you fixed your stations in different parts of Italy; you ordered your emissaries to their several posts; you selected some to be left at Rome, and others to attend you to the camp; you marked out the quarter of the city where the conflagration was to begin; you declared your intention to join your army, but your journey was to be deferred, because I was still alive. In that moment it was found that there existed two Roman knights ready to bear the assassin's dagger. They undertook to relieve you from your anxiety; they promised before the dawn of day to poniard me in my bed. Your assembly was scarce dissolved

when I was informed of all. I strengthened my guards; I secured my house; your assassins came, and were refused admittance. They were the very men whose names I had mentioned to several illustrious citizens, with all the particulars of their insidious visit, and the very hour when their black design was to be executed.

Things standing thus, what hinders you, Catiline, from pursuing your original plan? proceed as you intended; leave the city; the gates are open to you; begin your journey. The Manlian camp has been too long held in suspense; your soldiers expect their general; take with you your whole band of conspirators; if not all, take the greatest part, and let Rome disgorge the cankers of her peace: you will deliver me from my fears; a wall between us will be a sufficient safeguard. You cannot remain among us; I will not bear it; I will not suffer it; I will not allow it.

Immortal gods! the thanks of a whole people are due to you; and chiefly to thee, Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we now are: to thee, thou ancient guardian of the state, our vows and supplications ought now to ascend; to thee we owe it, that on so many occasions we have escaped the fury of this worst of enemies, this most pernicious citizen, this monster of iniquity.

But it is now time to close this scene of terror. The commonwealth must not be for ever exposed to the machinations of one desperate traitor.

Before I entered on the high office which I hold; when I was no more than consul elect, I was well aware, Catiline, of your designs against my life; but I was able by my own vigilance, without calling on the public for protection, to ward off every danger. At the last election of consuls for the ensuing year, I was doomed, with the candidates that opposed you, to bleed in the field of Mars; but even then I raised no alarm; the assistance of my friends was sufficient to defeat your horrid purpose. In a word, as often as your poniard was aimed at me, I stood alone in opposition to your fury, though I clearly saw that my life was interwoven with the public safety. Your blow at present is levelled at the vitals of the commonwealth; the temples of our gods, the mansions of the people, and the lives of our fellow-citizens, are doomed to destruction; all Italy is to be laid waste, and the whole country to be a scene of desolation.

And yet even now, in this awful crisis, I am not willing to enforce the laws established by ancient usage, and the spirit of the constitution. Another expedient presents itself, less severe

to the criminal, but more conducive to the public safety. Were I to pronounce judgment of death, the execution of one man would not remove the rest of the traitors, who still continue to lurk among us. If you, Catiline, proceed on your intended journey, the whole crew of your adherents will issue forth, and purge the city. Do you hesitate? can you refuse to execute by my orders what was your own preconcerted plan? the consul commands an enemy to retire: you ask me, must you go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you want to know my opinion, I advise it.

What attraction can you find at present? what allurement can detain you in this city? If we except your own abandoned followers, is there to be found a man who does not live in dread of you? who does not behold you with detestation? is there a vice with which you are not branded? no new note of infamy can be added to your name; your eyes are deformed by libidinous passions; your hands are red with murder; your body is stained with pollution. In the number of young men whom your seducing arts have added to your train, is there one whose hand you have not armed with a dagger? is there one whose passions you have not inflamed, and pandered for his lust?

Nay more; when lately, upon the death of your former wife, you cleared your house to make way for a second bride, did you not add to that foul proceeding a crime of the most atrocious dye, and fill the measure of your guilt? but I draw a veil over that transaction: I am willing to consign it to oblivion, lest it should be known hereafter that so horrible a deed was perpetrated in this city, or, being perpetrated, that it passed with impunity. I say nothing of your ruined fortunes; the ensuing ides will crush you with a load of debt. I pass over the infamy of your private life, your enormous vices, your flagitious practices: I proceed to what is of more importance, the public safety, the interest of all good men, and the very existence of the commonwealth.

For let me ask you, can you within the walls of Rome enjoy the light of the sun? can you with pleasure breathe the vital air, when you reflect that there is not one among us who does not know, that on the last day of December, when Lepidus and Tullus were on the eve of closing their consulship, you carried with you to an assembly of the people a concealed dagger; that you were attended by a band of ruffians, ready by your orders to imbrue their hands in the blood of the consuls and the first men in

Rome? It is true, that this execrable plot miscarried, not because you repented; not because you was capable of fear or remorse: the guardian genius of Rome prevented a general massacre.

I will not dwell on this subject: the facts are well known, and there are others of a recent date. How often have your snares been laid for me, not only when I was consul elect, but since I entered on the magistracy? your poniard has been often aimed at me in a direction that seemed inevitable, but I escaped the danger by shifting my ground, or, in the gladiator's phrase, by a new posture. There is nothing you can plan, nothing you can undertake, nothing you can attempt, that does not come directly to my knowledge; and yet your invention is not exhausted, your courage is not alarmed, your obstinacy is not fatigued. How often has your dagger been wrested out of your hand; how often has it fallen useless to the ground? and yet you are not disarmed: to what infernal god, and by what rites, you have dedicated your poniard, I do not know; but you cherish it as a consecrated weapon, never to be laid aside till you have sheathed it in the heart of a consul.

In your present condition, is yours a life that any man would choose to lead? I now address

you, not in the tone of indignation, which your guilt has provoked, but in the language of compassion, to which you have forfeited every claim. You chose this day to shew yourself in the senate. When you entered the house, who in this assembly acknowledged you? who among your numerous friends and relations rose to salute you? If such a reception is without a precedent; if in the memory of man no instance of the kind has happened, need I exalt my voice, when the awful silence of the Fathers has more emphatically condemned you? When you came forward, those benches were deserted; when you took your seat, the senators of consular rank, for whose blood your dagger had long been thirsting, all rose at once, and left a void on that side of the house. What are now the sensations of your heart? By heaven, if my domestic slaves had as good reason to fear me, as every honest man has to hold you in detestation, I should abandon my house; and will you presume to remain in the city? Let me tell you more: were it my misfortune, even without just cause, to be abhorred by my fellow-citizens, I should remove to a distant scene, rather than stay among them, to bear the glance of resentment, and the scowling eye of suspicion. And will you, whose conscience in bitter ac-

cents tells you that you have incurred the public hatred; will you, I say, remain at Rome? will you by your presence wound the eyes of men, whose indignation your crimes have already provoked?

If your parents lived in dread of you; if they beheld you with a degree of aversion, which nothing could appease, you would in that case, I have no doubt, retire and shun their sight. At present your country, the common parent of us all, fears and detests you; she considers you as the worst of parricides, a pernicious traitor, who have long been brooding over scenes of blood and desolation: and will you not respect her authority? not submit to her judgment? not yield to her lawful power?

Her very silence is eloquent, and thus she reasons with you:

"There has not been for several years a crime or a flagitious deed committed without your participation: yours was the head to plan, or yours the hand to execute. Your sword has been glutted with the blood of Roman citizens; the provinces have been plundered by your rapacity; and yet all, all has passed without so much as an inquiry into your conduct; as if you had a privilege to be a villain with impunity. By you the tribunals of justice have been

silenced; by you the laws have been abolished. Those grievances called aloud for redress, and yet I endured them all. But to be for ever in dread of your horrible designs; in every sudden commotion to start and tremble at the name of Catiline; in every treason to find you the grand contriver of all; it is more than I can bear; these repeated alarms are insupportable. I command you, therefore, to retire; depart from the city, and appease my fears; if they are well founded, that I may avoid calamity and ruin; if false, that I may cease to live in misery."

Such is the language of your country: and ought not her sacred voice, even if she had not power to enforce it, to have due weight with you; with you, who have offered to surrender yourself a voluntary prisoner? To remove all cause of suspicion, you were willing to commit yourself to the custody of Marcus Lepidus; rejected by him, you had the hardiness to address yourself to me; you petitioned to be a prisoner in my house: and what was my answer? I told you, that not thinking myself safe within the walls of the same city, I would not live under one roof with you. You then applied to Quintus Metellus, the prætor, and, meeting with a repulse, you had recourse to your friend Marcus Marcellus, persuaded, as we may suppose,

that he would have vigilance to watch your motions, sagacity to discover your secret machinations, and resolution to oppose your projects. And now I desire to know, when a man has confessed that he ought not to be suffered to go at large, is it not high time to send him loaded with fetters to a dungeon?

This, Catiline, is the state to which you have reduced yourself: and since you cannot with any degree of comfort reside any longer among us, will it not be prudent to seek some foreign land, where you may hide your head in solitude, and protract a life, which has been long since forfeited to the justice of your country? To this you answer, "Move the question; put it to the vote of the Fathers; and if they order you into banishment, you are ready to obey their decree." I will make no such motion; it is contrary to my way of thinking. But still you shall know the sentiments of this assembly: "*Go, Catiline, withdraw from the city of Rome; go, and deliver us from our fears; depart at once, and, if you expect the word, go into banishment.*"

How! do you hesitate? Observe the solemn taciturnity of this august assembly; the Fathers hear me; they are silent; they acquiesce. Do you expect the form of words? their consent emphatically condemns you.

Were my discourse directed in the same strain to that excellent youth, Publius Sextius, or to that illustrious citizen, Marcus Marcellus, the Fathers would revolt against such presumption, and even in this temple, forgetting the sanctity of the place, rise in a body against their consul. With regard to you, Catiline, they are impressed with very different sentiments; while they remain quiet, they approve; while they hear me with patience, they decree; while they are silent, they proclaim aloud.

You perceive the sentiments of this illustrious order, whose authority you affect to reverence, while your poniard thirsts for their blood. But it is not here alone that you stand condemned: the Roman knights, a brave and generous band, and those worthy citizens who guard the avenues of the temple, are all of one mind. You have seen their numbers, and their ardour in the cause of their country: you heard their acclamations. It is with difficulty that I have restrained them from an act of immediate justice; but they are still under my influence; leave the city, and I will answer that they shall conduct you to the gates.

But wherefore do I thus expostulate with you? That you should change your purpose, and retire to solitude, is more than I have reason to

expect. May the gods inspire you with such a resolution! As to myself, should you take my advice, and go into voluntary exile, I know that a storm of ill-will and calumny will be ready to burst upon me; not, perhaps, in the present juncture, while the public mind still glows with indignation, but in some future period, when no sense of danger remaining, resentment shall have spent its force. Be the consequence what it may, let the constitution stand, I am prepared for the worst calamity. But that your conscience should reproach you; that you should bend to the authority of the laws; that you should relent in favour of your country; these are things foreign to your heart. You are not the man whom a sense of honour can reform, whom danger can deter, whom reason can reclaim from madness.

And yet I repeat my advice; go forth, and quit the city. If I am, as you frequently declare, your implacable enemy, go into voluntary exile, and by that step revenge your cause. If you comply, a load of obloquy will fall on me; when the public are informed, that the consul drove you into banishment, the clamour will be loud and violent. But if you rather choose to add new glory to my name, go with the dregs and refuse of your desperate gang; proceed to

the Manlian camp; muster all your forces; renounce the society of honest men; declare an impious war against your country; let Italy be deluged with blood, and shew yourself in your true colours, not as a man cast out by the consul, but a rebel chief invited by his crew of incendiaries.

But wherefore do I recommend this measure? you have already taken your resolution; you have sent forward an armed force to meet you at the village called Forum Aurelium. I know that you have fixed your day with Manlius; I know that you have sent forward your silver eagle, which, I trust, will prove fatal to you and yours; that boasted eagle, to which you raised an altar, and offered impious rites in your sacrilegious chapel. Follow it; you cannot live without it; it was the idol of your superstitious worship as often as you went on a desperate enterprise. The same hand that offered incense to your new divinity, was in a short time red with the blood of your fellow-citizens.

I know you will pursue your intended plan; you will go where your frantic fury leads the way: you leave nothing here to regret; your enterprise will be the delight of your heart. Wild commotion is your element; your nature formed you for it; your inclination trained you

to it; your fate has reserved you for it. Neither repose, nor even war, could minister to your pleasure, unless they were both endeared by a mixture of guilt and horror. At length your utmost wish is gratified; you have an army made up of the scum of Rome and Italy; a set of wretches reduced to beggary, and destitute of hope. What a scene of delight for a mind like yours! In that society you may exult with joy and rapture, unmolested by the appearance of a single virtue, without so much as one honest man to grate your ear; not one to shock your sight. The labours of your life, those famous labours for which your name is so much celebrated, have prepared and hardened you for your present undertaking. You have been in the habit of lying on the bare ground, sometimes to commit a rape, at others to wait in ambush for your prey, to take advantage of an unsuspecting husband, or to plunder your neighbour. Your present enterprise will call forth all your boasted vigour; your patience of cold, of hunger, and want of every kind. But your fortitude, I trust, will soon be conquered. The victory which I gained, by defeating your hopes of the consulship, has this advantage; in the character of consul you will not be able to oppress your country; your project must be the

frantic effort of a man proscribed. It cannot be called a war; it will be the desperate attempt of a robber and a murderer.

Permit me now, conscript Fathers, to obviate the complaints which may be urged against me. I request your serious attention; hear my sentiments, and give them a place in your memory. I will suppose my country, which I hold dearer than my life; I will suppose all Italy and the commonwealth, all with one voice accosting me in terms like these:

"Review your conduct, Marcus Tullius, and consider well the part you now are acting. You have before you a man, whom you know to be a public enemy; who is preparing to take the field at the head of hostile numbers; who is hourly expected in the camp to take upon him the command; a man who planned the black conspiracy; who designs to raise an insurrection of the slaves, and invites a crew of abandoned citizens to his standard: and will you permit the traitor to go forth unmolested, not as if expelled from the city, but sent to return in force, and take it by assault? will you not rather seize his person, load him with irons, and order him to instant execution, a victim to the justice of his country? Say, what is your motive? what restrains you? you cannot plead ancient

usage; traitors, it is well known, have been often put to death, even by private citizens, without the sanction of public authority. The laws, that regulate the punishment of Roman citizens, afford you no apology; a traitor has no rights; he is no longer a citizen. Do you dread the reproaches of posterity? that excuse will ill become a new man, who brought with him no credentials from his ancestors, but by his own genius forced himself into notice; who has passed with a rapid progress through the gradations of the magistracy, and by the suffrages of the people has been raised to the highest office in the state. And will you, after so many favours conferred upon you, will you now shrink from the cause of your country? shall the fear of censure, or of danger, alienate your heart from the commonwealth? it were the worst ingratitude. If fear is to operate, which do you think is most to be dreaded, reproach for cowardice, or censure for magnanimity? When Italy is laid waste; when her cities are taken by storm; when her temples and mansions are wrapt in flames; it is then your danger will begin; it is then that the clamours of mankind will be loud against you."

To those complaints of my country, to her sacred voice, and to all who reason in the same

way, my answer shall be short. If I could persuade myself, conscript Fathers, that the death of Catiline would close the scene, that impious gladiator should not live an hour. If the illustrious characters of a former day were not disgraced, but, on the contrary, honoured and ennobled for the spirit that dared to shed the blood of Saturninus, of Flaccus, and the Gracchi, with many others recorded in history; with that precedent before me, I could have no reason to fear, that for the execution of a traitor and a parricide I should stand condemned by the voice of posterity. But let me add, were the severest censure to be the certain consequence, it has ever been my settled opinion, that reproach, when earned by virtue, is not reproach, but the truest glory.

Yet even now, in this very assembly, there are senators, and those not a few, who do not see the impending danger; or, seeing it, think proper to disguise their sentiments. By specious moderation they have pampered the hopes of Catiline, and, affecting to think my fears no more than a false alarm, they favoured the conspiracy in its birth. By their example numbers have been influenced; the evil-minded raised a spirit of discontent, and the weak joined in the clamour. All of that description would be ready

to pronounce the death of Catiline the act of a violent and arbitrary consul. But, should the traitor pursue his design, and join Manlius in his camp, it will then be evident that treason has been at work. There will be none so blind as not to perceive it; no man so profligate as not to acknowledge it.

Were I to pronounce judgment of death, what advantage could accrue to the state? by that measure the conspiracy would be suppressed, not radically cured. But now, should Catiline rush into open war; should he order his crew of adherents to follow in his train; should he draw to his camp a general conflux of the vile and profligate, we shall be able in that case, not only to crush his frantic insurrection, but the very roots of discord will be torn up; the seed-plots of rebellion will be destroyed.

The conspiracy, conscript Fathers, has grown by degrees to its present maturity; but by what fatality the whole collected force of guilt, and rage, and madness, has been reserved for my consulship, it is impossible for me to decide. This, however, is certain; were the leading traitor cut off from that detestable league, our wounds might seem to be bound up, but they would be bound up to open again, and bleed afresh. The poison would be left rankling in

the vitals of the commonwealth. As men in a fever seem by a draught of water to allay the violence of their disorder, but soon find it more inflamed than ever; so the danger that threatens the state might subside for a short interval, soon to break out again with redoubled fury.

For these reasons, conscript Fathers, let the evil-minded depart at once; let them separate themselves from honest men; let them appear in open arms; let the walls of Rome divide us; let them cease to besiege your consul in his own house; to surround the tribunals of justice with a band of ruffians; let them no longer invest the senate with their armed assassins, and prepare their combustibles for a general conflagration; in a word, let the public mind be known, and let the sentiments and wishes of all upright citizens be legible in their countenances. Thus much, conscript Fathers, I will venture to promise; you may rely upon the vigilance of your consuls: with the authority of this order, with the zeal and activity of the Roman knights, with the spirit of union that pervades and animates all honest men, I here undertake, that, as soon as Catiline shall retire, the whole of his impious project shall be laid open, exposed to public view, confounded, and duly punished.

For these reasons, Catiline, I once more warn

you to withdraw; go with these sure presages of public peace and security; with these omens of ruin to your cause, and the total overthrow of your desperate partisans; go forth at once, proceed to your camp, and wage an impious war against your country.

And thou, O Jupiter! whose religious rites were established by Romulus, coeval with the foundation of Rome; thou, whom we truly call Stator, the prop and preserver of the constitution; thou, our guardian deity! thou wilt drive this traitor from thy sacred altars; from the temples of the gods; from the walls of Rome; from the lives and fortunes of the people; and let thy awful justice fall on the enemies of all good men, on the plunderers of Italy, on the detestable crew who are now combined in an impious league against their country; exterminate the whole race, and in this world and the next pursue them with eternal vengeance.

THE

SECOND ORATION OF CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

DELIVERED BEFORE AN ASSEMBLY OF THE PEOPLE, 9TH NOVEMBER, A. U. C. 690 *.

At length, my fellow-citizens, Lucius Catiline, that nefarious traitor, burning with frantic fury, breathing vengeance and destruction; that public enemy, who meditated the ruin of his country, and threatened this city with sword and fire; that monster of iniquity, has sounded his retreat. We have expelled him, or dismissed him, or with the language of indignation have pursued him to the gates. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has disappeared. That prodigy of wickedness is no longer harboured within the walls which he meant to level with the ground. The ringleader of rebellion

* See Note G.

has yielded without resistance. In the field of Mars, in the forum, in the senate, his dagger will be no longer pointed at our breasts. We shall now be safe in our houses. When he left the city, he fled from his post. We are now at open war with him. When we drove him from his secret machinations, we ruined the man, and obtained a complete victory.

What think you are his reflections now? he is gone in misery of heart, lamenting that he did not carry with him a poniard stained with blood; that we were able to wrest his sword out of his hand; that he had not time to execute a general massacre, and leave the city smoking on the ground. These were the thoughts that distracted him. His cause is ruined; his hopes are blasted; he looks back to the city of Rome, and with a malignant eye surveys the walls which he hoped to level in the dust. But the city has discharged a pestilence, and now enjoys her triumph.

If in this great audience there is a man, who feels, as I hope all do, the love of his country warm at his heart, and if that person condemns my conduct as too remiss, convinced in his own mind, that, instead of conniving at the escape of a traitor, I ought to have secured his person; my answer is, the measure I pursued is not to be imputed to me, but to the times. It is true,

that such atrocious guilt deserved the severest sentence; the practice of our ancestors, the spirit of the laws, and the interests of the commonwealth, called aloud for vengeance; but if Catiline had suffered death, how many do you think would have been ready to declare him innocent? how many through weakness would have espoused his cause; how many through wickedness, and with the worst motives, would have stood forth to vindicate his character, and pronounce him an injured man?

Believe me, my fellow-citizens, that if I had reason to think that by Catiline's death I could extinguish the flame of civil discord, the traitor should not have survived to disturb the commonwealth. Neither the fear of censure, nor a regard for my own life, should have restrained the hand of justice. In your cause I was willing to hazard all. But had I acted with due rigour, what would have been the consequence? The proofs of Catiline's guilt were not before you, and, in that case, the malice of my enemies would have put it out of my power to arraign his accomplices. At present, things are brought to this issue: your enemy has reared his standard, and you now may meet him at the head of his lines.

In his present situation, he is not in force to

give us any kind of alarm; so far from it, that nothing grieves me so much as the slender train of followers that attended him. Would he had taken with him his whole crew of incendiaries! he has indeed released me from Tongillus, who in his youth was the favourite object of his master's unnatural passions; he has removed Publicius and Munatius, two profligate men, whose tavern-bills would have overwhelmed them both in ruin. Without disturbing the public peace, they might have passed away: but who are the men whom he has left in the heart of the city? they are oppressed with a load of debts; and yet how great their influence! how strong their party, and how powerful their connexions!

But, my fellow-citizens, when I consider the legions from Gaul, and the levies raised by Quintus Metellus in the territory of Picenum and the adjacent country, the force of the rebels dwindles into nothing. Their army consists of men drooping in years, and driven to despair; of peasants ruined by idleness and debauchery; of a wretched crew of bankrupts, who would rather fly from their bail than from the camp. To put them to the rout, the sword of the Roman legions is by no means necessary; shew them the prætor's

warrant, and that object of terror will disperse them all.

Catiline has taken with him the dregs and refuse of his party: I wish he had selected the men who figure in the forum; who gather in crowds round the senate-house, and even enter that august assembly; who anoint their persons with rich perfumes, and flutter about in purple pride; I wish he had led forth all of that description. Should they remain here, it is not in the Manlian camp that we are to look for our most dangerous enemies; they are here at Rome, in the heart of the city; the deserters from the army are the traitors to be dreaded, and the more so, because they know that I am apprised of all their motions, and yet abate nothing of their audacity. I perfectly well know their posts and stations; I know who is to command in Apulia; to whom Etruria is allotted; who is to act in the territory of Picenum; who in Cisalpine Gaul; and who are commissioned to lay waste the city. These men are aware that I have learned by sure intelligence all that passed at their last nocturnal meeting. Yesterday I laid open the whole conspiracy to the senate: Catiline was struck with terror; he betook himself to flight. Why do his accomplices linger here? what hope can they entertain? what do they expect? if

they imagine that the lenity which I have hitherto shewn, is to govern my future conduct, they will find themselves in a fatal error.

One main object I had in view, and in that I have succeeded: it is now evident that I have not raised a false alarm; it is evident that a conspiracy was actually formed; it is evident that the men who are linked with Catiline in every vice, are also leagued with him in his treasonable practices. There is now no room for gentle measures; the time demands the utmost rigour. One concession, and one only, I am willing to grant to the traitors still lurking among us; let them follow their leader; let them issue forth at once, and not leave their chief to mourn the absence of his friends. I will point out the way they are to take: their master has chosen the Aurelian road; if they travel with expedition, they will overtake him before night.

When the city has vomited forth that horde of traitors, I shall think the commonwealth regenerated: by the expulsion of Catiline alone she seemed to recover health and vigour. For let me ask, is there a vile flagitious deed of which he was not capable? can the heart of man conceive a crime that has not been familiar to a mind like his? is there in Italy a villain practised in the trade of poison; is there a gladiator,

a robber, or a murderer; is there a parricide, a forger of deeds, a notorious cheat, a lewd adulterer, a ruffian, or an assassin, with whom that monster has not lived in the closest intimacy? Is there an abandoned strumpet, a corrupter of youth, a felon, or a profligate wretch of any kind, who has not been his bosom friend? What murder has been committed without his assistance? what rape, in which he was not either principal or accessary? who has ever had such various talents, so many arts of seduction? He gratified his own unnatural passions, and he pimped for his favourites. He inveigled some young men by the baits of pleasure, and some by the murder of their parents; ever ready with a head to conceive, and a hand to execute any mischief. Hence the number of desperate adventurers, whom in a short time he has mustered together, not only from Rome, but from every part of Italy. There is not a bankrupt in this great city, or throughout the country, whom he has not drawn into the vortex of his desperate politics.

There never was a character composed of such various elements, such opposite and almost incompatible qualities. Choose in the schools and public spectacles a gladiator of a bold and daring spirit: he is Catiline's intimate friend. Is there

on the public stage a comedian of loose and profligate manners? his vices have recommended him to the esteem of Catiline. Though dissolved in luxury amidst his scenes of pleasure and voluptuous riot, this same man, with wonderful patience, could endure hunger and thirst, and cold, and midnight vigils. For this bodily vigour he has been celebrated by his adherents. The truth is, Catiline abused the gifts of nature: he possessed the powers that lead to industry and virtue, but he devoted them to vice and infamy.

If his whole crew had followed him, if Rome had disembogued the whole gang, I should then have been able to pronounce you free from danger, and to enjoy the glory of a fortunate consulship.

But vice has gone on with giant strides; the passions of men know no bounds; their crimes are monstrous, and no longer to be endured. They think of nothing but rapine, murder, and desolation. They have consumed their patrimony; their fortunes are wasted; they have neither money nor credit; and yet, when the means have failed, they still retain a rage for riot and debauchery. But if debauchery and the gratification of inordinate desires had been their only object, they might still deserve some

lenity; their gaming-tables, their banquets, and their harlots might be in some degree forgiven: the men, it is true, would have been lost to every virtue, but the commonwealth would have been safe. The case is now very different: that cowards should lie in ambush for the brave; that fools should lay snares for the wise and good; that sots and drunkards should plot against the sober, and sluggards combine against the vigilant; this who can bear? And it is by such despicable traitors that the city is thrown into consternation; by a set of abandoned wretches, lolling at ease on their convivial couches, caressing their strumpets, intoxicated with liquor, crowned with garlands, sweetened with perfumes, and enervated by their vicious pleasures. Men of that description take upon them to reform the state; over their cups they disgorge their treasonable designs, and in bitter execrations devote us all to destruction.

But their own fate, I trust, is now approaching: their hour draws nigh, and they will shortly pay the forfeit of their crimes. Though my consulship has not the power to work a reformation, yet by exterminating the whole seditious crew I shall be able to heal our wounds; and from that æra the commonwealth will be revived, not for a short interval, but for ages to come. A prospect

of uninterrupted tranquillity lies before us: no foreign nation gives us jealousy; nor is there a king who can venture to stand the hazard of a war. By the virtue and warlike genius of one commander, peace is established by sea and land. Our only danger is at home; treason lurks within our walls; the enemy is in the heart of the city. Luxury, villany, and madness, are the foes we are to encounter. In such a war, my fellow-citizens, I offer to be your leader. The malice of desperate men has no terror for me. Whatever admits a remedy, my care shall heal it. What is unsound shall be cut away, not suffered to rankle in the veins of the commonwealth. Let our enemies, therefore, depart in time; or, if they will remain among us, let them remain in peace. By wilful obstinacy they are sure to provoke the vengeance due to their crimes.

It has been said, and you no doubt have heard, that Catiline is banished by my order. My answer is, if a word from me could bring about such an event, I should, without hesitation, banish the authors of that report. According to them, Catiline is a man of timid modesty; the consul's voice was too much for his tender frame; he heard the word of command, and obeyed it. But how stands the fact? Yesterday

morning, having narrowly escaped the danger of the assassins, who came to murder me in my bed, I convened the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and before that august assembly laid open the whole conspiracy. Catiline came to the meeting: not one senator rose to salute him. All eyes were fixed upon him; all beheld him, I will not say, as a bad citizen, but as a public enemy, and the worst of traitors. As he advanced to take his seat, the principal senators rose at once, and left the benches empty.

In that moment I rose to speak my sentiments. The cruel and overbearing consul, who by a single word can send a Roman citizen into exile, addressed himself to Catiline. I asked him, whether he had not held a midnight meeting at the house of Marcus Lecca? Intrepid as he is, his courage failed him; the power of conscience was too great; he made no answer. I proceeded to give the Fathers a detail of the facts; I stated the transactions of that night, the places he visited, the business reserved for the following night, and the whole plan of his warlike preparations. He was abashed, confounded, unable to utter a word. I desired to know what detained him from the place to which he had long since resolved to go? I told him that I knew every circumstance; I knew that he had sent

forward a quantity of arms, the axis, the fasces, trumpets, colours, and standards, with that silver eagle, to which, as to a divinity, he had consecrated a place of worship in his house. And am I now to be told, that the man who was going to put himself at the head of his rash levied numbers, was banished by my order? Are we to believe that Manlius, the centurion, who has pitched his camp near Fesulæ *, has presumed in his own name to declare war against the Roman people? are we to believe that Catiline is not expected in the camp? are we to suppose, that, being driven into banishment, the unhappy man intends to retire to Marseilles, and there fix his place of residence?

In this medley of reports, what a weight of care falls to the lot of him who undertakes to conduct your affairs! how hard the task not only of guiding the helm, but, what is more, of preventing a total wreck! Should Catiline, finding himself disabled by my diligence, my councils, my unremitting labours, be struck with sudden terror, and in that state of mind change his purpose, abandon his accomplices, and renounce his frantic purpose; should he turn from the road that leads to the camp, and seek a quiet

* Fesulæ, now Fiesoli, a city in Tuscany.

retreat in some distant place; what will then be my situation? what will be the cry of the day? not that he was disarmed, defeated, driven to despair by my vigilance, my unceasing labours, but that an innocent man, unheard and uncondemned, was hurried into banishment by the arbitrary will of an imperious consul. Numbers will be ready to espouse his cause; to declare that there was no conspiracy; to pronounce Catiline an innocent, an oppressed, an injured man, and the consul a cruel and implacable tyrant.

I am prepared, my fellow-citizens, to meet this load of calumny; I can bear it all, if at that price I deliver you from the impending danger. Let it be reported that by my authority he was driven into exile: if he goes thither, I am satisfied. But believe me, he has no such design. For the sake of justifying my conduct, I am incapable of forming a wish that you may hear of him at the head of a rebel army: and yet within three days that news will reach you. It will then be no longer matter of obloquy, that he was banished by my order; men will change their tone, and the reproach will be, that I suffered him to escape.

But since there are those, who in the present state of things make an outcry about banish-

ment, what would be their language had Catiline been put to death? When they tell us that he is gone to seek a retreat at Marseilles, they do not believe the story. They speak their fears, and not their wishes. In the whole number of those who treat his name with so much tenderness, there is not one that would be glad to shelter him in safety at Marseilles; they hope to hear of him in the Manlian camp. Even he himself, if he had not set out with a premeditated design, would scorn to lead a quiet and inglorious life: he would rather die in his vocation, and perish as a robber and a traitor. As matters stand at present, all his projects, except that of general massacre, have succeeded to his wish: then why complain that he is banished? that event were the best that could happen.

But enough has been said of a single enemy; an enemy who avows his treason; an enemy whom I no longer dread, for there is a wall between us. There are other enemies who demand our attention: the concealed enemies, who act in disguise, who still lurk in the city, who mix in our public meetings; what shall be said of them? To bring them to condign punishment were an act of justice; but I wish rather to reclaim them from their madness: I would,

if possible, recall them to a sense of their duty. If they will take my advice, they still may see their error. To this end, my fellow-citizens, I will give you in the truest colours a picture of the men who compose their faction. When they have all passed in review before you, I will then point out the cure of their frenzy, and, to enforce it, will exert my best endeavours.

The first class consists of men who are encumbered with debts, but still have vast possessions. To exonerate themselves, they are not willing to sell any part of their lands; such is the vanity of having a large estate. In the whole body of disaffected citizens, these are the men who make the most specious appearance; they are rich, but void of principle; they are seditious, and their motive is infamous. Deluded men! you have extensive lands, magnificent villas, a splendid display of plate, a grand retinue, with all the elegancies of life; and will you not sell a part, in order to add to your credit? What are your hopes? what do you expect? you pant for war and civil commotions: and do you imagine, that, in a scene of carnage and devastation, your possessions will stand secure? Perhaps a spunge to wipe away all debts, is what you want; that you will never obtain from Catiline. A law to regulate matters between debtor and creditor will

probably be enacted at my recommendation, but it will be with a clause, directing a sale by auction of part of your estates, in order to satisfy your creditors. By this expedient, and this only, the men of great possessions will be saved from ruin. Had they adopted this plan in time, instead of struggling to support a load of incumbrances, they would now be richer men and better citizens. But, in fact, the danger from that quarter gives me no alarm; they may see reason to be reconciled to their country; if not, their treason will evaporate in wishes for the success of our enemies: they will never venture to appear in arms.

The second class consists of men of ruined fortunes, and, at the same time, vast ambition. They aim at power, and vainly hope, amidst the distractions of their country, to rise to dignities, which in quiet times are out of their reach. The advice which I give to all, is the best these men can follow: let them desist from their vain pursuit: their wishes will never be accomplished. My care, my vigilance, my exertions, will frustrate their dark designs. The number of upright citizens now in Rome is a tower of strength; all honest men are combined against them; one mind pervades them all; they are ready to stand forth in the cause of their country—one head,

one heart, one hand. We have numerous armies in the field, and the gods are on our side. The gods, I trust, the immortal gods will look down propitious on this victorious nation, this flourishing empire, this magnificent city, the capital of the world. And after all, if the rebels could carry their point, what do these men propose to themselves? Do they hope, from the ashes of the city, and a scene of blood and carnage, to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings? Have they not the sense to see, that, in a convulsion of the state, the supreme authority must vest at last in some upstart slave or some abandoned gladiator?

A third class is composed of men advanced in years, but inured to hardship, and still retaining the vigour of robust constitutions. Such is Manlius, who now resigns the command of his army to Catiline. The colonies, which Sylla planted at Fesulæ, are the founders of this race of malcontents; a race, I verily believe, composed at first of worthy citizens, who were unhappily undone by prosperity. They found themselves enriched beyond their hopes, and soon exhausted their substance in vice and prodigality. In their day of wealth and grandeur they had a taste for building; they adorned their villas; they enlarged their domains; they

made a figure with their train of servants, with their splendid equipages, and their carousing banquets. By this course of life they involved themselves in debt, and now, to relieve their wants, they must recall Sylla from his grave. These men hope to renew their scenes of plunder, and by magnificent promises have drawn over to their party a poor and ignorant rabble of deluded peasants. But I warn them not to think of dictators and proscriptions. The days of Sylla will return no more. In those distracted times the commonwealth bled at every vein; her wounds are not yet closed; and such is the impression on the public mind, that an attempt to recall those scenes of horror would rouse the indignation of all honest men. The very beasts of the field, I am bold to say, would not endure it.

The fourth class is a motley crew of turbulent men, long since undone beyond the reach of redemption; men, who by their folly, by inattention to their business, and by their extravagance, involved themselves in deep distress, and now, grown weary of suits at law, of judgments and executions, fly from the city, and all quarters of the country, to find a sanctuary in the rebel camp. I cannot call them soldiers; they are bankrupts who have fled from their

bail. If they cannot maintain themselves, let them fall victims to their own folly; but let them fall in silence, unknown to the public, unfelt by their neighbours. If they cannot live in splendour, why should they choose to die with infamy? Why should they think it less painful to perish amidst heaps of their slaughtered countrymen, than to die alone, obscure and unlamented?

In the fifth class may be reckoned the whole tribe of parricides, assassins, common stabbers, and villains of every denomination. I do no wish to recall them from Catiline's banners; they are too closely connected. Let them perish in their desperate enterprise: our prisons are not large enough to contain them.

I come in the sixth place to Catiline's favourite friends, his select companions. They are the last in my list, and for their vices the last of mankind. The whole class is easily known; you see them fluttering with their hair in ringlets, and their beards, if any they have, neatly trimmed; with sleeves to their tunics, and, instead of the Roman gown, with robes almost transparent. Their lives are spent in luxurious indolence; the only fatigue they know, is that of sitting up all night in convivial riot. In this society are included the

whole race of gamblers, sharpers, lewd adulterers, and the profligate of every description. Delicate as they are, to love and be loved, to dance and sing, is not their only accomplishment: they know the use of the poniard, and they can drug the bowl. If this whole crew is not exterminated, Catiline will fall in vain; there will be still at Rome a Catilinian seminary. But what do these men intend? do they mean to conduct their harlots to the camp? In these bleak and dreary nights their ladies may be necessary: without their company the frost and snow of the Appenines may be too much for delicate constitutions. But, perhaps, they think themselves able to endure the rigour of the season: they have danced naked at their carousing festivals, and by that exercise their bodies may be hardened. The war, it must be acknowledged, has a formidable appearance, when with such men the commander in chief has formed his prætorian band.

And now, my fellow-citizens, since we see the strength of the enemy, let us review the forces of the commonwealth, and the garrisons and armies which she has ready to take the field against Catiline and his gallant troops. In the first place, oppose your consuls and your generals to a maimed, a worn-out, a superannuated

gladiator. Draw forth your hardy veterans, and the flower of Italy, against a wretched crew of miserable debtors. You have strong holds and fortified municipal towns, while Catiline must take shelter behind his woods, and ramparts of sod thrown up in a tumultuary manner. But why should I compare your legions and your vast resources with the rash levies of a desperate adventurer? We have on our side, the senate, the Roman knights, the people of Rome, the treasury, the revenues of the state, the hearts and hands of all Italy, the provinces, and all foreign nations: but, waving all these advantages, let us attend to the motives that animate both parties, and we shall clearly see the abject condition of the enemy, and our own superiority. We have on our side virtue and modesty; in the adverse camp they have folly and indolence; here is purity of manners, there the vilest profligacy; here integrity and good faith, there fraud and villany; here piety, there every kind of guilt; here constancy and unshaken courage, there rage and madness; on this side honour, on that the basest infamy; here moderation, there unbridled fury; here equity, temperance, fortitude, every virtue, against iniquity, luxury, rashness, and every crime. In a word, wealth is at war with poverty; reason

with madness; wisdom with folly, and well-founded hope with deep despair. In such a contest, even if the zeal of man should fail, the immortal gods will interpose, and by their awful dispensation grant to so many virtues a decided victory over such a collection of the most detestable vices.

In this situation of affairs, all that remains on your part, my fellow-citizens, is, as I have already told you, to watch and guard your own habitations. For the peace and good order of the city effectual measures have been already taken. The colonies and municipal towns are, by my direction, informed of Catiline's flight, and consequently will be on their guard against any sudden attack. The gladiators, whom Catiline considered as his best soldiers, and firmly attached to his interest, shall not be allowed to join him. They are honester men, and better affected than some patricians whom I could name; but still I think it right to watch them with a jealous eye. Foreseeing many events that have occurred, I concerted my measures in time, and sent Quintus Metellus to take upon him the command in the territory of Picenum and Cisalpine Gaul. Every thing will be secured in that quarter: that officer will be able either to give the traitor a total overthrow,

or to watch his motions, and to counteract all his attempts. And now, in order to arrange and expedite whatever may be necessary, I am going to confer with the conscript Fathers, who, as you perceive, are already assembling.

With regard to the men whom Catiline has left behind him, charged with the execution of his horrid purpose, though they are now pernicious traitors, yet since they were born citizens of Rome, they have been hitherto treated with lenity. I have given them my best advice, and am still willing to repeat it. The moderation with which I have acted, I know has been censured as weakness on my part; but I would have those men understand, that what may have seemed remissness, was policy in disguise, and had for its object a full discovery of the whole conspiracy. But there is now no time to be lost; I neither can nor will forget that this is my country; that I am your consul, and that I must either live with you, my fellow-citizens, or perish in your cause. No sentinel is stationed at the gates; no guard is placed in ambush on the high roads; all who choose to withdraw themselves may go unmolested: but if I find the smallest stir in the city; if an attempt is made against the public peace; the author of the first commotion shall

know to his cost that Rome is provided with vigilant and active consuls; with upright magistrates; with a firm and vigorous senate: it shall then be known, that we have a sufficient force under arms, and a jail provided by our ancestors for the punishment of detected guilt.

In the conduct of this business, rely, my fellow-citizens, upon my care: no tumult, no alarm, shall be excited. The most important measures shall be executed with perfect tranquillity; the greatest dangers shall be repelled without noise or uproar; an intestine war, the most horrible that ever happened in the memory of man, shall be ended by a city magistrate, by your consul in his gown. I will farther add, that if I am able to accomplish my own design, not one of the guilty shall suffer, within the precinct of the city, the punishment due to his crimes. But should any man be hardy enough to provoke his fate; should the magnitude of the danger press too strongly, I shall then renounce all lenient measures; but I still promise you, however difficult it may be in a conspiracy so foul and dangerous, that not one honest citizen shall be injured. By the punishment of a few, all shall be saved from destruction.

When I make these ample promises, I do

not rely on the prudence of my own administration, nor on the wisdom of human councils; I rely on the protection of the immortal gods, who, by unerring signals, have declared their awful dispensations. Their gracious providence has guided all my measures, and now inspires me with becoming confidence. The gods assist us, not, as formerly, at a distance, when we were engaged with foreign enemies; they are present; they watch over the city; they hover over their temples; they protect your buildings and your houses.

It is therefore now your duty, my fellow-citizens, to offer up your homage, and with prayers and humble supplications to implore the holy powers above, since it was their will to make Rome the most grand and flourishing city in the known world; since they have enabled us to subdue our enemies by land and sea, that they may now protect their own holy work from the sacrilegious hands of cruel and unnatural citizens.

THE

THIRD ORATION OF CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE, 3D DECEMBER, A. U. C. 690 *.

THIS day, my fellow-citizens, this very day beholds you all in a state of perfect safety: this day beholds the commonwealth, your lives and liberties, your houses and your effects, your wives and children, delivered from impending ruin. This flourishing city, the seat of empire, snatched, as I may say, from sword and fire, is now restored to you by the special protection of the immortal gods, and, under their guardian care, by the labours, the vigilance, and the councils, which, at the peril of my life, I have exerted in your service.

From this event you will reckon as from a

* See Note H.

new æra; for it is undoubtedly true, that the day on which we are rescued from calamity, is more dear and precious than the day of our birth: we feel our preservation with joy and gratitude, but we come into the world upon precarious and uncertain terms; we are born without any sense of the advantage, but we are saved when we know the value of the blessing; we enjoy it, we reflect upon it with delight and rapture. Our ancestors, acting from motives of love and gratitude, assigned to Romulus, the founder of the city, a place among the immortal gods; and will it be too much, if I presume to hope, that he who saved that city in all its pride and grandeur, may be honoured with applause by the present age, and remembered with gratitude by posterity? The flames that threatened to involve in one general conflagration the domes and temples, the walls and buildings of this imperial city, I can say with truth, have been extinguished by me; the swords that were drawn against the commonwealth, have been wrested from the hands of desperate men; and the dagger that was pointed at your throats is now blunt and useless.

The particulars of this horrible conspiracy have been laid before the senate. It is now fit that I explain to you how the plot was brought

to light, and by what proofs established beyond the possibility of a doubt. Your impatience to know the whole is natural: I will endeavour, therefore, to give you a succinct but full detail. You will then be able to judge of the magnitude of the danger, and the evidence that lays open a scene of the blackest villany.

In the first place, when I compelled Catiline to leave the city (I say compelled him, for I am not now afraid of using the expression; I am more afraid of censure for having suffered him to depart alive)—but I repeat my words, when I compelled him to leave the city, I had no doubt but his confederates would follow him; or, if they remained behind, I was sure that, in the absence of their chief, their efforts would be weak and ineffectual. I was in some sort disappointed; the worst and vilest of his train continued to lurk among us. The time was big with danger: I remained like a sentinel at his post; I watched the motions of the conspirators, and night and day exerted my utmost efforts to gain sure intelligence of their actions, and to unravel their dark designs. Without proof of their guilt, I knew that all I could say would make no impression; the magnitude of the crime surpassed all belief; but the treason is now unmasked; it is detected; it is con-

firmed by undoubted evidence; the danger is manifest, and to provide against it is your business and your duty.

The steps that led to a full discovery were these: being informed that Lentulus had been tampering with the Allobrogian deputies *, in order to excite commotions in Gaul, and involve us in a Transalpine war; and having further learned, that those deputies, on their way to their own country, were to have a conference with Catiline, in order to ratify the treaty; and that Volturcius, a man intrusted with letters and instructions for Catiline, was to conduct them to the meeting: I then conceived that what I had often devoutly requested of the gods was at length in my power. I seized the opportunity to collect such undeniable facts, as would not only satisfy myself, but also place the conspiracy in the clearest light before the senate and the people of Rome.

With that intent I yesterday sent for the prætors, Lucius Flaccus and Caius Pomptinus, two excellent citizens; both distinguished by their courage and their zeal in the cause of their country. I held a conference with them; I explained my design; they undertook to execute

* See Note I.

it. Towards the close of day they set out with secrecy for the Milvian bridge *. At that place they divided their force, and placed their men in ambush on each side of the Tiber. They had with them a strong and resolute party: they were reinforced, by my orders, from the district of Reate, by a band of brave young men, whom I have often employed in sudden exigencies. About the end of the third watch, the Allobrogian deputies, with a train of attendants, appeared on the bridge. Volturcius was their guide. They were attacked without delay; swords were drawn on both sides, and a conflict began, when the two prætors, who alone were intrusted with the secret, shewed themselves at the head of their men. The combat ceased; the letters, with the seals unbroken, were delivered to Flaccus and Pomptinus; the deputies were seized, and at the dawn of day conducted to my house.

As soon as they arrived, I sent to Gabinius, that busy agent in this scene of iniquity, and desired to see him, ignorant and unsuspecting, before he could hear what had happened. I likewise invited Lucius Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus. The two first came without delay,

* See Note K.

but Lentulus was slow and lazy; most probably, because he had been up the greater part of the night, not indeed engaged in his usual manner, but busy in writing letters and sending dispatches to his friends.

In a short time afterwards, several eminent and illustrious citizens, who had heard the news, paid me a morning visit. They were all of opinion that it would be right to open the letters, and be sure of the contents, before I produced them to the senate. If nothing of moment appeared, they thought the city ought not to be alarmed. I did not comply with their advice. In a crisis of public danger, it appeared to me that all documents ought to be, in the first instance, examined by the great council of the state. Should my intelligence want confirmation, even in that case I saw no reason to apprehend, that care and diligence in such a conjuncture would be liable to reproach. I determined, therefore, to convene the senate. The Fathers, as you might observe, came to a full meeting. In the mean time, by the advice of the deputies from Gaul, I sent that excellent man, Caius Sulpicius, the prætor, to search the house of Cethegus, and bring away all the arms he could find. He seized a quantity of swords and daggers,

Volturcius was the first witness whom I cited to the bar of the senate. The Gauls were not then called in. By order of the Fathers, I informed Volturcius that he might rely on the public faith, and with perfect security disclose all he knew. The man was covered with confusion; but as soon as he was able to collect himself, he confessed that he had letters from Lentulus to Catiline, and also verbal instructions, urging the rebel chief to arm the slaves, and advance by rapid marches to the gates of the city, to the end, that when the conflagration and a general massacre began, according to the plan that had been settled, he might be on the spot to intercept all who endeavoured to save themselves by flight, and co-operate with his brave associates within the walls of Rome.

The Gauls were then introduced and examined. They informed the house, that Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius bound themselves by an oath to perform their engagement, and at the same time charged them with letters to the Allobrogian state. They added, that the three conspirators already mentioned, with the concurrence of Lucius Cassius, their associate, required a body of cavalry to be sent without delay into Italy, where they would find the infantry in force to support them. Lentulus,

they further told us, confiding in certain Sibylline predictions, and the responses of augurs *, did not scruple to assure them, that he was the third Cornelius destined to be the sovereign of Rome, the prophecy being already verified in the persons of Cornelius Cinna and Cornelius Sylla. They added, that Lentulus declared that this year, the tenth from the acquittal of the vestal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol, would be the last of the commonwealth. It appeared by the testimony of the same witnesses, that there had been a difference of opinion between the conspirators, about fixing a day for the execution of their horrible design: Lentulus and his partisans declared for the Saturnalian festival; but to the impatient spirit of Cethegus the interval seemed to be loss of time, and cold delay.

And now, my fellow-citizens, to avoid too minute a detail, I ordered the letters to be produced in regular order, as they were delivered by the respective writers. To Cethegus I shewed his own seal; he acknowledged it. I opened the packet, and read the letter. It was in his own hand-writing, directed to the senate and people of the Allobrogian state, assuring

* See Note L.

them that he would faithfully perform all his engagements, and, in return, requesting that they would carry into execution what had been promised by their deputies. This made an impression on Cethegus: he had endeavoured at first to varnish over the affair of the daggers found in his house: his answer was, that he had been always curious in the article of good blades and well-wrought weapons. Upon hearing his letter read, he looked abashed, confounded, and dejected; his conscience reproached him inwardly; his heart failed him; he was not able to utter a word.

Statilius was the next that appeared: he acknowledged his hand-writing and his seal. His letter was read, in substance the same as the former: he confessed the whole.

I then addressed myself to Lentulus: I shewed him his packet, and asked him if he knew the seal? He owned it to be his. You may well acknowledge it, I told him; it is a well-known seal, the head of your grandfather, that illustrious Roman, whose ruling passion was the love of his country. That image, mute as it is, ought to have deterred you from so black a crime. His letter to the Transalpine state was then read: I asked him what he had to say in his defence? He insisted on his innocence; but

finding himself pressed by the weight of evidence, he rose on a sudden, and asked the Allobrogians, what concern he had with them? and, what business brought them to his house? He put the same question to Volturcius. The deputies, in a tone of firmness, told him at whose request, and on what business, they had been frequently at his house. In their turn, they desired to know, whether he had not boasted of his vast expectations from the promise of the Sibylline Oracle? That question touched him to the quick; and then was seen the power of conscience over a guilty mind; he might have denied the charge, but, to the surprise of the whole assembly, he acknowledged it. His talents, and his usual flow of words, deserted him at his utmost need. Even his usual effrontery, unequalled as it was, afforded him no relief: he sunk under the weight of detected guilt.

Volturcius, in that moment, called for the letter which he had received from Lentulus to be delivered to Catiline, and desired that it might be read. Lentulus seemed thunderstruck by this unexpected demand, and in his confusion owned both his hand-writing and his seal. No name was subscribed: the letter was in these words:—"*Who I am that now write to you,*

you will know from the bearer. Remember that your affairs are now brought to a crisis, and never forget what becomes a man of valour. Consider well your resources; avail yourself of all whom you can allure to your standard, and do not despise the assistance of the meanest."

Gabinius was the last in order: he set out with undaunted assurance, but in the end confirmed all that had been stated by the Allobrogians.

And thus, my fellow-citizens, the proofs against these men rise to demonstration; their letters, their hand-writing, their seals, their own confession, all things conspire to establish their guilt: and yet to my apprehension there were circumstances still more convincing: the looks of the men, their change of colour, the cast of their eyes, their air and mien, and their sullen silence, deposed against them. Their eyes were rivetted to the ground, except when raised at intervals to survey each other with the stolen glance of natural guilt. Under all those manifest symptoms, they had not the appearance of men brought to their trial on the testimony of others; they looked like traitors to themselves.

The facts being thus laid open, and clearly proved, I thought it time to move the Fathers

to take the state of the commonwealth into consideration, and form a resolution suited to so dangerous a crisis. The principal senators spoke their minds with a degree of energy that did them honour. They recommended vigorous measures, and their advice, without variation or amendment, was unanimously adopted. The decree is not yet drawn up in form, but from my memory I will undertake to state it with precision. In the first place, they passed a vote of thanks, in terms highly flattering, to the consul, who by his diligence, his counsels, and his public virtue, saved the commonwealth from ruin. Honourable mention was also made of the two prætors, Flaccus and Pomptinus, who executed their commission with alacrity and vigour. Antonius, my colleague in office, was also commended for the service he had done, by removing from his presence, and from the public councils, all suspected persons. The decree further enacts, that Lentulus, after abdicating the office of prætor, should be committed to safe custody; and that the like care should be taken of Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinius, who were all three present at the debate. The same sentence was pronounced against Lucius Cassius, whose madness prompted him to solicit and undertake the charge of setting fire to

the city; against Marcus Cæparius, who was commissioned to raise an insurrection in Apulia; against Publius Furius, one of the colony planted by Sylla at Fæsulæ; against Quintus Manlius Chilo, who, in concert with Furius, had negotiated with the Gauls; and finally, against Publius Umbranus, an enfranchised slave, who, as appeared in evidence, was the person that brought the Gallic deputies to their first interview with Gabinius. In the whole of these proceedings, the lenity of the senate is remarkable. The Fathers knew that the number of our internal enemies is great, but they were willing to hope, by letting their weight fall on no more than nine, that the example may operate on the minds of the rest, and by consequence extinguish the rebellion.

To all these salutary regulations the Fathers added a clause, ordaining public vows and thanks to the immortal gods for their gracious care of the commonwealth. Upon this occasion they did me particular honour; an honour, I believe, before this time granted to none but military commanders, and never to a civil magistrate in his gown. The words of the decree are, "That a public supplication shall be offered to the gods in my name, *because I had rescued the city from devouring flames, the citizens from a general*

massacre, and Italy from the calamities of war." It will occur to you, my fellow-citizens, that this distinguished honour was, on former occasions, conferred on men, who with virtue and integrity had governed the state; at present it is granted for saving it.

The next care of the senate was, to take a preliminary step, which appeared to be necessary, and to require their immediate attention. Accordingly, Lentulus, who, on full proof and his own confession, was adjudged to have forfeited the prætorship and the rights of a Roman citizen, was obliged to abdicate his office. The point and spirit of this proceeding was, to shew that the Fathers acted with more caution than Caius Marius, who did not scruple to destroy Caius Glaucia, the prætor, though neither a decree nor a judicial sentence had been pronounced against him. Marius punished a Roman magistrate: Lentulus is reduced to the condition of a private man, and we have no legal objection to embarrass us.

7. And now, my fellow-citizens, since the leaders in this horrible treason are in safe custody, we may rest assured that the danger is over, and that Catiline will shortly find all his resources cut off, and all his hopes utterly defeated. This was the grand object of all my labours. I

concluded, that, as soon as Catiline was exterminated, I should then have nothing to fear from the lethargic torpor of Lentulus, the unwieldy corpulence of Cassius, or the headlong rashness of Cethegus. Their chief indeed was to be dreaded. Of all his crew, he, and he only, could keep us in a constant alarm; but that only while he remained within our walls: he knew every thing that passed; he had access to all descriptions of men; he could tempt, invite, solicit, and inveigle, all whom he thought fit for his purposes; and what he could he dared; he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute. He had the exact measure of every man's abilities, and could assign to each his proper station. He thought nothing done, because he had given his orders; he was sure to follow his blow; he acted in person; he watched, he laboured, he saw every thing executed; active, vigilant, indefatigable, and, to a degree almost incredible, patient of cold, and thirst, and hunger.

Such was the man: and if, with all his various talents, his subtle craft, his active spirit, and his genius for mischief, he has not been driven from his post, and forced into open rebellion, I do not think (I speak my mind with freedom) that I should have been able to avert

the impending storm: I should, at least, have found it a difficult task. Catiline would not have deferred the execution of his plot to so distant a time as the Saturnalia; his fatal day would not have been known so long beforehand; his seal would not have been produced; nor would he have suffered letters in his own hand-writing to give evidence against him. In his absence all this had been effected: no robbery in a private house was ever brought to light upon such clear, such convincing evidence as this detestable conspiracy.

Had Catiline remained at Rome till this day, though it is true that I have been able, even while he staid among us, to make head against him, and to counteract his measures, yet I cannot help saying, that the struggle would have been attended with difficulties almost insurmountable. The commonwealth, in that case, would have harboured a bosom-traitor, and the convulsion that threatened the state would not have been prevented with so much ease and tranquillity as we now enjoy.

8 But the merit of these transactions is not to be ascribed to me. The immortal gods directed all my ways: I was an instrument in their hands. In a crisis big with danger, human wisdom was not equal to the task. A special Providence in-

terposed in our favour, and with such manifest signs, that the gods have been almost visible to mortal eyes. To say nothing of streams of light in the west, of the broad effulgence of the heavens, of the thunder that shook the firmament, and the earthquake that followed, with all the prodigies that happened during my consulship, as if they were the voice of the immortal gods revealing with awful denunciation the whole train of recent events; I say, my fellow-citizens, though I omit these wonderful occurrences, there is still a fact, which demands your serious attention.

You may remember, during the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, the towers of the capitol struck down by lightning, the images of the gods dashed on the ground, the statues of ancient worthies hurled from their base, and the brazen tables, on which the laws were engraved, reduced to a state of liquefaction. At the same time, the statue of Romulus, the founder of our city, was touched by celestial fire. That statue, as we all remember, stood in the capitol: it represented our ancient hero in the attitude of drawing nourishment from the dugs of a wolf. Upon that occasion the soothsayers were summoned from Etruria. According to them, the several prodigies denounced fire and slaugh-

ter, the total overthrow of the laws, civil discord, and all the calamities of war, with the utter ruin of the commonwealth, unless the gods, appeased by prayer and public devotion, should be graciously pleased to extend their mercy to the Roman empire, and suspend the decrees of fate. In obedience to the augurs, solemn games were instituted for the space of ten days successively. No religious ceremony was omitted. The same interpreters of the will of Heaven gave directions, that a statue of Jupiter, of a larger size than the former, should be erected in some conspicuous place, in a position contrary to the last, with its face turned towards the east; and if it was so situated, that it might at once behold the rising sun, the forum, and the senate-house, they further declared, that the machinations of internal enemies would be laid open to the Fathers, and the whole body of the people. In conformity to this advice, the consuls of that period gave orders to have the statue prepared; but the work proceeded by such slow degrees, that it was not erected till this very day.

7. And now let me ask, is there a man so deaf to reason, so blind to truth, so obstinate in error, as not to acknowledge, that this universal frame, and, in particular, this magnificent city,

are not under the special care and the moral government of the gods? For let it be observed, that when the Etrurian soothsayers denounced conflagration and massacre, it was not believed that there existed Roman citizens capable of so vile a treason. The enormity of the crime rendered the prediction altogether incredible. But now, what shall we say, when we see the plot not only formed, but well nigh accomplished? when we reflect, that this morning, as the prisoners passed over the forum in their way to the Temple of Concord, the new statue was erected in that very moment? The hand of Jupiter, supreme of gods, is manifest in this transaction. The prophecy was then fulfilled; the statue surveyed the forum and the senate-house, and, that being accomplished, the conspirators were arraigned, convicted, and ordered into custody.

Things standing thus, what punishment can be too heavy for the unnatural traitors, who combined in an impious league to deluge the city with blood, and set fire to the domes and temples of the immortal gods? As to myself, can I claim the glory of this astonishing discovery? No, my fellow-citizens, it were the height of presumption. It was the all-governing Mind, it was Jupiter himself, that brought about this wonderful event. He saved the ca-

pitol; he defended his own altars and temples; he protected this great and flourishing city; he shielded us all from ruin and destruction. It was the divine will that guided all my counsels, inspired me with resolution, and furnished me with decisive evidence against the malefactors.

If we attend for a moment to the negotiation with the deputies from Gaul, the finger of Providence is visible in all that has happened: for, if Lentulus and his faction had not been by a visitation from the gods deprived of all sense and reason, is it in the nature of things, that, in a business of such importance, they would have committed themselves to strangers and barbarians? would they have hazarded their letters in such hands? And again, what could induce those foreign delegates, the subjects of a disaffected nation, of the only state that has the power, and, perhaps, the inclination to declare war against us; what, I say, could prevail on them to change their minds so suddenly? What could induce them to prefer the safety of Rome to the promise of liberty and independence, with which they were flattered by men of patrician rank? This was the immediate influence of the gods. To conquer the commonwealth, the Allobrogians had no occasion to undertake a war: their silence would have ruined us.

For these reasons, my fellow-citizens, since vows and supplications are by a decree of the senate to be offered up at all the shrines and altars of the city, go with your wives and children to the several temples, and with becoming ardour celebrate your present felicity. Your homage has been often due to the gods, but never so justly as in the present juncture. You have been saved miraculously, without an army, without bloodshed, and without a battle. You have had no occasion to change your gowns for the military dress; you have had no general but your consul in his robes of peace; and yet you have triumphed over your enemies.

The danger from which you have been rescued will be seen in its true colours, if we compare it with former civil commotions. I will not dwell on those which happened before your time; but let us call to mind the troubles which we all have seen, and have reason to remember. Lucius Sylla cut off Publius Sulpicius; he exterminated Caius Marius, who had been the protector of the city; and by his orders numbers of eminent men were either massacred or driven into banishment. Cneius Octavius, the consul, was at the head of a powerful faction. He expelled his colleague, Cornelius Cinna, by force of arms. In that dreadful commotion, the

place where we now are assembled, was deluged with blood, and covered with mangled bodies. Cinna, supported by Marius, conquered in his turn. The best blood in Rome was spilt on that occasion, and the first ornaments of the city fell in the general carnage. Sylla, in a short time afterwards, gained a complete victory, and had his measure of revenge. The horrors of those times may be passed by in silence; they need no description. Fierce dissensions broke out between Marcus Lepidus and that illustrious Roman, Quintus Catulus. The former was defeated: he was a man that might be spared; but his friends who perished with him were a public loss.

In all these convulsions, what was the object of the contending factions? They wished to alter the government, not to destroy it. It was by no means the principle of the leading men that there should be no constitution; they aspired to be at the head of the state, the rulers of the commonwealth. They had no design to fire the city; they desired to be masters of it. In all those distracted times, it is remarkable, that the contest was never ended by a compromise between the parties; it was decided sword in hand by the blood and slaughter of the people. The present war cannot be paralleled in the an-

nals of the world; it is horrible in its nature, and even among barbarians never equalled. In this war Catiline, Lentulus, Cassius, and Cethegus, act on a new principle; they mean to be guided by their own laws; and by their laws, all good citizens who wished well to the constitution of their country, were to be deemed enemies, and put to the sword. In this war, none but those who escaped from the assassin's dagger, were to be left alive; no part of Rome, except what was not devoured by the raging fire, was to be left standing; and yet against such a combination of enemies it has been my good fortune to protect the city of Rome, and to save you, your wives and children, from destruction.

For these services, the only favour I request of you, my fellow-citizens, is, that this day may stand recorded in your memory. I ask no other honour; that to me will be the best reward, the brightest recompense of virtue, the truest monument of glory. Your hearts are the temples in which I wish to erect all my titles of honour, all my ensigns of triumph, all my trophies of victory. I want no silent statues, no inanimate figures: those vain memorials, which are often obtained, and not always deserved, I resign to others. Mute and insensible matter has no

charms for me. Your kind remembrance will give a lustre to my actions; your discourse will be the voice of fame; your annals will consign my name to the latest posterity. One and the same day will make the Roman people and my consulship immortal. Ages yet unborn will hear with pleasure, that the commonwealth had, at one period, two contemporary citizens; one of them destined to make the circuit of the sun the boundary of empire; the other, to preserve the capitol of the Roman world.

It remains to be observed to you, that the part which I have acted in quelling this intestine war, is very different from the lot of the general who commands your armies abroad. When a foreign war is ended, the officer leaves his enemies either slain or subdued: I must live in the thick of those whose dark designs I have defeated. Your generals reap the fruit of their conquest; that I may not suffer by the victory I have obtained, it will be yours, my fellow-citizens, to provide by your esteem and benevolence. By my unwearied diligence your enemies are crushed; that their malice may never revive against me, you, I trust, will take sufficient care.

But the danger is not great: the friendship of good and honourable men is a certain shield,

and with that I am provided. The authority of government will be on my side. Even the worst and most abandoned men are under the control of their own inward conscience; if, bent on mischief, they endeavour to emancipate themselves, and aim their blow at me, they will find to their cost that they are their own enemies. Besides this, I have resources in my own breast: the courage that inspires, animates, and invigorates my conduct, will never shrink from the menaces of desperate men; on the contrary, I am willing to be at open war with the whole race of pernicious citizens.

But after all, should the malice of traitors, whom I have encountered in your just defence, collect its scattered spirit, and fall with united force on me alone, it will then be for you, my fellow-citizens, to consider what must be the condition of the generous patriot who may hereafter expose himself to danger on your account.

For myself, what further advantage in life can I now expect or desire? There is no promotion, no dignity, no reward of virtue to exalt me above the glory of this day. My ambition is satisfied. All that remains on my part, is to take due care that the rest of my life may correspond with the whole tenour of my consulship.

If the honour acquired by saving my country should hereafter give umbrage to ill-designing men, their envenomed rancour will disgrace themselves, and add new lustre to my name. As a private citizen, I shall remember the conduct I have held; and it shall be the study of my life to prove, that my actions did not spring from chance, but flowed from an inward source of virtue and public spirit.

And now, my fellow-citizens, since the day is closing fast, it will become you to offer up your grateful homage to Jupiter, the guardian god of this splendid city. As soon as you have performed that act of piety, retire to your respective dwellings, and there, though the danger is now averted, keep guard, and watch with as much diligence as you did on the preceding night. That the same fatigue may be no longer necessary, and that you may for the future live in perfect security, shall be my unceasing care.

THE

FOURTH ORATION OF CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

SPOKEN IN THE SENATE, 5TH DECEMBER, A. U. C. 690 *.

I SEE, conscript Fathers, all your looks directed this way, and every eye fixed on me. I see the deep concern which you all feel for the state of your country, and, even when the danger shall be removed, I read in all your countenances the kind anxiety with which you are impressed on my account. Your generous friendship touches me nearly, and, in this important moment, administers the most pleasing consolation. But I conjure you, waste not a thought on me; forget my interest, and think only for yourselves, your wives and children.

As to myself, if the terms on which I hold

* See Note M.

the consular dignity, require that I should drink the cup of bitterness; if I am doomed to undergo toil and vexation, pain and peril, I am prepared to meet the worst adversity that can befal me. In your defence I am ready to endure the worst distress, not only with courage, but with alacrity and pleasure; and if by my unwearied labours I am able to restore the dignity of the commonwealth, and the safety of the people, I desire no other recompense.

In me, conscript Fathers, you behold a consul, who in the whole course of his administration has known no place of rest: not even the forum, surrounded as it is by the tribunals of justice; not the field of Mars, though consecrated by religious auspices; not the senate, where all nations meet with protection; not my own house, which in common with others ought to be a safe retreat, nor even my bed, the refuge of weary nature; in a word, not this curule chair, the seat of the highest civil honour, has been free from insidious designs against my life.

In that whole time, I have persevered with patience and with firmness: I have concealed a great deal; I have made concessions to many; I have found a lenitive for your afflictions, and none for my own. But I am satisfied; and

should the gods allow to my consulship the glory of redeeming you and the Roman people from fire and devastation, your wives and children, and the vestal virgins, from the hands of barbarians; the shrines and temples of this flourishing city from devouring flames, and all Italy from the horrors of a civil war; I say, conscript Fathers, should the gods grant me that special favour, let adverse fortune try me with affliction; I am prepared to bear it all. If Lentulus, relying on the predictions of soothsayers, could presume to boast that his name, by some fatality, was designed to be disastrous to the commonwealth, may not I, in my turn, be allowed to flatter myself, that my consulship, by a contrary destiny, was pre-ordained to save my country from destruction?

In this crisis, conscript Fathers, your own safety demands your care. Defend yourselves and your families; protect your fortunes from rapacious hands; preserve the commonwealth, and the dignity of the Roman name. Be no longer alarmed on my account. The gods, I trust, the guardian gods of Rome, will requite my services. If I am doomed to fall a sacrifice in your cause, I am resigned to my fate. To a well-prepared spirit death can never be dishonourable; to a consul never premature; to a wise

man it never can be an evil. When I say this, let me not be thought insensible of the touch of nature. I am not so far divested of humanity, as not to be affected by the grief of a beloved and most affectionate brother. The tears of my friends, whom I see mourning round me, are enough to unman me. I turn my thoughts to my family, and there I see a tender wife overwhelmed with sorrow; a daughter pierced with anguish; and an infant son, whom I consider as an early hostage for my integrity in the hands of the commonwealth. My son-in-law stands here before you, waiting with anxiety the result of this day's debate. All these objects present themselves at once, and weigh upon my heart; but the wish, the ardent wish which they excite, is, whatever shall be my lot, that they may live and flourish long among you, and not be doomed to perish with us all in one general wreck.

The conjuncture, conscript Fathers, calls for your utmost vigour: exert your vigilance, to avert the storm that gathers round us. You have not now before you a Tiberius Gracchus, who aspired a second time to make himself tribune of the people; you have not a Caius Gracchus, who endeavoured by seditious insurrections to enforce his Agrarian laws; nor a Lucius Saturninus, by whose order Caius Memmius was

put to death; no, conscript Fathers; you are now to pronounce judgment on the insidious traitors who chose to remain at Rome with a fell design to cut all your throats, to reduce the city to ashes, and open the gates to Catiline. Their letters, their hand-writing, their seals, their own confession, all are evidence against them. They tampered with the Gauls; they forced the slaves to rise in arms; they resolved to sheath a dagger in every honest heart, and never to let destruction cease, while a man survived to weep over the ruins of a mighty empire, or lament the utter extinction of the Roman name.

These are the facts now in proof before you: the malefactors are condemned by the judgment you have pronounced; they are traitors on record. When you honoured me with a vote of thanks for the part I have acted; when you ordered Lentulus to abdicate his office; when you committed him and his accomplices to safe custody; and, above all, when by a decree you appointed a supplication to the gods to be celebrated in my name, and thereby conferred on me a public distinction, never before this time granted to any but military men; and finally, when yesterday you granted ample rewards to the Allobrogian deputies, and also to Voltur-

cius; in all those instances you avowed your sentiments, and, in fact, decided against the malefactors now in custody.

But it is my intention to reconsider the whole business, and to state it as a new question, that you may rejudge the fact, and determine the measure of punishment. In doing this, allow me to premise what has occurred to myself, and to lay before you the sentiments, which, in the character of consul, I think it my duty to submit to your consideration.

That the seeds of discontent have been laid by ill-designing men, and that a spirit of innovation has been working in the minds of many, I have perceived for a long time past; but that the latent sparks would rise to a flame like the present, is what I could not foresee. As matters stand at present, you have no time to lose: whatever your resolution may be, pronounce it without delay. Before the night comes on, you must finally determine. The guilt of the conspirators is before you in all its horror; but if you imagine that it extends only to a few, you are greatly deceived. It has spread like a contagion through all Italy; it has passed the Alps, and by imperceptible degrees is now sapping its way through the provinces. Delay and temporizing measures will not suppress the mischief.

The treason calls aloud for vengeance: form your resolution, and pronounce it.

Two different opinions have been proposed; one by Decius Silanus, who thinks that the men who combined in a league to overturn our frame of government, and give the citizens of Rome to the sword, ought to be sent to immediate execution; the other, by Julius Cæsar, who objects to capital punishment, but adjudges the criminals to the severest pains and penalties. They both delivered their sentiments in a style worthy of their rank and dignity. Silanus contends, that the unnatural traitors, who intended to destroy this august assembly, to massacre the people, and annihilate the Roman name, ought not to be allowed a single hour to breathe the vital air. This sentence, he has told you, is founded on the usage of our ancestors, who, as it appears by a number of cases and precedents, proceeded with due deliberatiou, and pronounced judgment of death against all pernicious citizens.

Cæsar, on the other hand, considers death not as a punishment, but as the natural condition of human life, a relief from pain and misery. Hence it follows, that the wise die contented, and the brave, by their own voluntary act, throw the burden from them. Chains and perpetual

imprisonment appear to him the proper mode of civil policy for the punishment of enormous crimes. He therefore concludes, that the state prisoners should be confined in separate dungeons in the municipal towns. But this proposition seems to be attended with some difficulty: if by your authority you oblige the municipalities to receive the prisoners, you impose a hardship; if you make it your request, are we sure that they will comply? Should that, however, be the sense of the house, declare it by a decree. I will undertake to carry your commands into execution, and men, I trust, will be found, ready to perform what you think necessary for the public safety.

Cæsar adds a clause, imposing a severe fine on the municipal towns, if any of the prisoners should be suffered to escape. He condemns the malefactors to the horrors of a dungeon, and by various sanctions, severe it must be allowed, but in such a case highly expedient, he forbids any motion to be made in their favour, either in the senate or before the people. By this measure he takes from the guilty every gleam of hope, that only balm of afflicted minds. He orders their estates to be confiscated, and leaves them nothing but life, convinced, as it should seem, that if he condemned them to execution, he

should by that stroke of justice put an end to all bodily pain, to agony of mind, and the pangs of a guilty conscience. It was for this reason, he says, that legislators, in the first ages of the world, inculcated the notion of rewards and punishments in a future state, conceiving that, without those impressions, death would lose its terror.

Between these opposite opinions, I see on which side my interest lies. Cæsar has taken what is supposed to be the popular part. Should I accede to his doctrine, the public voice will not condemn a decision of which he is known to be the author. If, on the other hand, I throw my mite into the opposite scale, I foresee that a storm may gather round me; but the public welfare outweighs all other considerations.

Cæsar, it must be acknowledged, has delivered his sentiments in a vein of eloquence worthy of himself, and the dignity of his ancestors: his speech may be considered as a pledge and earnest of his future zeal for the good of his country. In him we see the difference between the frothy declaimer, who harangues his circular audience in the forum, and the real orator, who aims at a popular character

by the means that deserve it; by being the true friend of the people.

The men who at all events court popularity are well known: one of them, I perceive, is absent on this occasion. I look round for him in vain: by affecting to be tender on a question of life and death, he hopes to be thought incapable of voting against a Roman citizen, and thereby gain the applause of the populace. And yet this very person, two days ago, concurred in a vote for committing the malefactors to safe custody; he voted supplications to the gods in my name; and even yesterday he agreed to reward the witnesses in the most ample manner. It is now too late for him to retract. In the former proceedings he took a decided part, and, by consequence, his sentiments are fully known.

Cæsar deals more openly with us: he fairly tells us, that he founds his opinion on the authority of the Sempronian law, which favours the life of a Roman citizen. To this the answer is obvious: the man who conspires against his country, no longer retains the rights of a Roman citizen. And further; the Sempronian law did not protect the author of it; he suffered death by order of the people.

Would Cæsar insinuate, that Lentulus, by the means of bribes and largesses, acquired

popular character? would he have us imagine, that the man who now stands convicted of the most enormous crime, is still to be deemed a Roman citizen? Cæsar does not think it: distinguished as he is by the virtues of moderation and humanity, he does not hesitate to send that very Lentulus to finish his days in a dungeon. Nay more; he provides, by the express sanctions of law, that no man shall, by a motion to mitigate the punishment, make a vain parade of lenity, and curry favour with the multitude, while in fact he is undermining his country. Nor is this all: Lentulus is to have nothing that he can call his own; his effects are to be confiscated; he is to be left to the torture of the mind, with want and the utmost distress to aggravate his misery.

But, conscript Fathers, let Cæsar's motion, if it be the sense of the house, pass into a law. I am willing to state it to the people, and I can do it with confidence, as I shall have a popular orator to support me. On the other hand, if you adopt the advice of Silanus, it will not be difficult to repel the charge of cruelty that may be urged against the sentence. Cæsar's argument will enable me to prove that death is the mildest punishment.

But to speak without reserve; in a case so

black and flagitious as the present, what punishment can be deemed severe? I have already disclosed the sentiments of my heart, perhaps with a degree of warmth, but, certainly, without a tincture of cruelty. Cruelty, I may venture to say, is no part of my character. If in giving my opinion I have appeared to you to speak with animation, it is the animation which compassion and humanity inspire. For what are the objects that crowd upon my imagination? they are terrible indeed. I see this city, the pride and ornament of the world, the asylum of the nations round us, involved in flames, and smoking on the ground. I see my countrymen in mangled heaps stretched on the bare earth, unburied, weltering in their gore. Cethegus, with rage and fury in his countenance, and a reeking poniard in his hand, at this moment glares before my eyes. I see Lentulus seated on the throne which the Fates prepared for him; I behold Gabinius in purple state; and even now Catiline advances at the head of his army; the shrieks of dying matrons, the cries of their wretched children, and the lamentations of violated vestal virgins, sound in my ears, and strike my soul with horror. The scene is truly deplorable: and shall your mercy be extended to the man who planned this tragic spectacle? Let

me suppose a case: if the master of a family had the misfortune to find his wife destroyed, his children butchered, and his house burnt to the ground by the treachery of a slave, would it not be natural to execute instant vengeance on the perpetrator of a deed so vile and horrible? Should the master forbear to strike, what would be said of him? would he pass for a man of a mild disposition, and not rather for a person divested of all the tender visitings of nature? To me he would appear an unfeeling monster, who could behold so horrible a crime, and not sacrifice the author of it to his just resentment.

We are now, conscript Fathers, in that very predicament: we are to pronounce judgment on the unnatural traitors, who intended to drench their poniards in the blood of our wives and children; who conspired to make this flourishing city a heap of ruins; who intended to place the Allobrogians at the head of this great empire: these are the men whose fate we are now to decide. If we act with vigour, vengeance in such a case will be justice and humanity to our fellow-citizens; on the contrary, if we are not fired with indignation; if we spare the guilty, the charge of being tame and spiritless in our country's cause will lie heavy on us all.

We know that Lucius Cæsar, the brother-in-

law of Lentulus, declared the other day, that so foul a traitor, though married to his sister, deserved to suffer death. Is that a cruel sentence? No; it proceeded from a true patriot spirit: he pronounced it in the hearing of Lentulus, and to give it weight and authority, he cited the case of Fulvius, his grandfather, who, with his son, a youth in the prime of life, was by order of the consul strangled in prison; and what was the crime for which they suffered? The son was sent to address the senate; that was the whole of his offence. As to Fulvius the father, what was alleged against him? He had not meditated the destruction of his country. Agrarian laws and other acts in favour of the people were at that time in agitation; the measure met with opposition, and the conflict of parties was carried on with animosity. In that scene of contention, the illustrious grandfather of this very Lentulus acted a distinguished part. Determined to vindicate the constituted authority of the state, he went forth to meet Gracchus sword in hand, and in the fray received a dangerous wound. In the present juncture, what is the conduct of our modern Lentulus? He invited the Gauls to join in an impious league against the commonweath; he roused the slaves to an insurrection; he pressed Catiline to return at the head of his

army; he gave the whole senate to be butchered by Cethegus and his band of assassins; he assigned the general massacre to Gabinius; he ordered Cassius to set fire to the city, and left all Italy to be laid waste with fire and sword by the rebel army. These are the exploits of Lentulus: and are we to linger in debate? are we afraid to draw the sword of justice? Believe me, we have more reason to fear, that by ill-timed lenity we may bring upon ourselves the imputation of cruelty to the commonwealth.

Candour, conscript Fathers, requires that I conceal nothing from you. A report is in circulation, and has reached my ears, that the consuls are not armed with sufficient force to carry your decree into execution. This you may be assured is an idle rumour. I have concerted every thing with due precaution, and the people, determined to act with spirit, and support the honour of government, have seconded all my endeavours with the most prompt alacrity. All degrees and ranks of men declare for their country; all ages and conditions are united; the forum and the temples round it are crowded with honest citizens; and the avenues to this house are filled by the friends of the constitution. A spirit of union prevails, such as was never known since the foundation of the city. All

are of one mind, except, indeed, those desperate wretches who felt their inability to subsist in quiet times, and rather than perish alone, wished to bury themselves under the ruins of their country. All of that description I am willing to except; I separate them from the class of honest men. To say that the conspirators are degenerate citizens, were to give them too high a title; they are the vilest traitors, the most pernicious enemies. In every other quarter, what ardent zeal! what unanimity! what a spirit of emulation!

Need I mention the Roman knights? they acknowledge your authority; they submit to your decisions; they vie with you in zeal and ardour for the common cause, and they know no other contention. After a dissension of many years, they now forget all animosity; they renounce all party distinctions; they are reconciled to the great council of the state; this day unites them to you in ties of the firmest concord. That this coalition was formed in my consulship, is an event that I feel with pride and pleasure; and if the good temper of the times shall render it perpetual, the state, I venture to say, will never again be rent and torn by party divisions.

The tribunes of the treasury have stood for-

ward to manifest their zeal; and the clerks in office have followed their example. The business of the day required their attendance for the purpose of certain arrangements among themselves; but, laying aside all thoughts of private interest, they are now assembled in a body, resolved to vindicate the rights of their fellow-citizens. The whole number of free-born Romans, even those of the meanest condition, are ready to arm in the cause of their country. For, in fact, is there to be found an honest man, who does not feel the love of liberty warm at his heart? to whom these temples, this magnificent city, this parent soil, and this fair daylight, which we enjoy, are not objects of affection and delight?

The conduct even of the emancipated slaves is worthy of our notice. Those men, by their industry and merit, have been able to obtain the privilege of citizens, and they now consider Rome as their native place. They are ready to stand forth in defence of the commonwealth, while others, born among us, the descendants of illustrious families, have acted, not as if they were in their mother-country, but in a city belonging to the enemy.

By why should I speak of men who have joined to protect their lives and liberties? There

is not to be found a single slave, possessed in a moderate degree of the comforts of life, who does not see with horror the frantic efforts of unnatural traitors; who does not wish to preserve this flourishing city; who is not willing to the utmost of his power to be an assertor of the public weal.

For these reasons, if any of you have heard, that an infamous agent of Lentulus, a notorious pander for his pleasures, is busily employed in running from shop to shop, by the force of bribes to raise an insurrection in favour of his master, let the report make no impression on your minds. The fact is true, but it has failed of success. None have been found so desperate in their circumstances, none so abandoned in their morals, as to engage in such an attempt. There is not a man, however needy, who is not pleased with the possession of his shed; who does not value his trade, and the working tools by which he earns his bread; who does not love his cottage and his humble bed; who does not prefer the homely littleness of a quiet life to scenes of distraction, blood, and massacre. In a word, the greater part, I might say the whole body of shopkeepers, are fond of peace and good order. Their manufactures, their warehouses, and the profits of their industry, depend

on the numbers of society and the tranquillity of the times. If their gain is diminished when their shops are shut, what must be the case when they are burnt to the ground?

This, conscript Fathers, is the present condition of the city: the people are listed on your side; shew by your conduct that you have not deserted the people. You have a consul who has escaped the snares of insidious enemies, and still lives, not for himself, but for your preservation. All ranks and orders of men are united; one mind, one opinion, one principle prevails in every quarter of the city; in the cause of the commonwealth all are agreed; one voice, one heart, one hand. To you, conscript Fathers, your country, encompassed round with firebrands, and beset by vile incendiaries, raises her suppliant voice; to you she lifts her hands; to your care she recommends herself, her numerous progeny, and the lives of all her citizens; to you she dedicates the capitol, her household gods, her domes and temples, the eternal vestal fire, and the walls and ramparts of Rome. The moment is great and awful. You are this day to decide your own fate, and that of your wives and children; you are now to pronounce a judgment, on which will depend the rights, the fortune, and the liberties of a whole people. You

have, what does not often happen, a leader zealous for your interest, and regardless of himself. You have on your side all honest men; the whole body of the people, all of one mind, one sentiment. The mighty fabric of this great empire, raised by the labour of ages; the plan of laws established by the virtue of your ancestors; this glorious city, so long protected by the immortal gods; all, in the course of one night, were in danger of being utterly destroyed. That so horrible a treason may never be attempted; that it may not so much as enter the heart of man, it is yours this day to provide by a just and firm decree.

In all that I have said, conscript Fathers, it was not my intention to inflame your minds with zeal for the public: that I know is unnecessary; I know that your indignation rises above the feeble emotions that animate my inferior powers; but in a business of such vast importance, the consul ought not to be silent. And now, before I proceed to put the question, may I be allowed to say a few words concerning myself? I am aware that the conspirators, whose numbers are by no means contemptible, will be to a man my implacable enemies; but as matters stand, they are a detected, a ruined faction. Should they revive hereafter, and under some

popular demagogue make head against your authority, I shall never repent of the part I have acted. Assassination is their trade: they may threaten me with death; but death is the lot of man; it awaits us all, and, come when it may, it can never extinguish the glory of my life, established as it is by your decrees. Honours have been bestowed on others for having rendered services to their country; I have been distinguished for saving it. May the name of Scipio, that great commander, who drove Hannibal out of Italy, and forced him to seek a retreat in Africa, stand for ever recorded in the rolls of fame! May the second Scipio Africanus, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, those two hostile cities, be crowned, as he deserved, with immortal glory! Let Paulus Æmilius, who led Perses, a great and powerful monarch, a captive at his chariot-wheels, receive the homage of posterity. Let the name of Marius, who twice delivered his country from the fierce invasion of barbarians, never fall into oblivion; and, above all, let Pompey, whose great exploits have no other bounds than those that limit the course of the sun, be celebrated with the applause of all succeeding ages. In the temple of Fame, where they must all be placed, my name may find a niche. Perhaps it will not be

contended, that to open a way to distant provinces, is more meritorious than to take care that our victorious generals may have a city to which they may return to enjoy their triumph.

Foreign conquest, it is evident, has an advantage over domestic success. If distant nations are subdued, they are reduced to obedience; if received as allies, they retain a sense of the obligation. The case is different when we quell intestine commotions: the treason may be defeated, but the conspirators still retain their malignant spirit, uncontrolled by force and unreclaimed by moderation. The consequence is, that an eternal warfare with the enemies of the constitution must be my lot; but I am not alarmed. I neither fear for myself nor my family. I rely with confidence on your protection, and that of all honest men. The dangers which we have escaped, will leave a lasting impression on the minds of a people rescued from destruction; they will stand recorded in your memory, and be the theme of foreign nations. As to my enemies, I would have them know, that the coalition this day formed between the senate and the Roman knights, supported as it is by the approbation of all the good and worthy, will be an impregnable bulwark against the machinations of perfidious men.

Upon the whole, conscript Fathers, I have but little to request of you. I have resigned the command of an army, and with it all the hopes of a triumph; I have given up a rich and flourishing province that fell to my lot; I have sacrificed all views of private advantage; and in return for these disinterested acts, and all my exertions in your service, the only recompense I crave at your hands, is your generous remembrance of a period big with danger, and the tenour of my administration. While a sense of these times retains a place in your affections, I shall think myself covered by an impenetrable shield.

But if, contrary to all expectation, the rage of faction should recover strength, and be once more able to cope with the authority of this august assembly, all that remains for me is, to recommend my infant son to your protection. Bear in mind that he is descended from a consul, who, in his country's cause, exposed himself to the assassin's dagger: that reflection will not only shield my son from danger, but under your kind patronage lead him forward in the career of honours.

Proceed, therefore, conscript Fathers, with the vigour which you have already displayed, and determine with firmness. Remember that your

own existence, your wives and children, the temples of the gods, their shrines and altars, are now in your power. The very being of the commonwealth, this imperial city, your rights and liberties, and the peace of all Italy, depend upon your voice. The time calls for vigour; weigh every circumstance, and decide with dignity. In me you have a consul, who, while he lives, will neither want inclination to obey your commands, nor power to carry them into execution.

NOTES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE A, Page 6.

THE preface in which Sallust introduces an account of himself, has been variously praised and censured by the critics. All agree that the sentiments are just, and that the composition is elegant; but, on the other hand, many of the commentators have pronounced it a detached essay, altogether foreign to the body of the work. It should, however, be remembered, that this was at that time the mode adopted by the Roman authors. We find that Cicero had in his commonplace-book a variety of dissertations on different subjects, and, when he chose to publish a philosophical tract, his custom was to select from that store some favourite piece to serve as an introduction to his work, though, in fact, it had no connexion with his main design. This is clearly stated to Atticus, Epist. 6: Cicero there tells his friend, that he had, through inadvertence, prefixed to his treatise *De Gloriâ*, the preface which he had given with his

Academical Questions. Being, he says, at his *Tusculum*, when he prepared the former work, it escaped his memory that he had already made use of the introduction. The pieces at the head of his treatise *De Finibus*, his *Tusculan Questions*, and his first book *De Legibus*, clearly shew that prefaces relating to the main work, and of a colour with it, were not established by any settled rule of criticism. It may be added, that Sallust undertook a narrative of a single, but remarkable occurrence. Had his subject been a general history, we should, most probably, have been favoured with a grave and dignified preface, such as Livy has prefixed to his work. Sallust, as it seems, considered himself as writing, what we now call, a political pamphlet, and on that occasion thought he might be allowed to talk of himself. He makes an apology for his own conduct in his pursuit of civil honours. He had been tribune of the people, and also discharged the office of quæstor, but with no honour to himself, since we read, that the censor, Appius Claudius Pulcher, deprived him of his seat in the senate. His ambition being thus severely checked, he resolved to enter on the career of literature.

NOTE B, Page 7.

We have here the picture of a daring conspirator, drawn by the masterly hand of a great historian. It may be worth while to see the same features delineated by the pencil of the great Roman orator, in his oration Pro Cælio. Doctor Middleton has translated the pas-

sage, and the reader shall have it in his words: "He had in him many, though not express images, yet sketches of the greatest virtues; was acquainted with a great number of wicked men, yet a pretended admirer of the virtuous. His house was furnished with a variety of temptations to lust and lewdness, yet with several incitements to industry and labour: it was a scene of vicious pleasures, yet a school of martial exercises. There never was such a monster on earth compounded of passions so contrary and opposite. Who was ever more agreeable at one time to the best citizens? who more intimate at another with the worst? who a man of better principles? who a fouler enemy to this city? who more intemperate in pleasure? who more patient in labour? who more rapacious in plundering? who more profuse in squandering? He had a wonderful faculty of engaging men to his friendship, and obliging them by his observance; sharing with them in common whatever he was master of; serving them with his money, his interest, his pains, and, when there was occasion, by the most daring acts of villany, moulding his nature to his purposes, and bending it every way to his will. With the morose, he could live severely; with the free, gaily; with the old, gravely; with the young, cheerfully; with the enterprising, audaciously; with the vicious, luxuriously. By a temper so various and pliable, he gathered about him the profligate and rash from all countries, yet held attached to him at the same time many brave and worthy men, by the specious show of a pretended virtue."

NOTE C, Page 13.

THE same thing happened in the rude ages of this country. Our Saxon ancestors brought a spirit of liberty from the woods of Germany: but before they planted themselves in Britain, they had experienced in their own country the disadvantages that naturally result from letting the people in a mass be the legislators and governors of the state. The *Wittenagemot* was accordingly established. From that institution parliaments derived their origin, and have continued to this day the great council of the nation.

NOTE D, Page 84.

SALLUST has left us reason to conclude that Crassus, with views of ambition, favoured the conspiracy: with regard to Cæsar, he is not so explicit. That Cæsar was suspected, appears beyond a doubt, and the artful speech which he made in favour of the conspirators, gives colour to the charge. He wished to save the lives of Roman citizens: this was the popular side, and he embraced it. His design, perhaps, lay deeper. If, pursuant to his advice, the malefactors had been committed to different prisons, a public clamour would have been the consequence, and their partisans would have been at work to rescue them.

NOTE E, Page 94.

SALLUST in this place takes his opportunity to pay his court by a studied encomium on two of his favourite characters, viz. CATO and JULIUS CÆSAR. His design, it seems, lay deeper: by passing by in silence the great man of that age, *Marcus Tullius Cicero*; his idea probably was, that he should sink into obscurity the great consul, whom he held in detestation. His praise of *Julius Cæsar* is gross flattery to the man who overturned the constitution of his country: allowing him all the praise Sallust bestows upon him, we still may say, "*Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country.*" Sallust knew this, and yet chose to offer incense to the usurper. With regard to CATO, the historian has done him justice. The light in which Dr. *Middleton*, in his Life of Cicero, has placed the character of *Cato*, may be proper in this place, that the reader may compare it with *Sallust*. "Fixed in stoic principles, Cato entered into public life, and acted in it, as Cicero says, as if he had lived *in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus*. He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power, not built upon the laws, and to defy it at least, if he could not control it; he knew no way to this end but the direct; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on, and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt, taking it for a baseness, and a confession

of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age therefore of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies, and by provoking the power he could not subdue, helped to hasten that ruin, which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any further, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life." The reader may compare Dr. *Middleton* with *Sallust*, and judge which has given the truest picture of the man. For *Cicero*'s conduct and character, since Sallust chose to consign as far as he was able that great orator and patriot to oblivion, the reader may gratify his curiosity and taste, by a perusal of Dr. Middleton's most excellent *Life of Cicero*. The great orator's own works have not only defeated the malice of SALLUST, but placed his name among the first and ablest writers of antiquity, to be admired as long as philosophy and true genius shall enrich the world.

NOTE F, Page 111.

IT was thought proper to annex to the foregoing narrative the four Orations of Cicero, that the reader may have the pleasure of comparing the historic man-

ner with the style of a great orator. They both relate the same facts, and in the main corroborate each other. Sallust informs the understanding of his reader, assists his judgment, and paints to the imagination: Cicero employs all the colours of eloquence, and through the imagination makes his way to the passions. The oration now before us was spoken before the senate on the 8th of November, A. U. C. 690. Catiline had the hardiness to attend the meeting, and to take his seat among the Fathers. Cicero rose, and, in a burst of indignation, poured forth the torrent of his eloquence. The speech, of course, was unprepared, but, as Sallust observes, it was afterwards reduced to writing, and published to the world. It has not the same methodical arrangement that we generally find in Cicero's orations: and yet method is by no means neglected. It has two objects in view: 1. To convince Catiline, that, all his dark machinations being discovered, he ought forthwith to retire from a city where he was known to be a public enemy. 2. To explain to the Fathers, that, though in the character of consul and chief magistrate he was armed with a decree by which he might order Catiline to instant execution, he was still unwilling to put the law in force, conceiving, for various reasons, that it was more advisable to let him withdraw from the city of Rome. To enforce those two points is the main drift of the first oration.

NOTE G, Page 138.

In the course of the night, after Cicero had delivered his first flaming oration, Catiline (as related by Sallust, p. 47) rushed out of Rome to join Manlius in his camp. On the following day, Cicero called the people together in the forum, in order to give them an account of all that passed in the senate. This harangue proceeds on three principal points:

1. That Catiline's flight was an event of the highest advantage to the state.

2. That the commonwealth had nothing to fear from the forces of Catiline.

3. That such of his accomplices as still remained in the city, would do well to return to a sense of the duty they owed to their country; but, if they persisted in their hostile intentions, they would be sure to feel the weight and vengeance of the law.

This speech was delivered on the 9th of November, A. U. C. 690.

NOTE H, Page 163.

Between the speaking of the second oration and the third, on which we are entering, an interval of more than three weeks elapsed. The former was delivered on the 9th November; the latter on the 3d December. Cicero, in the mean time, exerted his utmost vigilance, and obtained complete proof against the chiefs of the conspiracy, who remained at Rome.

Sallust relates (see page 66) the particulars that passed in the senate, when the several malefactors were examined. It does not appear that Cicero, on that occasion, felt himself called upon to make a set speech; but on the following day he thought proper to give the people a detail of all circumstances, however minute. The following oration states,

1. The evidence which he brought forward in the senate, and the means by which he gained full information.

2. The measures of the senate against the conspirators.

3. That the discovery of the plot was in itself so wonderful, that it was to be ascribed altogether to the interposition of the gods.

NOTE I, Page 166.

The Allobrogians inhabited the country now called *Dauphiné*, and the *duchy of Savoy*, with part of *Piedmont*. As they were situated in *Transalpine Gaul*, Cicero sometimes calls them *Gauls*, and sometimes *Allobrogians*.

NOTE K, Page 167.

The Milvian bridge, now *Ponte Molle*, was about two miles distant from Rome.

NOTE L, Page 170.

THE Romans were at all times deeply tinged with superstition; hence the number of portents and prodigies recounted by their historians. Cicero observes (*De Divinatione, lib.* ii. *sect.* 27) that times of danger always teemed with prophecies: in that productive season, the minds of men, alarmed and terrified, were prone to believe, and enthusiasts seized the opportunity to forge their vile prognostics. *Accedit illud etiam, quod in metu et periculo, cum creduntur facilius, tum finguntur impunius.* In the history of Rome, no extraordinary event took place without some wonderful phenomenon. Lentulus knew this disposition of his countrymen, and, in order to make an impression on the populace, called the Sibylline predictions to his aid.

NOTE M, Page 189.

THE fourth oration, which is now before us, was delivered in the senate on the 5th December, two days after the third harangue before the people. The question to be debated was, "What punishment ought to be decreed against the conspirators?" Two opposite opinions were proposed; one, for sentence of death; the other, instead of capital punishment, that the prisoners should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The last was the motion of Julius Cæsar. Sallust has given the speech, or probably,

the substance of it, in his own style. The historian, who certainly was not amicable to Cicero, takes no notice of this fourth oration, but tells us that Cato, in answer to Cæsar, declared for immediate execution, and thereupon the senate decreed accordingly. It must, however, be presumed, that Cicero's speech had great weight in the decision. It proceeds on two propositions:

1. That sentence of death, according to the opinion of Decius Silanus, was suited to the exigence of the times, and worthy of a Roman senate.

2. That, though the immediate execution of the malefactors would draw on himself a train of evil consequences, he was determined to encounter every danger in the service of his country.

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1. It is without any colour of reason that mankind complain of their nature, unjustly calling it a weak and short-lived state, subject for the most part to the caprice of chance, and rarely guided by virtue. The reverse, upon reflection, will appear to be the truth; for, if we make a fair estimate, we shall find nothing more noble, nothing superior to the dignity of man, and instead of accusing Nature of stinting him in point of time and abilities, he ought rather to blame his own indolence and sluggish neglect of the powers implanted in his constitution. The soul sets all the human faculties in motion, imposes and directs the conduct of man. While he chooses virtue as his road to glory, he feels no want of vigour or spirit, but rises to cele-

brity without the aid of that Fortune whose power does not extend to probity, industry, and the liberal arts; who can neither bestow those accomplishments nor resume them at her pleasure. But if the mind, enslaved by vicious passions, degenerates into sloth and a course of sensual gratifications, the relish of voluptuous pleasures proves the bane of every virtue; her internal vigour dies, the day is wasted in effeminacy, and the powers of genius are extinguished. In that falling, wretched state, the infirmity of nature is accused, and life itself is unjustly blamed for what those who abuse its blessings are guilty of. Yet how different would be their condition, if they engaged in laudable designs with as much vigour as they do in pursuit of things irrelevant, unprofitable, and even pernicious! The power of fortune would then be at an end, and man, instead of being the slave of chance, would learn at length to control chance itself, and in time attain such a point of perfection as would be a recompense for the shortness of life, and raise him from this mortal state to an eternity of glory.

11. As the human frame consists of soul and body, it follows that all the actions, and all the works of man, must have relation either to his spiritual or his corporeal part. Accordingly we

see that the graces of the outward form, riches, bodily vigour, with all external things, are of a perishable nature, while, on the other hand, the productions of the mind, like the soul that inspires them, are immortal. It may be then observed, that all the advantage of external forms, together with riches and the other gifts of fortune, have both a beginning and an end. All things that rise, but rise to fall; and whatever has the seeds of increase has also the principle of decay. The soul, on the contrary, knows no corruption; it is immortal and eternal; it governs the whole human race; it comprehends all, yet is itself incomprehensible. With these considerations in our mind, we cannot but wonder at their depraved negligence, who, sunk in debauchery and sensual pleasures, pass their days in sloth, and leave the mind, the glory of their nature, to droop in indolence and stupid inactivity. And this neglect is the more unpardonable, as we have such internal resources, and such various intellectual powers, as, by due exertion, would enable us to attain the highest summit of glory.

III. Among the objects to which men may aspire, the high offices of state and magistracy and all the employments connected with public affairs, appear to me at present pursuits by no

means eligible. Public honours are no longer the reward of virtue; they are obtained by pernicious arts, and the men who engross them find themselves neither safe nor respectable. To govern our country or our friends by force, even though we produce reform by the coercion, is at best but an invidious and troublesome pre-eminence. Innovations in the state are generally attended with the effusion of blood, the flight of citizens, and all the horrors which civil commotion inflicts. To aim at power of this kind, without succeeding in the pursuit, and to gain nothing by the struggle but public detestation, is the utmost extreme of infatuation and madness, unless we can suppose that there exists a man so lost to all sense of shame as to resign his liberty and his honour to the tyranny of a few ambitious masters.

IV. There are various other arts that exercise the genius of man, and are of a milder cast: among these, the writers who preserve the memory of past events, claim a rank of decided eminence. To enlarge on the utility of this employment were superfluous, as other authors have been ample in its praise; and it particularly becomes me to be silent on the subject, lest I should be supposed to over-rate the merits of my own undertaking. At the same time, I

am aware that I shall not escape the censure of many, who, because I have resolved to retire from all further business, will be apt to call my present employment, though arduous in itself, and useful to mankind, a state of relaxation and dull repose. But the quarter from whence this language may be expected, will be that of men who make it the business of their lives to pay their court to the people, and by bribery and treating to obtain their suffrages.

But if they, who argue in this manner, will call to mind the conjuncture in which I was raised to the magistracy, and the characters of those who failed in the attempt; and further, if they will consider what sort of men have since intruded themselves into the senate, they will see that it was with good reason, and not from an indolent disposition, that I changed my plan of life. I may add, that greater benefit will redound to the commonwealth from what they call my state of idleness, than from the intrigues of turbulent and ambitious citizens. I say this with a degree of confidence, because I have been often told that Quintus Maximus and Publius Scipio, not to mention other eminent Roman citizens, were in the habit of saying that when they beheld the images of their ancestors, they felt their mind inflamed with

virtuous emulation. Did this proceed from the form of the wax, or the colours of the picture? Certainly not: it was the recollection of the glorious deeds of their forefathers that kindled in the breasts of those exalted characters that spirit of emulation which nothing could extinguish till their virtue reached the summit of immortal glory.

Is that the case at present? Who in these times contends with his ancestors in the paths of virtue and honourable deeds? The whole struggle is to outshine all that went before them, by the splendour of riches and the grandeur of expense: even the men, who rise from obscurity, do not now, as was formerly the custom, endeavour to surpass the nobles by superior merit, but, on the contrary, they aim at honours and places of trust, by dark intrigues, by fraud and rapine; not by fair and honourable deeds: as if the prætorian and the consular rank, with the other offices of state, were of themselves the fountain of honour, and did not derive all their lustre from the upright conduct of the persons who exercised those civil duties. But I have wandered too far: the manners of the age have roused my indignation, and led me into a long digression. I now proceed to the business in hand.

v. I propose to give a narrative of the war which the Roman people carried on against Jugurtha, king of Numidia. I have chosen that portion of history, in the first place, on account of its magnitude, and of the ferocity and alternate vicissitudes of fortune with which it was carried on; and secondly, because in that period a stand was for the first time made against the overbearing pride of the nobility. The struggle between the contending factions * was fierce and obstinate; nothing was safe; things divine and human were thrown into one promiscuous ruin, and party rage was kindled to such a height of madness, that nothing could allay its fury, till a civil war broke out, and covered all Italy with desolation. But before I enter upon the subject, it will be proper to review some past transactions, which, rightly understood, will give order and perspicuity to all that follows.

In the course of the second Punic war, in which Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, gave a more terrible blow to the power of Rome than had been felt by that republic since the first

* The civil war between Marius and Sylla, in which the former took the part of the people and the latter of the nobility.

foundation of its grandeur, Masinissa, king of the Numidians, was received with open arms by Publius Scipio, who, for his great military talents, was afterwards honoured with the name of Africanus. Admitted to that alliance, Masinissa distinguished himself by his valour and many brave exploits, for which he received ample proofs of Roman generosity. When the Carthaginians were defeated, and Syphax, who possessed an extensive empire in Africa, was taken prisoner, the subdued cities and all the conquered territories were ceded to Masinissa; in return, the prince continued attached to the cause of Rome, a firm and honourable ally, till the hand of death put a period to his reign. His son Micipsa (both his brothers Manastabal and Gulussa having paid their debt to Nature) succeeded to the vacant throne. The new monarch had two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal, and at the same time retained and educated in his family the son of his brother Manastabal, by name Jugurtha, whom, as issue of a concubine, Masinissa had left without mark or distinction *; but, notwithstanding this, Micipsa made no difference between him and his own legitimate children.

* See Note A, at the end of the Jugurthine war.

VI. Jugurtha, as he grew towards manhood, displayed a strong constitution, grace and symmetry in his person, and further, was a youth of uncommon talents. He neither suffered himself to be corrupted by luxury, nor relaxed by idleness. In compliance with the manners of his country, it was his pride to acquire skill in horsemanship, to throw the javelin with dexterity, and to be foremost in the races: in these several exercises he shewed himself superior to his companions, and yet was universally beloved: the pleasures of the chase were his favourite diversion; he was generally the first, or among the first, to pierce the savage beasts, or rivet the lion to the ground: he performed the noblest exploits, but, with a modest reserve, said nothing of himself.

Micipsa at first saw scenes of happiness opening before him, and from the good qualities of Jugurtha promised himself great advantage to his kingdom: but when he considered his own advanced age, the tender years of his two sons, and the rising reputation of Jugurtha, he saw with anxiety a storm gathering in the political horizon, and a thousand reflections presented themselves to his mind.

He knew the nature of the human heart, ever

eager to grasp at power, and hurried away by the vehemence of inordinate passions; he saw that his own infirmities at his time of life, and the feeble state of his children, would afford an opportunity for ambitious projects, such as might tempt even minds of calm and moderate temperament. Micipsa saw, moreover, the affections of his people fixed on Jugurtha: to cut off such a man by clandestine arts would be attended with danger: a general insurrection and a civil war might be the consequence.

VII. In this situation, seeing nothing but difficulties on every side, he concluded that to put an end by force or stratagem to the life of a young man so highly popular would be an impolitic measure: observing however that Jugurtha shewed a warlike genius, and an impatient love of military glory, he resolved to expose him to the field of battle, and try whether the fortune of war might not prove favourable to his wishes. With this design, being engaged to send a supply of horse and foot to the Roman army, at that time laying siege to Numantia, he gave the command to Jugurtha, and sent him at the head of the auxiliary forces into Spain, flattering himself with hopes that the young officer, hurried on by his own spirit of enterprise, or from the ferocity of the enemy,

would be sure to meet his fate. (The event did not answer his expectation.) Jugurtha, possessed of a quick and penetrating genius, made it his business to study the character of Publius Scipio, who commanded the Roman army, and also to understand the manners of the enemy: thus prepared, he in a short time distinguished himself by his good conduct and his valour. He obeyed the orders of his general with the most exact subordination, and often displayed such promptitude in facing danger, that he became a favourite throughout the Roman army, and a terror to the enemy. To courage in the field he joined sagacity in council; two qualities which are seldom united at so early a period. The prudence that foresees, is apt to occasion a degree of timidity, and undaunted courage is often no better than rashness. (Scipio saw the character of Jugurtha,) and accordingly singled him out for the most arduous enterprises: he ranked him among his chosen friends, and seeing that the young officer never failed either in his advice, or the execution of his projects, he united him to himself in the closest ties of affection. To these excellent qualities Jugurtha added a generosity of mind and such admirable address, that he insinuated himself into the friendship of many in the Roman army.

VIII. There were at that time in the army numbers of high rank, and several new men lately advanced to honours, in whose estimation riches were of more value than truth and virtue; men who were at the head of factions, of powerful influence at Rome, and more respected by our allies for their splendid appearance than for uprightness and integrity. The language which they held with Jugurtha was of a tendency to fire with ambition a mind of itself bold and aspiring: they told him, after the demise of Micipsa, the kingdom of Numidia would all fall to his lot; his very superior merit would open the way; and at Rome every thing was venal.

Numantia was razed to the ground; when Scipio, on the point of dismissing the auxiliary forces, with intent to return to Rome, in a public harangue, at the head of the lines, bestowed the highest encomium on the merit of Jugurtha, and honoured him with magnificent presents. After this, he retired to his pavilion, having directed Jugurtha to attend him, and there in secret warned him by wholesome advice to court the friendship of the Roman people by due respect to the whole body, not by indirect and secret practices with individuals; private largesses would be ineffectual bribery, as what belonged to

the state could not be purchased from a few; and the attempt would be attended with danger. His true way would be to persevere in the exertion of his admirable talents, and he might assure himself that glory and empire would be his bright reward; but if he meant by the influence of money to accelerate his elevation, that very money would precipitate his ruin.

IX. Having given this wholesome advice, Scipio dismissed him with a letter to Micipsa, the tenour of which was as follows: "Jugurtha, your relation, has displayed uncommon abilities during the siege of Numantia; this intelligence I persuade myself will give you the greatest pleasure. His merit has endeared him to me, and it shall be my earnest care that he may stand as high in the esteem of the senate and Roman people. With the sincerest friendship, I most heartily wish you joy: you have in Jugurtha a young man worthy of you, and his grandfather Masinissa." The king now saw the report of common fame confirmed by the Roman general's letter: the merit of his nephew touched him nearly; he was pleased to see him so high in favour with Scipio, and a new train of sentiments took possession of his heart. He changed his purposes, and now resolved by acts of benevolence to win the affec-

tions of Jugurtha. He made him his own son by adoption, and in his will declared him joint heir with his two legitimate sons. In a few year afterwards, finding himself decline in the vale of years, reduced by illness and near his dissolution, he called Jugurtha to his presence, and in the hearing of his sons Adherbal and Hiempsal, and a circle of friends and relations, he is said to have delivered himself to the following effect:

x. "You were of tender years, Jugurtha, when you lost your father. In that helpless state, deserted by fortune and destitute of hope, I took you under my protection, in full confidence that gratitude would render me as dear to you, as natural affection would to my own children, if I should be blessed with any. Nor have my hopes deceived me. Not to mention your former merit, your return from Numantia has crowned me and my kingdom with immortal glory. The Romans were united with me in friendship; your valour has bound those ties closer than ever. In Spain you have revived the name of our family in all its splendour. To sum up all, you have accomplished the greatest difficulty in human affairs, you have raised glory above the reach of envy itself. At present, as na-

ture is ready to close my days, I entreat you by this right hand, I conjure you by the good faith you owe to the whole kingdom, embrace and cherish these young princes, your relations by birth, and, by my good will to you, your brothers. I warn you not to prefer to them a connexion with strangers; our kindred are the first objects of our regard.

"Armies and riches are by no means the strength of kingdoms; friends are their best support; and friends can neither be compelled by force of arms, nor bought with gold: good faith and generous actions are the only source of real friendship. What tie can be so binding as that between brother and brother? and who can rely on the professions of a stranger, when he has shewn himself false to his near relations?

"For my own part, I shall leave to you a kingdom strong and powerful, if you live in harmony and virtue; weak and tottering to its fall, if you differ among yourselves. By concord the smallest establishments increase, while by discord the greatest are brought to their ruin. It will be your duty, Jugurtha, your immediate care, since you are superior in age and experience to these two young men, so to conduct all your measures as to prevent the possibility of internal divisions. You may lay this down

as a certain rule, that in all cases the most opulent, even though he has reason to complain, is considered as the aggressor, merely because the power is in his hands. As to you, Adherbal and Hiempsal, it will be your duty to esteem and honour this excellent young prince; imitate his virtues; let it be the grand endeavour of your lives not to let men say, that I was happier in the choice I made by adoption than in my own legitimate issue."

– XI. During the whole of this discourse, Jugurtha, though he knew that the king spoke the language of dissimulation, and that, for his own part, he harboured designs of a very different kind, yet still he gave a plausible answer, and such as suited the occasion. Micipsa, in a few days after, breathed his last. The young princes celebrated his funeral honours with the magnificence due to the royal state, and in a short time met in council to deliberate on the affairs of the kingdom. Upon this occasion Hiempsal, the youngest of the three, by nature proud and fierce, and in the habit of despising Jugurtha for the meanness of his birth by the maternal side, took his seat on the right hand of Adherbal, with intent that Jugurtha should not have the middle station, which is considered by the Numidians as the

post of honour. His brother, however, took pains to convince him, that he owed a deference to superior age; and Hiempsal, upon being overruled by these remonstrances, removed, though with great reluctance, to the further side. In the course of their various debates about the administration of the government, Jugurtha, amidst a variety of matter, held it expedient to repeal all the laws and ordinances that passed in the course of the last five years; alleging, that during that whole time Micipsa was superannuated, and his faculties, by consequence, were impaired. Hiempsal declared himself of the same opinion, and said that he approved of the measure, because it was within the last three years that Jugurtha was raised by adoption to a share in the government. A reply so keen penetrated to the very heart of Jugurtha, and there took deeper root than could be supposed at the time. Fear and indignation rankled in his breast, insomuch that from that moment all his thoughts, all his schemes, all his stratagems, had nothing in view but the destruction of Hiempsal; but his measures not proceeding with sufficient rapidity, while his revengeful spirit raged with unabating fury, he resolved, by the most expeditious means, to execute his purpose.

XII. The dissensions that occurred between the princes in their first interview already mentioned, made them come to a resolution, that the public treasure should be divided between them; and that each should have a separate province of the empire, with the boundaries correctly ascertained. Proper times were fixed for this partition; but the money was to be first distributed. From the meeting the three young monarchs withdrew to such places as lay contiguous to the spot where Micipsa deposited his treasure. It happened that Hiempsal returned to the city of Thormida, and there fixed his residence in the house of a man who was Jugurtha's chief lictor, and always high in favour with his master. Jugurtha saw that he had now by chance a fit tool for the blackest iniquity. He loaded him with ample promises, and persuaded him to go, under a pretence of seeing his own house, and to procure false keys to the locks, as the genuine were always delivered to Hiempsal: he further added, that in good time he himself would visit the place, accompanied by a considerable force. The Numidian lost no time; he executed his commission with celerity; and, in obedience to further direction, in the dead of night, introduced a band of soldiers into the house. The ruffians,

as soon as they were in possession, rushed to every place in quest of the young king: they murdered several in their sleep; they put to the sword all who came to oppose them; they searched every place of secrecy; broke open the doors that were shut against them, and filled the house with rage and consternation. At length Hiempsal was detected lurking in the room of a servant-maid, to which, in the beginning of the uproar, he fled for shelter, not knowing a safer part of the house. The murderers cut off his head, according to their orders, and conveyed it to Jugurtha.

XIII. The report of this horrid murder soon resounded through all Africa; Adherbal was struck with terror, and all who had been the subjects of Micipsa were covered with consternation. The Numidians were divided into parties; the majority took the side of Adherbal; but the most warlike adhered to Jugurtha, who, therefore, began to collect a numerous army. He reduced several cities by force, and prevailed on others to submit to his obedience. To be sole monarch of Numidia was now the object of his ambition. Adherbal dispatched his messengers to Rome, with an account of the tragic fate of his brother, and the distress to which he himself was reduced; but, in the mean

time, relying on the number of his forces, he resolved to prepare for war. He hazarded a battle, and, victory declaring against him, he fled for shelter to one of our provinces, and thence made the best of his way to Rome.

Meantime Jugurtha, having carried all his schemes into execution, and become the master of Numidia, began to reflect upon his crimes, and to feel the reproaches of conscience: he dreaded the indignation of the Romans, and saw no way to elude their vengeance but by resorting to the avarice of the nobles, and to an ample use of the money which he had at command. Accordingly, in a few days, he sent ambassadors to Rome well provided with quantities of gold and silver, with directions to make handsome presents to his old friends, to allure others by large donations, and, in short, to stop at no price; but by bribery to draw over as many as possible to his interest.

The ambassadors, on their arrival at Rome, lost no time, but, in compliance with the king's instructions, distributed sums of money among his friends, and others who were of weight and influence in the senate. In consequence of this corruption, such a change of sentiment took place in the minds of men, that Jugurtha, instead of being an object of detestation, rose

high in favour with the nobles; those who had sold themselves, and others, who hoped to make good their market, tampered in private with the senators, to hinder that assembly from coming to any harsh resolution against Jugurtha. As soon as the ambassadors had arranged all matters, and were confident of success, a day was appointed for hearing the cause, and both parties were admitted to the bar of the senate. Upon that occasion Adherbal, we are told, delivered a speech to the following effect;

XIV. "Micipsa, the late king, conscript Fathers, enjoined me on his death-bed to consider myself as invested with the administration only of the kingdom of Numidia, the right of governing and giving laws being centred in you. He further added, that it would be my duty, both in peace and war, to devote myself to the service of Rome, and to consider you as my real kindred, my best allies. By that conduct I should be at all times sure of protection; your friendship, he said, would be to me armies, riches, and the support of my kingdom. In conformity to those directions I was planning all my measures, when Jugurtha, the worst and most nefarious of men, in defiance of your authority, expelled me from my dominions;

expelled the grandson of Masinissa; me, who from my birth derived a title to the friendship and alliance of Rome; he drove me forth a wanderer from my own territories, and robbed and plundered me of all I was worth.

"And now, reduced as I am, and forced to undergo so severe a destiny, it is the wish of my heart, conscript Fathers, that it had been in my power, on account of some merit of my own, instead of the services which you experienced from my ancestors, to apply to you for protection. I wish, most sincerely wish, that I had been able to lay you under obligations without the necessity of expecting a return; or, in my present situation, that I had some claim to the assistance which I am forced to beg. But integrity alone is no bulwark against violence and oppression; nor was it in my power to mould the mind of Jugurtha to principles of moderation. I come therefore, conscript Fathers, to throw myself under your protection; and, believe me, it is no small part of my affliction, that I am obliged to crave your assistance before I have deserved it.

"Kings there are whom you conquered first, and then admitted into your alliance; others, who in their day of distress sent to you for protection: but that was not the case of my

forefathers; they espoused your cause when you were involved in war with Carthage, a period when the honour of the Roman name was of more consequence than its success in war.

"You see before you, conscript Fathers, a lineal descendant from that illustrious line; you see the grandson of Masinissa, and will you suffer him to sue in vain? The deplorable situation to which I am reduced, will, I persuade myself, be a sufficient recommendation of my unhappy case without any other plea in my favour. A sad reverse of fortune has been my lot; I was but lately a flourishing king, illustrious by my birth, of high renown, with a numerous army at my command, and now, what is my lot? fallen from that happy state, forlorn and destitute, covered with wretchedness, I am an humble petitioner for your assistance. In addition to all this misery, let me ask you, will it become the majesty of the Roman name to see innocence groaning under oppression, and to let a vile usurper aggrandize himself by guilt?

"There are still other reasons to rouse your indignation: I have been driven from the territory, which was the gift of the Roman people to my ancestors; from that very territory, which

my father and grandfather, in a league with the Roman arms, conquered from Syphax and the Carthaginians. Your generous present, conscript Fathers, your bounty is torn from me; in my person you are insulted.

"Wretch that I am! and, O my Fathers! is this the result of all your goodness, of all your generosity to a man, whom you raised to an equality with your own children? Shall he, whom you made joint-heir to your kingdom, shall that ungrateful monster be the murderer of all your race? Shall our unhappy family never know the sweets of peace? Must carnage and destruction be our constant lot?

"While the Carthaginians were able to maintain their power we had nothing to expect but the calamities of war: the enemy was near at hand, you were at a distance, and all our hope was centred in the force of arms. From that plague Africa was at length delivered; from that time we enjoyed the halcyon days of peace; we knew no enemies but yours; if not called out by you, we had no war to wage.

But now, behold! Jugurtha, on a sudden inflamed with pride and insolence, breathing rage and fury, rushes forth the disturber of the world, murders my brother, though his own relation, and usurps his dominions as the lawful

prize of an assassin. After that exploit he laid snares for me; and not being able to accomplish his fell design, in the hour of profound peace, when I had no reason to expect war and open violence, he marched against me with all his forces, attacked me in your kingdom, drove me from my palace, reduced me to want and misery, and, as you see, sent me forth a wretched wanderer, to seek a place of safety in any part of the world, rather than in my own dominions.

"Micipsa, conscript Fathers, was often heard to say, and I cordially agreed with him, that they who in earnest sought your alliance undertook an arduous task, but pursued the sure road to safety and protection from injury. My family, to their utmost, have been faithful to you and yours, and now it is in your power to confer tranquillity upon their descendants. The deceased king, conscript Fathers, left two legitimate sons, and when by adoption he made Jugurtha a third, he conceived that gratitude would bind him to us in the closest connexion: my brother has already fallen a victim, while I have with difficulty escaped the dagger of the assassin.

"What now remains for me? Whither must I fly? where seek a shelter from calamity and ruin? The strength of my family is extin-

guished; my father has paid his debt to nature; my brother is no more; the hand that should have protected him put an end to his life; all who were connected with me, my friends, my relations, my allies, all, all have fallen victims to the tyrant's power: a different catastrophe has been their lot; some have perished on the cross; others have been devoured by wild beasts; and the few whom his vengeance has spared are thrown into dungeons, there to groan in misery of heart, and linger in pangs worse than death.

"As to myself, conscript Fathers, if my condition remained unaltered, if my friends still adhered to me, and Fortune continued to smile upon me, I should still, in any sudden emergency, rely on your friendship, on your generous support; on you, conscript Fathers, who are masters of the world, the friends of justice, and, as becomes your dignity, the enemies of oppression. At present, banished from my native land, an exile from my palace, abandoned by my friends, stripped of every thing, a naked wanderer, which way shall I fly for refuge? of whom can I seek assistance? what nations can I visit? what kings can I implore? They are all against me, all inveterate enemies. Our family were the firm allies of Rome, and on this account the nations have conspired

against us. Is there a country that I can safely enter? None, conscript Fathers, there is none: in every land there are monuments of the valour exerted by my family in league with you; and can it be expected, that they who waged war against you will now forget all hostility, and feel compassion for me?

"Permit me to add, conscript Fathers, that we were educated by Masinissa in a fixed resolution to cultivate your friendship, and yours only; to make no other connexions, no other treaty of alliance, but to place all our confidence in the Roman people; and, should Fortune at any time declare against you, that we should stand prepared to share your fate, or bravely fall in one general ruin. But now, by your own valour, and the blessing of the gods, you have a great and flourishing empire; you enjoy a course of uninterrupted prosperity; the world is at your command, and it is now in your power to vindicate the cause of your allies: I foresee but one obstacle to my wishes; Jugurtha I know has connexions among you, and, as his character is not seen in its true light, his friends, I fear, will too easily be prejudiced against me; they are, as I am informed, already at work; they exert their best efforts in his favour; they tamper with individuals; they canvass for your

votes; they pray, solicit, and importune all in general, not to decide before the cause is heard, and to frame no decree against Jugurtha in his absence. Their pretext is, that by false colours I endeavour to impose upon you, and represent myself as a banished man; whereas I might have continued on my throne in perfect safety.

" Would that my mortal enemy were present! would that I could hear the author of my misfortunes attempt to set up such a defence of his outrageous conduct! and, above all, I could wish that the management of human affairs was assumed either by you, conscript Fathers, or by the immortal gods: in that case, the man who now enjoys his conquests, and triumphs in his guilt, would be brought to punishment, and, in agony of the severest torture, be made to suffer for his base ingratitude to my father, for the murder of my brother, and the calamities heaped on me.

" And, O my brother! whose memory I shall ever cherish, though you have been prematurely cut off, and that by the very hand that ought to have protected you, I feel myself inclined rather to congratulate with you than to deplore your fate. It is true you lost your kingdom in the prime of life, but you have been delivered from flight, from exile, from want and beg-

gary, and all the horrors with which I am overwhelmed. Fallen from a throne, and sunk to the lowest of distress and misery, I live to exhibit a mournful spectacle of the vicissitudes of human life. What now remains for me? what course can I pursue? Shall I undertake to revenge your barbarous murder? Alas! I am in want of every thing: must I think of recovering my kingdom? Wretch that I am! my life or death is in the hands of others. I could wish that it were honourable to close my misfortunes by death, and throw off at once the disgrace of living under oppression; but since I can neither live without pain, nor die without infamy, I conjure you, conscript Fathers, I implore you, by the regard you owe to yourselves, by your children, by your ancestors, by the majesty of the Roman empire, extend your protection to a man wretched and oppressed; shew the world that you are the avengers of injury to the weak; that you will not look tamely on, and suffer your own kingdom of Numidia to be the reward of villany and blood, and to sink under the ruins of our family."

[xv. As soon as Adherbal closed his speech, Jugurtha's agents, relying more upon the persuasive power of gold than their own eloquence, or the justice of their cause, replied with re-

markabe brevity: "Hiempsal," they said, "was put to death by his own subjects on account of his cruelty; and as to Adherbal, he, without provocation, had recourse to open war; and now, being defeated, had come to complain that he was not suffered to carry his mad projects into execution. All that Jugurtha prayed, was that the senate would believe him to be still the same man whom they knew at Numantia; that they would judge him by his actions, and not by the malice of his enemy."

After this both parties withdrew. The Fathers went into a debate. The partisans of Jugurtha, and those who acted under the same corrupt influence, paid no regard to Adherbal's eloquence; they treated his reasoning with cold indifference; they were loud in praise of Jugurtha's magnanimity; and by all their art, by all their influence, by the energy of their voice, by every exertion in their power, they contended and harangued in favour of guilt and treachery, with as much ardour as they could have shewn in defence of their own reputation. The opposition formed a small party, consisting of men of honour, whose principles were not to be shaken by the power of money. That Adherbal ought to be supported, and due vengeance executed on the murderer of Hiempsal,

was their decided opinion. Of this number Æmilius Scaurus was the distinguished leader, a man of noble rank and ardent spirit; factious, and eager to grasp at power, honours, and riches, yet at the same time endued with skill to disguise all these propensities. He saw the shameful and undisguised profusion with which Jugurtha's money was distributed; and as he was aware that such open corruption might, as generally happens, excite the indignation of the public, he had the address to lay a restraint on his usual rapacity.

XVI. The question, at length, was carried by the venal party, to whom money was of more value than truth and justice. The senate passed a decree, empowering ten commissioners to divide the whole kingdom, lately subject to Micipsa, between Adherbal and Jugurtha. The person at the head of this embassy was Lucius Opimius, a man of high reputation, and at that time of great sway in the senate, having, in the year of his consulship *, put to death Caius Gracchus and Marcus Fulvius, and obtained for the nobility a complete victory over the encroachments of the people. Jugurtha

* See Note B.

had experienced the friendship of Opimius at Rome; but was not, on that account, less assiduous in paying his court to him on his arrival. He plied him with presents and promises so effectually, that the commissioner sold himself, his honour, and all that could be dear to him, to the ambitious views of the prince. The other commissioners were assailed by the same arts, and the majority fell into the snare. There were some, and those but few, whose zeal for justice was superior to avarice. The result was, that in the partition that was made, the provinces that lay contiguous to Mauritania, and were the richest and most populous part of the kingdom, were assigned to Jugurtha: the remaining territory, which had the advantage of convenient harbours, and was adorned with beautiful buildings, but which boasted more of elegance than real use, fell to the lot of Adherbal.

XVII. Here my subject seems to call for a concise description of Africa, and at the same time some account of those states with which Rome has been engaged, either in war or treaties of alliance. In performing this task, I shall say nothing of those remote parts of the country, or those distant nations, which the heat of

the climate, the difficulty of the roads, and vast unbounded deserts, have rendered inaccessible; I shall merely state what is well known, and that with all possible brevity.

In the division of the globe, geographers in general have agreed to consider Africa as the third part of the world; while others, though few in number, allow no more than the two grand divisions of Asia and Europe, contending, that Africa is part of Europe. Be that as it may, Africa is bounded on the west by the narrow strait which opens a communication between the Mediterranean sea and the ocean; and on the eastern side by an immense valley, which extends to a prodigious length in one uninterrupted declivity, called by the natives Catabathmos. The African sea is rough and tempestuous, and there are no harbours on the coast. The soil produces grain in abundance, affords good pasture for cattle, but is unkind to the growth of trees. The want of rain and of land-springs occasions a penury of water. The natives are a robust and healthy race, remarkably swift, hardy, and patient of labour: in general, if they escape the sword, or the beasts of prey, they die of old age, for mortality by sickness is seldom known. The country, however, is

infested by an abundance of poisonous animals.

Who were the first inhabitants of Africa, what people, in process of time, incorporated with them, and how they formed their civil union, are questions of some difficulty, which I shall here attempt to answer; and though the account which I have to offer is different from the received opinion, yet, as it is extracted from books in the Punic language (the property, as I am told, of king Hiempsal), and has been translated for my use, I shall here, as concisely as possible, submit it to the reader, the more willingly, as I am informed that it agrees with the received opinion of the inhabitants. The truth must rest on the authority of the original authors.

XVIII. The first inhabitants of Africa were the Getulians and Libyans, an untutored, savage people, who knew no food but the flesh of wild animals, or the grass of the field, which they ate like the herds of cattle; a people without laws, without forms of government, without any authority over them; a race of wandering vagabonds, who had no settled habitation, but, when night came on, lay down to rest where chance directed them. At last, when Hercules

died (as the Africans think) in Spain, his army, composed of various nations, did not long hold together. Their leader being lost, a number of ambitious rivals aspired to the command, and in that contention the whole was soon dispersed. The Medes, the Persians, and Armenians, crossed over into Africa, and possessed themselves of the lands that lie contiguous to the Mediterranean; the Persians indeed penetrated farther towards the west, and settled near the Atlantic ocean; where, having laid their ships upside down, they made them serve as cottages. This expedient was necessary, as there were in the country no materials for the structure of edifices, and from Spain none could be imported. The passage from the ocean was too long, and the circumstance of their language being unintelligible to the people of Spain, made commerce between them altogether impracticable. In process of time they intermarried and mingled with the Getulians; and as they led a roving life in quest of fertile soil, they took the name of Numidians. In fact, to this very day, the huts of the peasantry, which are by them called *mapalia*, preserve the form of inverted ships, being all of considerable length, raised in the middle, and sloping towards the ends.

The Medes and Armenians were in a short time incorporated with the Libyans, who occupied the country that bordered on the African sea. The Getulians were advanced higher up the country, nearer to the south, and almost under the burning sun. The Libyans were divided from Spain by a narrow strait, and, having a short passage, they began to enter into trade and commerce with that country. Their name in time was corrupted by the Libyans, who called them, in their barbarous language, Mauri or Moors, instead of Medes. The Persians, however, soon found themselves in a flourishing condition, and population increased with such rapidity, that numbers of their issue, still calling themselves Numidians, emigrated from their families, and established themselves in the country which lies contiguous to Carthage, and goes by the name of Numidia. Having formed a close union among themselves, they were in a short time able, with their combined force, to subjugate their neighbours; or, by the terror of their name, to reduce them to submission. In this manner they acquired an extensive reputation; but none were so famous as those who made advances along the coast nearest to Rome. The Libyans who inhabited

those parts of the country were not so warlike as the Getulians, and, for that reason, were easily subdued. In consequence of these advantages, almost the whole of lower Africa fell under the dominion of the Numidians. The conquerors and the conquered held the same name, and formed one people.

XIX. The Phœnicians were the next adventurers on the coast of Africa. Their migration was partly occasioned by a desire to relieve their country from an overflow of numbers, and partly by the ambition of some, who aspired to supreme command, and who drew into their design the common people, and such as were fond of innovation. They built the cities of Hippo, Adrumetum, Leptis, and other maritime towns. These several places soon increased in strength, and in process of time were either a strong support, or an honour to their mother-country. Of Carthage I say nothing: to observe a total silence on such a subject, seems to me better than to say but little. My attention is now called to a different object.

I return to the plains of Catabathmos, which form the boundary between Africa and Egypt. As we trace the margin of the sea, the first city that occurs on the coast is Cyrene, found by a

colony from the isle of Theza. The two Syrtes are the next in succession. The city of Leptis stands between them, and not far from that place we find the altars of the Phileni, which terminate the Carthaginian state on the side of Egypt. There are on the coast some other Punic cities. The whole country from thence, as far as Mauritania, is subject to the Numidians. The lands nearer to Spain are occupied by the Moors. Beyond Numidia the Getulians are said to hold a large territory in their possession. Some of the inhabitants, we are told, dwell in cottages, and the rest, leading a more savage life, roam about without any settled habitations. Æthiopia is the next country, and beyond it are tracts parched up by the torrid sun. In the war with Jugurtha, Rome, by her own magistrates, administered law in most of the Punic cities, and through the territory held till lately by the Carthaginians. The greater part of the country of the Getulians, and also of the Numidians, as far as the river Mulucha, was in the hands of Jugurtha. Mauritania was under the dominion of Bocchus, a king to whom the Romans were known by name only, and who had not hitherto distinguished himself either in peace or war.

What I have said of Africa and its inhabitants, will be sufficient to illustrate the following history.

XX. Having made a division of Numidia, the commissioners returned to Rome. Upon that occasion, Jugurtha, finding that, instead of being punished for all his enormities, he was, contrary to his expectations, crowned with rewards and honours, could not help reflecting on what his friends had told him at Numantia, namely, that *all things were bought and sold at Rome.* Convinced of this truth, and further encouraged by the promises of the venal crew on whom he had lavished his bounty, he now began to conceive a deep design against Adherbal and his kingdom. He had great advantages on his side; bold, fierce, and warlike, he was opposed to a prince whose spirit was mild, and whose disposition was pacific; who exposed himself to his adversaries with the most simple openness, who feared every thing, and was to be feared in nothing. Jugurtha therefore, without loss of time, having collected a considerable force, made an irruption into Adherbal's territory, took a number of prisoners, seized a quantity of cattle and other booty; set fire to the buildings, and, at the head of his cavalry, ra-

vaged and laid waste the country. After this exploit he recalled his troops, and marched back to his own dominions. What he had done he conceived would be sufficient to provoke Adherbal to make reprisals, and, of course, light up the flames of war.

Adherbal, sensible of his inferiority, and placing his confidence more in the Romans than his own subjects, contented himself with sending ambassadors to state his grievances, and expostulate with Jugurtha. The deputies received violent and contumacious answers, and returned to their master, who still retained his pacific sentiments. He had already tried the fortune of war without success, and was now determined to bear every insult, rather than have recourse to arms.

Jugurtha however still persisted in his design: his ambition never once relented, and he had already in imagination overrun and conquered the whole of Adherbal's kingdom. He now resolved to change his measures, and not, as before, with a predatory band, but at the head of a powerful army, to make open war, with the avowed intention of rendering himself sole monarch of Numidia. Wherever he marched, his way was marked with ruin: cities were sacked and plunder-

ed; the country was laid waste, and immense plunder seized in every quarter: he omitted nothing to inflame the spirit of his men, and cover the enemy with consternation.

XXI. Adherbal, in this distressful situation, seeing that he must either abdicate his kingdom, or retain it by arms, took the alternative of collecting his forces and marching against Jugurtha. The two armies encamped in sight of each other, at a small distance from the sea, near the city of Cirta. The day being far advanced, no engagement happened. The greater part of the night being spent, and the dawn of day approaching, Jugurtha's soldiers, on a signal given, rushed with fury into the enemy's camp. Some were half asleep, others were snatching up their arms; and, in this confusion, they were either put to the sword, or compelled to fly. Adherbal, with a small band of cavalry, fled to the city of Cirta, so closely pursued, that if a body of Romans had not repulsed the Numidians from the walls, the war between the two kings would have been begun and ended in a single day.

Jugurtha invested the place. He advanced his towers, his covered galleries, and battering engines of every kind, and pressed the siege with all his vigour, in hopes of forcing the garrison to surrender, before the deputies, who he knew

had been dispatched by Adherbal before the battle, could be able to reach the city of Rome. But the senate had received intelligence, and, finding the war was actually commenced, they sent a deputation of three young men, with directions to see both kings, and inform them, in the name of the senate and Roman people, that they were required forthwith to lay down their arms, and refer their differences to the decision of law and justice, rather than to the force of arms; such conduct being most conformable to the dignity of Rome and the honour of the Numidian princes.]

XXII. The deputies without loss of time arrived in Africa. They used the utmost expedition, because, before their departure, the late battle and the siege of Cirta were a topic of conversation at Rome. The particulars, however, were not authenticated. The deputies opened their commission: Jugurtha told them in reply, "that nothing was greater, nothing dearer to him than the authority of the senate: from his earliest youth it had been the study of his life to merit the esteem of all good men. It was by virtuous, not by disingenuous actions, that he was admitted to the friendship of that illustrious character, Publius Scipio: by persevering in the same conduct he obtained the favour of

Micipsa, who made him his heir, not for the want of children of his own, but on account of the merit which he observed in him. The more he felt this consciousness of his own deserts, the less he was inclined to bow to the injustice of others. Adherbal was the aggressor: he formed a dark design against Jugurtha's life, and, the plot being discovered, measures were taken to counteract him. The Roman people would neither act a part consistent with their own honour, nor with the public good, if they debarred him from the due exercise of the law of nations. Upon the whole, he was determined, with all possible dispatch, to send deputies to Rome, with a full and clear account of all transactions." In this manner was closed the negotiation of the Roman ambassadors. They had no interview with Adherbal.

XXIII. Jugurtha, when he had reason to believe that the agents of Rome had sailed from Africa, began to see that Cirta was so strong by nature, that it could not be taken by storm. He therefore formed a close blockade; he made lines of circumvallation, sunk trenches round the walls, advanced high towers, and placed in each of them a strong military force: he continued indefatigable day and night, exerting all the efforts of force and of stratagem; at one time he

endeavoured to corrupt the garrison by bribes; at another he tried to reduce them by the strength of his arms. By promises, by warm exhortations, he did every thing to animate the valour of his men, and, in short, left nothing untried for his purpose. Adherbal was now reduced to the last extremity; his mortal enemy was pressing on every side; he saw no hope of relief; provisions were failing, and there was no possibility of carrying on the war. In this distress he selected two of his followers, the most bold and daring of those who had accompanied him in his flight, and thrown themselves into the town of Cirta. He represented his case to these two men; he excited their compassion, and, by adding liberal promises, prevailed upon them to find their way in the dead of night through the entrenchments of the enemy to the sea-side, and sail from thence to Rome. The two Numidians in a few days succeeded in their undertaking. (Adherbal's letter was read in the senate, and was in substance as follows:)

[XXIV. "That I resort to you so often, conscript Fathers, and trouble you with repeated solicitations, is not a fault to be imputed to me. The violence of Jugurtha is the cause. Bent on my destruction, he regards neither your authority, nor the vengeance of the immortal gods.

Nothing but my blood can appease his fury. It is now almost five months since I, the friend and ally of the Roman people, have been a prisoner close besieged. He forgets the favours conferred upon him by my father Micipsa. Your decrees he sets at defiance. I am pressed by famine and the sword, and which to dread most, I cannot say. Of Jugurtha I will add no more at present; my own wretched condition will not allow me to multiply complaints, and, besides, I know by experience that the language of misery is not always believed. It will be proper to observe, that this aspiring man aims at something more than my destruction. Can he hope to possess my kingdom, and at the same time to enjoy your friendship? Both are incompatible; which of the two is the object of his wishes, is too plain to admit of a doubt. His first exploit was the murder of my brother Hiempsal. Since that, I have been driven by him from my paternal dominions. But these are private injuries, in which you have no concern: there are others which affect you nearly: he has taken possession of a kingdom that belongs to you: you raised me to the throne of Numidia, and he keeps me close besieged. How much regard he paid to the deputies who delivered your orders, my distresses too plainly shew. What remedy is left?

It is for you to have recourse to arms: nothing else can make an impression on him. As to myself, I most sincerely wish, that what I now write, and what I urged in person at the bar of the senate, were a mere fiction, instead of being verified by the misery I endure. But since it is my unhappy lot to be made by Jugurtha a public spectacle of calamity, it is not to be delivered from death and misfortune that I now implore you: no; rescue me from the hands of the inhuman tyrant; let me not be his prisoner; save me from the torments which his barbarity has prepared. I ask no more. The kingdom of Numidia belongs to you; dispose of it as you think proper; but snatch me from the power of that barbarian: this is my humble supplication. I conjure you by the majesty of Rome, by the good faith of friendship, and the alliance I have had with you; and by the services of my grandfather Masinissa, if yet his virtues have a place in your memory."

XXV. This letter being read, a motion was made by some of the senators, that an army should be sent into Africa, in order to give immediate relief to Adherbal: in the mean time, they proposed that Jugurtha's want of deference to the Roman ambassadors should be taken into consideration. This was opposed by Jugurtha's

party: they exerted themselves to prevent such a decree, and sacrificed, as is too frequently the case, public good to private intrigue. It was, however, resolved to send ambassadors into Africa; and for this purpose they appointed a set of men, of high rank, who had been long versed in business, and had passed through the highest offices of the magistracy. At the head of them was Marcus Scaurus, who has been already mentioned. He was at that time of consular rank, and of the senate. These new commissioners, finding that the popular voice was loud against Jugurtha, and being strongly urged by the Numidian deputies, embarked in the space of three days. They had a short passage to Utica. From that place they sent a dispatch to Jugurtha, summoning him to attend them in the Roman province, and receive the orders which they brought with them from the senate.

Jugurtha was informed that the commissioners, who were sent to counteract his designs, were men of high rank and consequence at Rome. The news alarmed him; he felt himself torn by conflicting passions: the consequence of disobeying the orders of the senate was before his eyes; but a heart inflamed with rage for power, prompted him to persist in the

evil which he had begun. Fear at length yielded to ambition, which, in a heart like his, was irresistible. He drew up his forces round the town, with intent to carry it by a general assault, as, by compelling the besieged to divide their attention to different quarters, he conceived that he might be able, by force or stratagem, to make himself master of the place. His attempt not meeting with success, he saw the impossibility of gratifying his wish of getting Adherbal into his power, before he went to an interview with the Roman deputies; and fearing that delay might give offence to Scaurus, whose resentment he dreaded most, he proceeded with a small party of cavalry into the Roman province. He there was told, in a tone of menace, the high indignation with which the senate heard that he had not yet abandoned the siege. A long debate ensued, and in the end, the commissioners, without effecting any thing, returned to Rome.

XXVI. As soon as these transactions were known at Cirta, the adventurers from Italy, who were there in garrison, and had hitherto defended the place, began to consider that, protected by the majesty of Rome, they might safely surrender, without any danger to their persons. In this persuasion, they gave it as

their opinion to Adherbal that he would do well to yield himself and the town to Jugurtha, without any terms of capitulation, except the safety of his own person. For the rest, he might rely on the care of the senate. Adherbal was convinced that any expedient would be safer than the plighted faith of Jugurtha; but reflecting, at the same time, that it was in the power of those who proposed the measure to carry it into execution, in spite of all resistance on his part, he thought it best to comply, and accordingly submitted to the conqueror. Jugurtha seized him without delay, and put him to death, under the most excruciating torments. After this exploit, he gave to the sword all the young Numidian soldiers, and with them all the foreign traders, in one promiscuous carnage.

XXVII. As soon as this horrid massacre was known at Rome, the senate took it into consideration. In that assembly Jugurtha still had friends, who, by interrupting the speakers, by exerting all their influence, by protracting the debate, did all that was in their power to varnish the horror of his crimes. Certain it is, that if Caius Memmius *, tribune elect, a man of determined spirit, who stood firm in opposition

* See Note C.

to the pride of the nobles *, had not made it his business to inform the people at large, that a party in the senate were playing a game to serve the cause of Jugurtha, all resentment would have evaporated in frivolous debates, and that monster's guilt would have passed with impunity; such was the influence of party, and the power of Numidian money! But the senate, alarmed by the clamour of the people, felt a remorse of conscience, and, in conformity to the Sempronian law, proceeded to appoint governors of the provinces. Numidia and Italy were assigned to Publius Scipio Nasica, and Lucius Bestia Calphurnius, both consuls elect. Numidia fell to the lot of Calphurnius, and Italy to that of Scipio. Measures for raising an army, to be sent into Africa, were immediately taken; and a fund provided for the pay of the soldiers, and all the expense of the war.

XXVIII. Jugurtha received an account of these proceedings, which were altogether contrary to his expectations. It was still his fixed opinion that Rome was a scene of venality; and accordingly he dispatched his son, with two confidential friends, on an embassy to the

* See Note D.

senate. His instructions to these deputies were the same as he had formerly given to them whom he sent after the murder of Hiempsal, namely, *to make their approach to all men by bribery and corruption.* While they were on their way to Rome, Bestia convoked the senate to deliberate whether the deputies should be received within the walls. The Fathers decreed, that, if they did not come to submit both Jugurtha and his kingdom to the authority of the senate, they should depart out of Italy in the space of ten days at farthest. This resolution, by the order of the senate, was communicated by the consul, and the Numidians returned home without any kind of success.

Bestia in the mean time completed his levies, and, having formed the army, chose for his officers men of rank and intrigue, whose authority he hoped would be a sanction to his misconduct. Scaurus, of whose disposition and character we have already given some idea, was one of the number. As to the consul himself, he had many excellent qualities both of body and mind; but avarice was his ruling passion. He was patient of fatigue, of an active spirit, great circumspection, well versed in military affairs, firm in the moment of danger, and guarded against sur-

prise. His new-raised legions marched through Italy to Rhegium, and having crossed over to Sicily, sailed from thence to Africa. The consul had taken care to be provided with all necessaries, and by consequence entered Numidia in such force, that he took a number of prisoners, and several cities, by the strength of his arms.

XXIX. Jugurtha made his approaches to the Roman general by offers of money, and took care, at the same time, to paint to him in the strongest colours all the difficulties of the impending war. By these arts, a mind devoted to avarice was easily conquered: he chose, however, to act in concert with Scaurus, who, though he had in the beginning (when almost all of his faction sold themselves) taken a warm and violent part against the Numidian king, was now no longer proof against corruption, but received a vast sum of money, and forgot at once all principles of truth and honour.

Jugurtha, at first, had nothing in view but a delay of hostilities, conceiving that in the mean time he should be able to gain friends, and strengthen his interest at Rome. But when he learned that Scaurus took an active part in the negotiation, he flattered himself with hopes of obtaining a settled peace, and therefore resolved

to meet his two friends, and to negotiate in person the terms of a general compromise. To encourage him in this design, the consul, as a pledge for his security, sent Sextius the quæstor, to the city of Vacca, where Jugurtha had fixed his residence. For this step the pretext was, that Sextius was to receive a quantity of corn, which Calphurnius had required of Jugurtha's deputies, in return for the suspension of arms, which was granted to their master, while the terms of his surrender were under consideration. Matters being thus arranged, Jugurtha, as he had proposed, entered the Roman camp. He addressed the council of officers, and, having in a short speech endeavoured to palliate his guilt, desired that his surrender might be accepted. For the rest, he settled his terms in a private conference with Bestia and Scaurus. On the following day, without further debate, and without the formality of collecting the votes, his surrender passed in the affirmative. At the same time the consul made an order, that thirty elephants, some cattle and a number of horses, with a moderate sum of money, should be delivered to the quæstor. Jugurtha complied with the terms. This business finished, Bestia set out for Rome, in order to preside as consul at the election of magis-

trates. Numidia in the mean time, and the Roman army, remained in profound peace.

xxx. The transactions in Africa, and the conduct observed upon the occasion, being divulged at Rome, the consul and his administration engaged the attention of all classes of men. The people were loud and violent, and the senate involved in doubt and difficulty. Whether it were best to confirm a treaty so very base and dishonourable, or to declare it null and void, was a question that held them in most fluctuating suspense. Of this hesitation the prime cause was Scaurus, who was known to have acted in conjunction with Bestia, and indeed to have been his principal adviser. The weight and influence of this man were such, that the Fathers were deterred from deciding with honour and integrity. In the midst of this weakness and irresolution of the senate, Caius Memmius, whom we have already described as a person of undaunted spirit, and a determined enemy of the nobles, took every opportunity to harangue and inflame the populace: he exhorted them to assert their rights; he called upon them to stand firm in their country's cause, and not tamely to resign their liberty; he painted forth in glaring colours the pride, the arrogance, and the inhuman conduct of the nobles; and, in short,

omitted nothing that could stimulate the feelings of the multitude.

As the eloquence of this man was at that time in great celebrity, and made a deep impression on the public mind, I have judged it not improper to select one speech out of a number that he made, as a specimen of his manner. I shall choose, in particular, that which he spoke to an assembly of the people after the return of Bestia, and which ran as follows:

[XXXI. "A number of circumstances, O my fellow-citizens! conspire to deter me from taking any part in public affairs; but my zeal for the commonwealth is a motive that nothing can silence; not even the enormous power of the great, your tame submission, the utter ruin of all public justice, nor yet more strong the danger to which integrity is exposed, in times when to be honest is more perilous than profitable. I will not look back to your sufferings for fifteen years past; I will not call to mind the insults you have experienced during that time from a domineering faction; your best friends, the men who stood forth in your defence, have fallen a sacrifice, unpitied and unrevenged. Even now your spirit is debased by sloth and indolence; your enemies are defenceless, and you remain inactive

and terrified, in awe of men who ought to shrink into nothing before you.

"These, O Romans! are discouraging circumstances; but still to resist this imperious faction is the high and fixed resolution of my heart. Liberty is a blessing transmitted to me by my father, and it shall not lie idle in my hands. I am resolved to exert it; but whether effectually or not, will be for you, O Romans! to decide.

"Your ancestors, on many occasions, took up arms to redress their grievances, but that is a measure which in this juncture I do not desire you to adopt. There is no need of violence, no secession from the city is wanted; your enemies are working their own ruin; they must fall by their own misconduct. They murdered Tiberius Gracchus, alleging that he aspired to reign over you: and after that bloody catastrophe they fell with cruel prosecutions on the citizens of Rome. The tragical fate of Caius Gracchus and Marcus Fulvius followed in a few years after; former horrors were renewed, and numbers of your order were strangled in prison. When at length the scene of blood was closed, it was not the authority of the law that sheathed the sword: your tyrants were on both occasions sated with revenge; and then, only then, did the carnage cease. But let us suppose that to re-establish the rights

of the people is no better than an effort to grasp at sovereignty; be it granted, that when other retribution is wanting, the shedding of Roman blood is a necessary sacrifice to justice: what shall we say of all that you have suffered for a series of years? You have seen with silent indignation the treasury plundered; you have seen kings and free nations paying tribute to a few avaricious nobles, whom you behold in possession of all the riches and dignities of the state. They have done all this with impunity; they triumph in their guilt; and, to crown the whole, they now presume to sacrifice to your inveterate enemies the laws of the land, the majesty of empire, with all that is sacred to the gods, and dear to man. Amidst all these outrages, have they the grace to blush for their iniquity? Far otherwise. They display their grandeur to the public eye, and exult in their pontifical robes, their consular honours, and triumphal decorations; and all this pomp is exhibited as ostentatiously as if it were the reward of virtue, and not the fruit of rapine and usurpation.

"Let me ask you, will the purchased slave obey the unjust commands of a master? We know that he will not: and shall you, ye Romans! a people formed for empire, shall you tamely submit, and crouch under bondage?

"Consider for a moment, who those usurpers are who have made themselves masters of the commonwealth: men of the most flagitious characters, whose hands are stained with blood, and whose hearts are chilled by avarice; who are perpetrators of every crime and arrogators of every honour; who pay no regard to good faith, honour, virtue, or religion; but carry all to market, and make justice as venal as injustice.

"To what do these men owe their safety? To the murder of your tribunes, to their harassing prosecution of yourselves, and to the blood of Roman citizens which their hands have shed. Their guilt is their protection; and the most atrocious are the most secure. Fear they have none; your cowardice dispels it. They are all of one mind: they have the same desires, the same aversions, and the same fears; and congeniality of feeling is their bond of union. But this sympathy, which between honest men deserves the name of friendship, is a faction among the wicked, a dangerous confederacy in guilt.

"I may here observe, for it is a certain truth, that if you were as eager to assert your liberties as your enemies are to establish their usurpation, we should not see, as we now do, the commonwealth rent in pieces; and your favours, instead of being engrossed by a faction, would be the

reward of merit only. Your ancestors, with a zeal for liberty, and the constitution of a regular government, made an armed secession on two different occasions to Mount Aventine; and shall you be wanting in defence of that liberty which has been so spiritedly preserved to you by your forefathers? Your duty calls you to this splendid task; the more so, as it is more inglorious to lose what we possessed, than it would be never to have the spirit to demand it.

"Here, you will ask, what step do I advise you to take? To this I answer, Bring the men who have sold their country, to public justice; punish the traitors; but in doing it, use neither force nor violence: your enemies deserve the severest vengeance, but tumult and commotion are beneath the dignity of Roman citizens. Proceed in due course of law, make a strict inquiry, and let Jugurtha himself be examined. If it be true that he has surrendered at discretion, he will obey your orders; should he hesitate, and refuse to comply, you will see what sort of peace has been concluded, and what kind of submission has been admitted. You will see that the whole is a scene of fraud, by which Jugurtha and his crimes are to pass with impunity, the agents of corruption to receive enormous wealth, and the commonwealth to be disgraced and ruined.

"Can I suppose that you are not tired out by the tyranny of your masters? Can I think for a moment that you look with pleasure to the times when kingdoms, provinces, law and justice, war and peace, and, in short, all things divine and human were submitted to the grasp of a few leading usurpers? when you yourselves, that is, the Roman people, unconquered in war and masters of the world, were satisfied with the privilege of being suffered to exist? In that period was there a man among you bold enough to cast off the yoke? Though in my mind there is nothing so disgraceful as to let injuries pass unresented; yet I might on this occasion tolerate your lenity to these traitors, because the wretches are your fellow-citizens, if such ill-timed compassion were not absolute ruin to yourselves.

"Your oppressors are hardened in iniquity; generosity will make no impression on them; they must be disarmed of all power, and made incapable of renewing their mischief. There is no alternative: redress your grievances at once, or a state of continual anxiety must be your lot; you will find yourselves obliged to live in slavery, or in a perpetual struggle for the maintenance of your rights.

"Between you and your declared enemies what hope is there of peace? What concord can

be established? They want to be absolute, you desire to live in freedom; their wish is to oppress, and yours to repel oppression. To sum up all, your allies are treated by them as enemies, and your enemies as their best allies. Amidst such jarring sentiments who can hope for peace or unanimity?

"My voice is therefore for bringing the delinquents to punishment. The public treasury may have been pillaged, and sums of money extorted from your allies; but they are no part of the present charge; they are indeed enormous crimes, but so common, that they have now lost their name. The authority of the senate has been given up to an inveterate enemy, the Roman empire basely destroyed, and the commonwealth has been sold at home and abroad. These are the crimes that call aloud for vengeance; if they escape with impunity, if the malefactors are not brought to public judgment, what remains for us? what, but to be willing slaves under the despotic power of our oppressors, and crouch to them as kings, whose only law is their will?

"To conclude, my fellow-citizens: in all that I have said, it is by no means my intention to raise your resentment so high as to make you wish for the guilt of those whom you accuse: let

let them prove themselves innocent, if they can. All I desire is, that, by clemency to the wicked, you may not ruin the innocent. In all governments it is better to be ungrateful for services than forgetful of injuries. The citizen whose merits are neglected, may relax; but the vicious strengthen and are emboldened by impunity. Besides, while the latter are punished, the assistance of the former is less necessary."

XXXII. By this harangue, and the like maxims often inculcated, Caius Memmius prevailed on the people to send Lucius Cassius, at that time prætor, into Africa, with a commission to bring Jugurtha to Rome, under a solemn pledge of the public faith. The evidence of the Numidian prince, they had no doubt, would bring to light the guilt of Scaurus and his associates, who were accused of having sold themselves to Jugurtha. During these transactions at Rome, the officers to whom Bestia had intrusted the command of the army in Numidia, following the example of their general, were guilty of many base and scandalous enormities. Some, having received their price, restored to Jugurtha the elephants which he had delivered to the Romans: others, for a bribe, sent back the deserters; and several enriched themselves by plundering provinces in profound peace with Rome.

such was the spirit of rapacity, which, like a contagion, infected the minds of all.

As soon as Memmius published the ordinance of the people, which threw the whole body of the nobles into consternation, Cassius, the prætor, proceeded on his way to Jugurtha, whom he found much alarmed, and trembling at the reproaches of his conscience: he represented to him, however, that, since he had in form surrendered himself, his wisest measure would be, to rely on the clemency of the Roman people, rather than provoke their resentment. In addition to this, he privately pledged his own word, which Jugurtha held equivalent to a public engagement; such was the light in which the character of Cassius stood at that time.

XXXIII. Jugurtha accompanied Cassius to Rome, divested of all his royal splendour, and in a garb designed to excite compassion. The firmness of his mind was still unshaken; and he was moreover assured of assistance from those men who by their influence and villany had encouraged him in the perpetration of the crimes already stated; but not content with those advantages, he contrived to find, by the force of bribery, another bulwark to his cause, in the person of Caius Bæbius, tribune of the people; a man of a bold and turbulent disposi-

tion, capable of protecting him, in defiance of law and justice.

Memmius called an assembly of the people; the multitude was enraged against the Numidian prince: some declared, that he ought to be loaded with fetters; others, that, if he did not discover his accomplices, he ought, according to ancient usage, to suffer death as a public enemy. Memmius opposed this fury; and having at heart the dignity of the commonwealth, more than the gratification of resentment, exerted himself to control the tumult, declaring his resolution not to suffer any violation of the public faith. The rage of the populace was appeased, and, silence being at length obtained, Jugurtha was led forth. Memmius opened his harangue, and entered into a detail of the crimes perpetrated by the prince at Rome as well as in Numidia; he painted forth, in glaring colours, his ingratitude to the best of fathers, and the murder of his two brothers; he added, that the people of Rome, though they knew by certain information who were his advisers and abettors, still looked for further proof to himself. If he made a full and true discovery, he had every thing to hope from the known clemency and good faith of the Roman people: if, on the contrary, he remained silent and obdurate, his friends would not be

sheltered, and all his own hopes would be blasted.

XXXIV. Memmius closed his speech, and Jugurtha was ordered to reply. In that instant Caius Bæbius, the tribune of the people, who, as has been mentioned, had received a bribe, commanded the prince to remain silent: and though the multitude assembled on the occasion expressed the most violent indignation, and by their clamours, by their looks, by intemperance, and by all that rage can inspire, endeavoured to deter the tribune from his purpose; yet still the impudence of the magistrate was superior to all. The people, thus defeated, left the place, and Jugurtha, Bestia, and their adherents, who dreaded the consequences of the intended inquiry, took courage from the event.

XXXV. There was at this time, in the city of Rome, a Numidian, by name Massiva, the son of Gulussa, and grandson of Masinissa. In the war between the three Numidian princes he had acted against Jugurtha, and, on the surrender of Cirta, and the inhuman murder of Adherbal, found it necessary to make his escape from Africa. Spurius Albinus, who with Quintus Minucius Rufus succeeded Bestia in the consulship, advised this man to become a suitor to the senate for the kingdom of Numi-

dia, to which his descent from Masinissa gave him a fair pretension; which was likely too to be strengthened by the situation of Jugurtha, who had rendered himself an object of detestation, and had every thing to fear. Albinus panted for an opportunity to display his military talents, and rather than allow the times to languish, wished to throw every thing into confusion. He had obtained by lot the province of Numidia, and Minucius that of Macedonia. In compliance with the advice of the consul, Massiva pressed his solicitations. Jugurtha was alarmed; the protection of his friends began to look precarious; some of them felt a remorse of conscience, others knew that their characters were already blasted, and were afraid of venturing farther into guilt. In this distress Jugurtha applied to Bomilcar, his nearest and most faithful friend, and gave him peremptory orders, "to proceed by the means which he had often successfully employed, and by dint of money to hire a band of assassins to cut off Massiva with all possible secrecy; or, if secrecy were unattainable, at any rate to destroy him."

Bomilcar was expeditious, and soon found a set of ruffians who were skilled in the trade of murder. By their means he learned the ways and roads that Massiva generally chose, his time

of going abroad, and, in short, all his haunts and his movements. Being thus informed, he seized the opportunity, and placed his men in ambush for the purpose. One of the hirelings rushed upon Massiva, and killed him upon the spot; but, not having done the deed with due precaution, the villain was seized, and being urged by numbers to confess, particularly by Albinus the consul, he made a full discovery. A prosecution was accordingly instituted against Bomilcar, founded, it is true, on the eternal rules of justice, but not warranted by the law of nations, as he came to Rome in the train of Jugurtha, to whom the public faith was solemnly pledged. Jugurtha saw that his guilt stood openly detected, but still exerted all his efforts to controvert the fact; nor desisted from the attempt till he was clearly convinced that the detestation of mankind was not to be silenced by the interest of friends or the weight of money. He therefore changed his purpose, and, though in the prosecution commenced against Bomilcar he had given fifty of his friends as bail for his appearance, he was now more solicitous for his own interest in Numidia than for the sureties whom he had engaged. He therefore ordered Bomilcar to return with all possible secrecy to Numidia, fearing that, were

such a man to be executed, the rest of his subjects would revolt from their allegiance. He himself, having received orders from the senate to depart out of Italy, in a few days after set off for Africa. We are told, that when he was gone beyond the gates of Rome, having frequently looked back without uttering a word, he at last broke silence, and exclaimed, "Mercenary city, and ready for destruction whenever a purchaser shall be found to take thee!"

XXXVI. The war was now renewed, and Albinus, who had the conduct of it, used his utmost diligence to convey to Africa a sufficient fund of money and provisions, with whatever else was necessary for the operations of an army. He embarked soon after, in hopes of being able, by a complete victory, by terms of capitulation, or by some other means, to put an end to the contest before the time for the annual election of magistrates, which was then approaching. Jugurtha, on the contrary, studied nothing so much as delay; he made use of various artifices to draw matters into length; he proposed terms of capitulation, and then, as if in terror, retracted them: if the enemy advanced he sounded a retreat; and on a sudden, that his men might not be disheartened, made a show of going to battle. In this manner, by

a mixture of hostility and evasion, he contrived to delude the Roman general. The conduct of Albinus did not escape suspicion; he was supposed by many to act in concert with the Numidian king; the ardour with which he opened the campaign was contrasted with the inactivity that followed, and the change was imputed to corruption, not to inability. The time, however, was consumed to no good purpose, and the general election approaching fast, Albinus set off for Rome, leaving the command of the army to his brother Aulus, in the character of prætor.

XXXVII. Rome, at this time, was distracted by divisions among the tribunes. Publius Lucullus and Lucius Annius, two of that body, formed a design to be continued in office, in opposition to the opinion of their colleagues. The contest was fierce and obstinate, and the consequence was, that during the whole year no assembly was held for the election of magistrates. Aulus, who, as already mentioned, had the command in Africa in quality of pro-prætor, conceived that he might turn the delay to his own advantage. By one decisive blow he hoped to put an end to the war, or by the terror of his arms to extort a sum of money from the Numidian king. With this intent, in the

month of January, he drew out his men from winter quarters, and, by forced marches, in spite of the rigour of the season, arrived before the walls of Suthul, the depository of the king's treasure. The inclemency of the winter, and the situation of the place, not only rendered it impregnable, but even made a siege impracticable. The town was built upon the edge of a craggy steep, surrounded by a strong fortification, and a wide marshy plain, which, at that time, was entirely overflowed by the winter rains. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Aulus, either with a design of striking terror into Jugurtha, or blinded with the avaricious hope of possessing so rich a place, advanced his towers, threw up his ramparts, and prepared all the works necessary for a siege.

[XXXVIII. Jugurtha soon perceived that the pro-prætor was a man of great presumption, without military talents, and left no art unemployed to encourage him in his visionary schemes. He sent messenger after messenger with the humblest supplications, and, in the mean time, affecting all the appearance of panic, he retired with his army through defiles and the most secret routes. By these artifices Aulus was made to expect a speedy surrender; and under that impression he abandoned the siege of Su-

thul. Jugurtha still, with all the appearance of fear, fled before the Roman army to remote and secret places, where he conceived that his dark designs would be better crowned with success. During his retreat he contrived, both by day and night, to have his agents diffused through the Roman army, in order to seduce the men from their duty. Numbers of the officers, both of infantry and cavalry, were bribed; and others agreed, upon a signal given, to desert their colours. Having in this manner concerted all his measures, the Numidian king called out his forces in the dead of night, and surrounded Aulus in his camp. The Romans were thrown into consternation; some snatched up their arms, some fled to lurking-places, and others endeavoured to animate their astonished comrades. All was terror and confusion; the numbers of the enemy, the gloom and horror of midnight, all conspired to aggravate the calamity. The danger was double; and whether it would be safer to stand or fly, was a question at the moment of most dreadful uncertainty.

In this scene of uproar and confusion, a Ligurian cohort, and two companies of Thracian cavalry, followed by a small number of common soldiers, all bribed, as has been mentioned, deserted to Jugurtha. With these two went

the first centurion of the third legion: this man had been charged with the defence of a strong post; but he betrayed his trust, and opened a passage to the Numidians, who made a furious irruption into the camp. The Romans, in a general panic, threw down their arms, and fled to a neighbouring hill. Jugurtha's victory would have been complete, if the darkness of the night, and a rage for plunder, had not diverted the impetuosity of his men.

On the following day Jugurtha had an interview with Aulus. In that conference he told the Roman commander, "that though he and his army were closely surrounded, and all upon the point of perishing by famine or the sword, yet the conqueror could not forget the vicissitudes of human affairs; but was still willing, if Aulus agreed to the terms, to conclude a treaty. The conditions were, that the vanquished should pass under the yoke, and in the space of two days evacuate Numidia." Harsh and degrading as this proposal was, the fear of death prevailed, and peace was signed upon the terms prescribed.

XXXIX. The event being known at Rome, the whole city was covered with grief and consternation. Some mourned the disgrace of their military glory; while others, who were indif-

ferent about the war, now thought their liberties in danger. Aulus was the object of public execration; all were loud against him, and particularly those officers who had seen service, and acquired a reputation by their valour. They spoke with general indignation of the man, who, sword in hand, could submit to such inglorious terms, and prefer a disgraceful safety to the danger of an honourable resistance.

While the public mind was in this agitation, Albinus, the consul, alarmed by the clamour which his brother's misconduct had raised, and dreading some personal danger, thought proper to refer the treaty to the consideration of the senate; and while the matter was depending, exerted his utmost diligence to raise recruits for the army. He collected auxiliaries from the Latins; he applied to the allies of Rome; and, in short, did every thing to have the necessary preparations in the utmost forwardness. The senate came to a resolution, and, agreeably to the rules of justice, decreed, that no treaty could be good or valid, to which neither they nor the people had consented. The consul, finding himself fettered by the interposition of the tribunes of the people, who would not suffer the forces lately levied to embark for Africa, set sail notwithstanding, in a few days, without

them, and joined the army, which, according to the stipulated terms, having evacuated Numidia, were now in winter-quarters in the Roman province. His design, on his arrival, was to march in force against Jugurtha, and thereby appease the clamours that were raised against his brother: but he soon perceived that, after their late flight, the soldiers had not yet revived their drooping spirit; and that, all discipline being relaxed, the whole army was enervated by sloth and licentiousness. He resolved therefore, for these reasons, to remain inactive.

XL. At Rome, in the mean time, Caius Manilius Limetanus, one of the tribunes of the people, proposed an ordinance, by the authority of which a prosecution should be carried on against all who by their counsels encouraged Jugurtha to disregard the decrees of the senate; against those who, in their capacity of commanders, or acting as commissioners, had suffered themselves to be bribed; against those too who gave up to Jugurtha his elephants and deserters; and also against the men who had presumed to treat with a public enemy on the subject of peace or war.

There were several who saw that the law was directed against themselves, and yet could not venture to oppose it. Some felt too conscious

of their guilt to resist it; others were afraid of falling a sacrifice in the conflict of parties; they therefore adopted another course, and assumed the air of assenting to the proposed ordinance, and to any other measures of this kind that were necessary; while, at the same time, they used their utmost exertions, by secret intrigue, and by their interest with the Latins and the Italian cities, to throw every obstacle in the way of such proceedings. The people, on the other hand, persisted in their purpose. It is almost incredible with what firmness they acted, with what zeal they declared their minds, and how spiritedly they voted for the ordinance, and ordered it to pass into a law. The motive that inflamed their minds was, at the bottom, rather a strong detestation of the nobles, than a sincere regard for the good of the state—such, in that juncture, was the violence of party spirit.

The nobles were terrified, and many of them disappeared; the people exulted, and the whole city was in commotion. In this crisis Marcus Scaurus, who, as above related, had been lieutenant-general under Bestia, had the address, upon the appointment of three commissioners to act under the Manilian law, to get himself made one of the number. The prosecutions

were carried on with extreme rigour, embittered and inflamed by the turbulent humours of the people, who were hurried, on the occasion, into all that insolence of victory which they had often experienced the effects of from the nobility.

XLI. The origin of these party divisions, these feuds between the people and the senate, with all the train of evils that attended them, began at Rome a few years before this period, and were the offspring of that abundant ease, that luxury, which corrupts all mankind.

It is observable, that, before the destruction of Carthage, a perfect harmony subsisted between the senate and the people, both together conducting the administration of affairs with good sense and unanimity. Ambition and the love of power were unknown; nor did any subject of contention exist. As long as there was a fear of foreign encroachments, it operated to preserve good order at home; but that jealousy being removed, pride and luxury, the usual vices of prosperity, rushed in, and bore down every principle before them. The consequence was, that tranquillity, which had been the object of their wishes in time of war and danger, proved, when at last attained, the most fatal mischief. The nobility began to display

their dignities with pride, and the people grew wanton in the exercise of their rights. Self-interest became the only principle of conduct, and rapine and extortion were the order of the day. The community was divided into two parties, and between them both the commonwealth fell to ruin.

The nobles, it is true, were the most powerful faction: the popular party was under many disadvantages; their strength being diffused through a large multitude, who were, therefore, not able to form a compact body, and, by consequence, were weaker in opposition. A few leading men became absolute masters, and directed all matters, foreign and domestic. The treasury, the provinces, the magistrates, all public honours, and even triumphs, were at their disposal. Service in war, and poverty at home, were the portion of the people. The commanders of armies seized the spoils of victory for themselves and their favourites. Nor was this all: the parents and the children of soldiers, if they happened to dwell in the vicinity of a powerful man, were driven from their settlements. In this manner rapacity and despotism engrossed all that was valuable; and the most unqualified spirit of avarice plundered and violated every thing. Without remorse,

without any distinction of right and wrong, the nobles persisted in their wild career, till they brought themselves to the very brink of destruction. For at length a few were found, even among their own rank, who fairly shewed that the love of true fame was paramount in their minds to vain glory and injustice. From that moment the city was thrown into commotion, and civil discord raged as if the elements of nature were at war.

XLII. Such was the state of affairs on the first appearance of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves in the service of their country in the Carthaginian and other wars. The two brothers stood forth to vindicate the rights of the people, and expose the iniquities of the reigning faction. The nobility took the alarm; conscious of their guilt, and dreading the consequences, they combined their strength against the Gracchi; they paid court to the allies in Italy; they invited the Latin state; they intrigued with the Roman knights, a set of men who hoped to share the spoils of their country, and with that view detached themselves from the cause of the people. The faction, thus supported, murdered Tiberius Gracchus, then one of the tribunes. In a few years after they fell upon Caius, who was treading

in his brother's steps, and with him destroyed Marcus Fulvius Flaccus, both appointed to the office of triumvirs, for the purpose of planting colonies. The Gracchi, it must be acknowledged, were zealous patriots, but their measures were not conducted with prudence or moderation: it should be the ruling principle of a good mind to bear an injury with submission, rather than redress it in a manner unworthy of him.

The nobles after these exploits were flushed with victory. They gave a loose to their resentments; and by the sword or banishment swept away a number of citizens. By their cruel proceedings they made themselves terrible, but added nothing to their power. They pursued a system of politics which has often been the ruin of great and flourishing states. In the conflict of parties, both sides aim at victory by any means, and the side that obtains it thinks of nothing but exercising their vengeance on the vanquished. But to give a minute description of our various factions, and the manners of those tempestuous times, would require a dissertation on the subject, for which I have abundant materials, but not the time that would be necessary to make use of them. I return therefore to my history.

XLIII. After the treaty made by Aulus, and the disgraceful flight of the Roman army, Metellus and Silanus entered on the consulship. Each had his province assigned to him. That of Numidia fell to the lot of Metellus; a man of keen active genius, and, though adverse to the popular party, of an unblemished and highly respected character. He considered the duties of the consulship as a trust reposed in his colleague equally with himself; and therefore made the war, which he was to conduct, the sole object of his attention. Thinking that he could not rely upon his army in Numidia, he made it his business to raise new levies; he drew auxiliaries from all quarters; procured a store of arms, a number of horses, plenty of provisions, and, in short, whatever he foresaw might be wanted in a war big with difficulties, and subject to various vicissitudes. He was seconded in all his measures by the warm assistance of the senate, by the allies of Italy, and the people of Latium. Succours were also sent to him by several princes, and, finally, the whole city of Rome with the warmest zeal and emulation contributed. Having at length arranged his preparations, he embarked for Numidia, followed by the most cordial wishes of his fellow-citizens, who were all elate with sanguine

hopes of brilliant success, not merely on account of his military character, but because they considered him as a man inaccessible to all pecuniary temptations. The avarice of former commanders, it was well known, was the sole cause of all our disasters in Numidia, and of the boasted success of the enemy.

[XLIV. As soon as Metellus arrived in Africa, Spurius Albinus, the proconsul, resigned to him the command of the army; but it was an army whose spirits were broken by sloth, who were unable to encounter danger or endure fatigue, and more inclined to boast of their valour, than to exert it. Their chief employment was to plunder their allies, while they themselves tamely submitted to the depredations of the enemy. Authority and discipline had been a long time neglected; and, in short, the dissolute manners of the soldiers threatened more of trouble to the new general than their numbers seemed to promise either of hope or advantage.

The election of annual magistrates, which was prevented by a contest among the tribunes of the people, being soon to take place, Metellus saw that he could only hope for a short summer campaign. He was aware that all eyes at Rome were fixed on him, and that the public mind was erect and eager with expectation of a decisive blow.

He resolved notwithstanding, not to open the campaign till he had raised the ancient discipline, and inured the soldiers to their duty.

We have seen that Albinus, disheartened by the defeat of his brother Aulus and the army under his command, formed a resolution to remain within the bounds of the Roman province. From that time, during the rest of the summer, he kept his men encamped, never changing his situation, unless compelled by contagious exhalations or by want of forage; in addition to this inactivity, there was a total neglect of military discipline; no centinels were stationed at their posts; the common men wandered from their colours, according to their own caprice; the followers of the camp, mixing with the soldiers, roamed abroad day and night, and committed depredations wherever they went; they laid waste the fields; alarmed the villages, and contended among themselves for the cattle and the people they carried off. They drove a trade with the merchants, and exchanged their booty for wine and other commodities; the very corn which was distributed among them at the public expense, they carried to market, choosing rather to buy their bread from day to day. Upon the whole, it is not in the power of imagination to invent, or of language to express, an instance of

riot and debauchery, which was not to be found in that dissolute army.

XLV. In struggling with these difficulties, Metellus was the same great and able man which he afterwards proved himself in the conduct of the war, and mingled conciliation with strictness most admirably. He began with an edict, which went at once to the root of all idleness and dissipation. His order was, that no man should presume to sell bread or dressed victuals of any kind within the precincts of the camp; that no sutler should mix with the army; and that no common soldier should have either a slave, or a beast of burden, in the camp, or on a march. He reformed all other abuses with consummate skill; he shifted his situation every day, and marched through difficult roads, throwing up palisades on every spot where he pitched his camp, and sinking trenches with as much caution as if the enemy was at hand. Exact in posting centinels, he changed them frequently, and, with his lieutenant-generals, went the round to visit them. On a march he shewed the same personal activity, and was occasionally at the head of the line, sometimes in the rear, and often in the centre, taking care by these means that none should quit his proper rank, but that all should keep near their colours in a body, and

that each man should carry his own provisions as well as his arms. In this manner, by preventing, rather than by punishing offences, he restored good order, and revived the spirit of his army.

XLVI. In the mean time Jugurtha received from his agents intelligence of all that passed, with a full account of the measures concerted by Metellus. He had reason, when at Rome, to believe that this man was of unshaken honour, and, having no further confidence in his own strength, he now began in earnest to think of an unfeigned submission. With this intent, he dispatched ambassadors to the consul, with instructions to surrender every thing to the Romans, without any reserve, except a stipulation for his own life, and that of his children.

Metellus was no stranger to the character of the Numidians: he knew by experience that they were a faithless race, of a versatile genius, and ever prone to innovations. He therefore chose to hold a separate conference with each of the ambassadors, and having sounded their dispositions, judged them apt and fit for his purpose. To these men he made ample promises, upon condition that they would bring him Jugurtha, alive if possible; or, if that could not be, that they should deliver him up dead. He af-

terwards, in a public audience, stated the terms he required, and sent them with his answer to their king.

Metellus, in a few days after, at the head of an army, well regulated, and eager for enterprise, entered Numidia. The country presented no appearance of war; the cottages were filled with inhabitants, the fields with herds of cattle, and the labourers were busy at their work. Jugurtha's officers, from their several towns and villages, advanced to meet the army, with offers of corn, ready to bring a supply of provisions, and to execute all orders whatever. The consul was not the less circumspect; as if the enemy had been near at hand, he kept his ranks in close array, and marched in regular order, taking care by his scouts to explore the country round. He placed no confidence in the terms that had been offered, as the whole, he thought, might be a mere delusion, calculated to draw him into a snare.

He therefore marched in compact order, in the front of a select body of light-armed cohorts and a band of slingers and archers. His lieutenant-general Caius Marius, at the head of the cavalry, brought up the rear. In the wings were stationed the auxiliary horse, under the command of the legionary tribunes and

the præfects of the cohorts, who had besides intermixed in the lines the light-armed infantry; and by this arrangement the general had no doubt that the Numidian cavalry, if they dared to hazard an attack, would be repulsed on every side. All this precaution was deemed necessary against a man like Jugurtha, who to a perfect knowledge of the country added consummate craft and skill in the art of war, insomuch that it was not easy to decide, whether he was most to be dreaded at a distance or near at hand, when offering terms of capitulation or when engaged in open hostility.

XLVII. A city of Numidia, known by the name of Vacca, lay at a small distance from the road pursued by Metellus. It was a great mart for commerce, highly celebrated throughout that kingdom. A great number of merchants from Italy resided there, and carried on an extensive trade. Metellus ordered a garrison thither, with the twofold design, of trying the temper of the enemy, and also of taking advantage of the situation. He moreover required of the inhabitants to carry in a store of provisions and other necessaries. In such a station, he concluded also, as was natural, that the conflux of merchants, and the great affluence of the place, would keep his magazines well supplied, and enable him to maintain a garrison in a post

so convenient to the execution of all his projects.

During these transactions Jugurtha wished for nothing so much as a final accommodation. He sent repeated supplications by his ambassadors, and offered, for the sake of peace, to deliver up every thing in his possession, without any kind of reserve, except his own life and that of his children.

Metellus tampered with the new ambassadors, as he had done with the former, and having prevailed on them to betray their master, dismissed them without either a promise or refusal of the peace proposed. By thus procrastinating he gained time to wait the issue of the plan which he had concerted.

XLVIII. Jugurtha, on comparing the language of Metellus with his actions, plainly saw that his own duplicity was retaliated upon him. He found himself amused with an idea of peace, while the war was prosecuted with vigour; a city of the first importance was wrested from him; the country round lay open to the enemy; and his subjects, allured by promises, appeared to be on the eve of a revolt. Surrounded by all these difficulties, he resolved to have recourse to arms.

With this intent he took care to learn by some intelligence the route of the Roman army, and, knowing the course of the country, conceived hopes of obtaining a decisive victory; he therefore, with the utmost expedition, collected recruits of every kind, and marching at the head of a prodigious multitude through devious paths, got the start of Metellus.

In the part of Numidia which fell to the share of Adherbal there was a river called Muthul, which flowed down from the south, at the distance of about twenty miles from a vast mountain extending as many miles in length, barren and untouched by human culture. In the middle of the country that lay between the mountains and the river, there was a hill of prodigious length, covered with olive-trees, with myrtles, and the various shrubs that thrive in a dry and sandy soil. The plain that opens at the foot of the hill, was waste and barren, there being no where a drop of water, except on the borders of the river, where were to be seen plantations, herds of cattle, and labourers of the soil.

XLIX. Of this hill, which obstructed the Romans on their march, Jugurtha took possession, and there formed a long and extended line. He gave the command of the elephants and a body

of infantry to Bomilcar, with directions for his conduct: he himself, with all his cavalry, and the flower of the infantry, chose a station near the foot of the hill. Having made these arrangements, he rode through the lines of his army, conjuring them, by their brave exploits and by their late success, to defend themselves and their native kingdom from the Roman invader. They had now to do with men whom they had lately vanquished, and passed under the yoke; men who had changed their general, but retained the same dastardly disposition. What could be done by their king, he had taken care to execute. The advantage of the ground was theirs: they knew the course of the country, and the Romans were strangers. In the ensuing battle they were not to encounter an enemy superior either in numbers or in military skill. They had but to hold themselves in readiness, and, at the first sound of the signal, to rush forward to the attack. This day would either crown their toils with victory, or be followed by a train of countless calamities. Having closed his harangue, he addressed himself man by man to such as he had distinguished for their valour, by preferment, or by pecuniary rewards; he called to their minds his acts of generosity; he pointed them out not as an example to others; and adapting his words to the different

genius of each, he by promises, threats, and exhortations, roused the courage of all.

Metellus, in this crisis, unapprized of the motions and situation of the enemy, was seen with his army descending from the mountain. The country round him presented a scene so very unusual, that he stood for some time in doubt and astonishment. The Numidians with their cavalry had fixed their station among the thickets, which, though not quite high enough entirely to conceal them, yet, from the nature of the place, and the position which the Numidians had taken, produced an appearance which deceived the eye considerably. It was, however, soon perceived that the enemy lay in ambush, upon which the consul thought fit to halt, and change the order of his army. He reinforced the right wing, which was opposed to the enemy, with three additional cohorts; arranged the slingers and archers in proper places among the infantry, placed the whole of the cavalry in the wings, and, after an address to his soldiers, such as suited the emergency of the moment, he marched in this order towards the open plain.

L. The Numidians made no attempt to move, but kept their position on the hill. Upon seeing which, Metellus, who, in that season of the year, and in a country parched for want of

water, began to fear that his army might suffer by drought, dispatched Rutilius, a lieutenant-general, at the head of some light-armed cohorts and a party of horse, with orders to march with expedition to the borders of the river, and mark out the ground for a camp. He then prepared for his march over the plain, having no doubt but the Numidians would use their utmost efforts to harass his men by frequent skirmishes and sudden assaults on the flank of the army; as this mode of assailing his troops and wearing them out with drought and fatigue, seemed to be the only system left to an enemy who dreaded the hazard of a general engagement. In this expectation, seizing his opportunities in point of time, and judging of the course of the country, he advanced, by slow marches, with the same care that he observed in the descent from the mountain. He gave to Marius the command in the centre, and led in person the cavalry stationed in the left wing, which, in the order of the march, was then the van of the army.

Jugurtha remained quiet, till he saw that the rear of the Roman army had passed beyond his foremost lines. In that moment he detached two thousand infantry to take possession of that part of the mountain by which the Romans had descended, intending, by this expedient, that it

should not be a retreat for a vanquished army. He then, without delay, gave the signal of attack, and, with his whole force, began a general assault.

The rear of the Romans suffered a prodigious slaughter; the wings were assailed in all quarters; the enemy advanced with impetuosity; they charged with fury; they broke our ranks, and covered the field with disorder and confusion: even the men, who advanced against them with the greatest intrepidity, found all their efforts eluded by this new mode of fighting. They were wounded by an enemy at a distance, without being able to return the wounds; and to come to a close engagement was impossible. The Numidian cavalry, instructed beforehand by Jugurtha, as soon as the Roman horse advanced, betook themselves to flight, not in a compact body, but dispersed and disorderly; and, though they could not by this artifice deter our men from the pursuit, yet having the advantage of superior numbers, they were able to wheel about, and fall upon our ranks either in flank or in the rear. When they found it necessary to retreat, and preferred the hill to the open plain, their horses, inured to the briers and brambles, escaped with celerity, while those of the Romans, unused to a steep and intricate ascent, were unable to pursue them.

LI. The field presented a spectacle of horror, of dreadful vicissitudes, blood, and destruction; both armies fighting in scattered parties; some flying, others pursuing; no rank preserved; none following their colours; each man engaging on the spot where he happened to be attacked; swords and javelins, men and horses, enemies and fellow-subjects, mixed promiscuously together; nothing done by judgment, nothing by command; the whole left to chance and wild confusion. The consequence was, that towards the close of day the event was still uncertain.

At length, when both sides were well nigh exhausted by fatigue and the intense heat, Metellus, observing that the Numidians began to relax, seized the opportunity to rally his men; and, having formed the ranks, drew up four legionary cohorts in order of battle, to oppose the Numidian infantry, a considerable part of which, worn out with toil, had retired to the high grounds. The consul addressed his men, and by exhortations, and the most earnest entreaties, conjured them to exert their valour, and not yield the victory to a flying enemy: he bade them remember that they had no camp, no fortified place, to which they could retreat; a vigorous use of their arms was all they had to depend upon.

Jugurtha, on his part, did not remain inactive: he rode through the ranks; he visited all quarters; he animated, he exhorted his men; he exerted all his efforts to renew the fight; he advanced at the head of a select band; supported his troops where he saw them giving ground; fell with fury on the broken lines of the Romans; and, where they made a firm resistance, annoyed them at a distance with his missive weapons.

LII. Such was the struggle between the two generals; both excellent officers, equally possessed of military talents, but not in like manner supported by their troops. Metellus, at the head of a brave and well-disciplined army, had all the disadvantages of the ground; Jugurtha had every thing in his favour, except that he was not seconded by his soldiers. At length the Romans, knowing that they had no place of strength to cover their retreat, and seeing that the enemy avoided a general action, resolved, as night was then coming on, to lose no time, but, in obedience to their orders, to force their way up the hill. The Numidians were driven from their post, but without slaughter: they fled in all directions, protected by their swiftness and the intricacy of the country.

Amidst this scene of distraction, Bomilcar, who, as has been mentioned, had the command

of the elephants, and a body of infantry, perceived that Rutilius, with his whole detachment, had, according to orders, passed beyond him, on his march towards the river. He therefore seized the opportunity to draw his men, by slow degrees, down to the open plain; and having there, with all the caution that the occasion required, formed his lines in order of battle, he made it his business, by his scouts, to gain intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. He was at length informed, that Rutilius had pitched his camp, and thought his position secure from danger. He heard, at the same time, a prodigious clamour and increasing shouts from the Numidians engaged in battle under Jugurtha; and, lest Rutilius, alarmed by the sound of victory, should return to support the broken ranks of the Romans, he judged it best, in order to counteract Rutilius on his march, to extend the front of his lines, which at first he had condensed in close ranks, with the hopes of making his men act more firmly. In this new order he proceeded to seek Rutilius in his camp.

LIII. The Romans, who were posted there, suddenly perceived a cloud of dust arising. In a country covered with thickets, the approach of men could not be distinguished. The notion therefore was, that the appearance was nothing

more than the effect of the wind sweeping the surface of the sandy soil. In a little time, however, the thickness in the air continuing undiminished, and, as the army advanced, approaching nearer, the cause was perfectly understood. The Romans, in the instant, snatched up their arms, and, in obedience to the word of command, arranged themselves before their camp in order of battle.

The enemy advanced to the charge, and both sides setting up a shout, a fierce engagement followed. The Numidians maintained their ground as long as they could rely upon their elephants: but as soon as they saw those animals embarrassed amongst the shrubs and bushes, and surrounded by our soldiers, they abandoned the fight, and, throwing down their arms, fled to the neighbouring hill. The steep ascent favoured their retreat, and, under cover of the night, they escaped from the Roman sword. Four elephants were taken, and the rest, to the number of forty, were slaughtered on the spot.

The Romans were well nigh exhausted by their march, by their labour at their entrenchments, and the hurry of the battle; but their victory made them ample amends for all. Yet still, not understanding why Metellus delayed to join them, they formed their ranks, and, in re-

gular order, marched forward to meet him. The arts of a wily people, like the Numidians, allowed no time for rest or inactivity. When the two armies drew near each other, the darkness of the night was such, that both sides took the alarm, imagining that the enemy was near at hand. In this confusion a dreadful calamity must have followed, if the light-horsemen, sent forward by both parties, had not in good time discovered the mistake. Mutual fear was now changed to general rejoicing. The soldiers congratulated each other; they related their brave exploits, and extolled themselves and their actions to the skies: such is the nature of the human mind: victory allows even to cowards the privilege of boasting; after a defeat, the brave man sits down in silence.

LIV. Metellus remained the four following days in his camp; during that time he shewed all proper attention to the sick and wounded; bestowed the usual military rewards on such as had signalized their valour in the two last engagements; at the head of the lines, he expressed his approbation of the whole army; thanked them for their behaviour, and exhorted them to act with equal vigour in the little that remained upon their hands, assuring them, that, having obtained a complete victory, plunder

would be the only object of their future labours.

He took care, however, in the mean time, to procure intelligence of Jugurtha and his motions. For this purpose, he sent out the deserters, and the most skilful spies, with directions to bring intelligence of all particulars; to what place Jugurtha had retreated? what were his operations? whether he was at the head of an army, or only attended by a few followers? and how he supported his spirit since the late defeat?

The Numidian prince had retreated to a part of the country covered with woods and forests, and strongly fortified by nature. He there collected a new-levied army, superior in number to that which he lately commanded, but spiritless and undisciplined; the men more fit for attending cattle and for the labours of the fields than for warlike operations. This expedient, however, in the present crisis, was rendered necessary by the manners of the Numidians, who, with the exception of the light-horse, which forms the body-guard, never think themselves bound, after a defeat, to follow the banners of their king. Nor is this desertion deemed a breach of military discipline. It is the genius and custom of the people.

Metellus, finding that Jugurtha still retained his former ferocity, began to consider the plan of his own future conduct. He saw that he had a war upon his hands, in which all his measures must depend on the motions of the wily Numidian, who had great advantage on his side, as his army suffered less by a defeat, than the Romans by a complete victory. He resolved, therefore, to change the plan of his operations, and carry on the war, not, as before, by regular attacks in the field of battle, but by art and stratagem. With this design, he made a forward movement into Numidia, penetrated into the most flourishing parts of the country, laid all waste before him, and took by storm a number of towns and castles, which he found ill fortified, or without sufficient garrisons, and, to deprive Jugurtha of recruits, put all the young men to the sword. He allowed his soldiers full license to plunder, and then set fire to every place. By these vigorous exertions, terror and consternation were spread far and wide, insomuch that hostages were sent from all parts of the country; corn and provisions were amply supplied, and garrisons admitted wherever he directed.

By this new mode of waging war, Jugurtha was more disconcerted than by the late defeat of his army. He now perceived that he, who

had hitherto found his best resource in flying before the Romans, was at length obliged to pursue them on their march; and, though unable to maintain his ground in situations chosen by himself, he found it necessary to seek the enemy in his most advantageous posts. And yet, in this distress, his genius was fertile in expedients. Having formed his measures with the best judgment, he ordered the main body of his army to remain in their camp, while he himself, with a select party of cavalry, marching always in the night, through the most unfrequented roads, hung on the rear of the Roman army. Without any previous notice of his approach, he fell upon them by surprise, and numbers of the men, who were straggling about the country, without their arms, were either put to the sword or taken prisoners. Not a man escaped unwounded. Having thus made a scene of slaughter, the Numidians did not wait till succours could arrive from the Roman camp, but, according to the orders of Jugurtha, retreated to the neighbouring hills.

LV. In the mean time, the conduct of Metellus being known at Rome, the whole city resounded with acclamations of joy. The people were happy to be told that their general was a strict observer of ancient discipline, and taught

his army to conform to the same rules; that though the enemy had all the advantages of the ground, his undaunted courage surmounted every difficulty and obtained a complete victory, made himself master of the country, and by the progress of his arms had reduced Jugurtha, elated as he was by the infamous submission of Aulus, to seek his safety in solitary deserts, or to place all his hopes in flight. For these happy events, the senate, by a decree, ordered public thanks and oblations to the immortal gods. The gloom that lately hung over the minds of men was now dispersed, and joy and exultation filled the city. The praise of Metellus was the theme of every tongue.

The general felt himself inspired with additional ardour. A complete victory was now his aim; and to that end he resolved to direct his most strenuous efforts. Rapid in all motions, he proceeded with spirit and daring, but at the same time was upon his guard not to open any advantage to the enemy. He was aware that envy always follows on the rear of fame; and therefore, seeing the space which he filled in the eyes of men, he acted with redoubled vigilance. Warned by the late incursions of Jugurtha, he no longer suffered his men to plunder in separate divisions. When corn or other provisions were

wanted, he ordered out some cohorts and the whole of his cavalry to protect the foraging parties. He kept one part of the army under his own command, and Marius marched at the head of the other. The country was laid waste, but the destruction was spread more by fire, than by plundering parties.

The two generals pitched their separate camps at a small distance from each other. When the occasion required it, they acted with their combined force; and at other times proceeded by different routes, in order to spread flight and consternation as wide as possible. In the mean time Jugurtha was not idle: he watched the motions of the Romans, and followed them on the ridge of hills, hoping in some happy moment to seize the advantage of the ground, and hazard a general action. When he gained intelligence of the intended march of the enemy, he took care to ruin the forage in that part of the country, and to corrupt the few fountains that were to be found. He shewed himself in array, sometimes to Metellus, and sometimes to Marius. After a sudden attack upon the rear, he would in an instant fly with precipitation to the hills: then, suddenly returning, he would seem to menace an assault at different points, intending all the time not to come to action, but still resolved

to keep up a constant alarm, and by these means counteract and retard the designs of the enemy.

LVI. The Roman general felt himself fatigued by these delays. He saw that he had to do with an artful enemy, who eluded occasions of coming to an engagement. Being tired by repeated stratagems, he now changed the plan of his operations, with intent to lay siege to a capital city known by the name of Zama, which in the part of the country where it was situated was the strong hold and bulwark of the kingdom. Metellus concluded, as was highly probable, that Jugurtha would march to the relief of the place, and, in that case, might be forced to hazard a battle. The Numidian had early intelligence of this design. He set forward directly, and, by forced marches, arrived at the city before Metellus could reach it. He entreated the inhabitants to make a vigorous defence, and added to the garrison a body of deserters, whom he counted his best troops, as they would not dare to betray him. He assured the people that he would return at the head of a powerful army to raise the siege.

Having thus arranged all matters, he withdrew into the most retired places he could find, and soon after learned that Marius was detached

with a few cohorts from the main body of the army, to collect a store of provisions from the town of Sicca, which, after his late defeat, was the first place that revolted to the Romans. He made another forced march in the night, at the head of a select party of horse, and arrived in time to attack the Romans as they were coming out of the gates. At the same time, in a loud tone of voice, he exhorted the inhabitants to fall upon the rear of the Romans, and seize the glorious opportunity, now in their power, of restoring to their king the quiet enjoyment of his dominions, and of recovering their own independent freedom. The effect of this speech was such, that, if Marius had not advanced his standards with expedition, and pressed forward to the outside of the walls, it is most probable that the inhabitants, or the greater part of them, would have taken up arms against him: such is the versatile temper of the Numidians. Jugurtha's troops, while they were animated by the valour of their king, fought with undaunted resolution, but finding themselves overpowered by the vigour of the Romans, they betook themselves to flight. The number slain in the action was inconsiderable.

LVII. Marius continued his march, and arrived before the walls of Zama. This city was si-

tuated on an open plain, without any advantage from nature, but strongly fortified. It was provided with all necessary stores, and had a numerous garrison.

Metellus having made all arrangements suited to the occasion, formed his lines, and stationed his officers at their proper posts. He then invested the town, and gave the signal for a general assault. The Romans in that moment raised a terrible shout, at which the Numidians were by no means dismayed; but, firm and resolute, awaited their approach. The attack began: the besiegers, according to the different genius of the men, shewed their valour in various shapes: some at a distance discharged vollies of slings and stones; while others exhausted their vigour in the onset, and retired; some advanced, and endeavourd to sap the walls, while others tried to mount them with scaling-ladders. To bring the enemy to a close encounter was the object of all.

The besieged made an obstinate defence: they heaved down massy stones on the men under the walls; they discharged stakes and javelins, and darted flaming torches, and other combustibles steeped in pitch and sulphur: the consequence was, that such of the Romans as kept at a distance to shun the danger, were not

protected by their caution; as the weapons launched from the vigour of the arms, or discharged from battering-engines, laid numbers on the field. The coward and the brave were in equal danger, but did not act with equal glory.

LVIII. While Zama was thus attacked and thus defended, Jugurtha watched his opportunity to assault the Roman camp. He advanced at the head of a great body of troops, and surprised the men who were left there upon guard. Finding the soldiers relaxed, and without the least apprehension of an attack, he was able to make an irruption at one of the gates. The sudden alarm threw our men into confusion: they acted at the moment according to their different instincts; some fled, some seized their arms; some were wounded, and many killed on the spot. A small number, in all not more than forty, still remembering the glory of the Roman name, formed a compact body, and took possession of a rising ground; from which post the Numidians, with all their efforts, were not able to dislodge them. The missive weapons which the assailants levelled at them, they returned in a volley, and with some execution, as the numbers of the enemy presented a fair mark. If the Numidians dared to come to a close encounter, the courage of the

little phalanx shewed itself with redoubled fury; they slaughtered the Numidians, threw them into confusion, and put them to flight.

Metellus, in the mean time, pressed on the siege most vigorously; but hearing, on a sudden, the uproar of an enemy in his rear, he turned his horse, and beheld a number of fugitives, whom as they fled towards him he knew to be part of his own army. In the instant he dispatched all his cavalry to the camp, and ordered Marius to follow at the head of the auxiliary cohorts, addressing him at the same time in most affecting terms, conjuring him, with tears in his eyes, by their mutual friendship, by the love they bore to the commonwealth, not to suffer a victorious army to be brought to disgrace, nor the enemy to save themselves by flight. Marius marched with expedition, and executed his orders.

Jugurtha found himself obstructed by the fortifications of the camp. Some of his men threw themselves down from the top of the ramparts; others, endeavouring to escape through the narrow passes, were embarrassed by their numbers; and at length, the Numidian prince, after a great slaughter of his men, retreated to his fastnesses. Metellus, finding that his operations against the city were ineffectual,

as night was coming on, withdrew with his army to the camp.

LIX. On the following day, the consul, before he returned to the siege, drew up his cavalry before the lines of his camp, on the side where he expected Jugurtha would make an attempt. He assigned to the tribunes their several stations at the gates and various outworks, and, having made these arrangements, proceeded to the city with an intent to storm the works, as he had endeavoured to do on the preceding day.

Jugurtha in the mean time did not remain in ambush, but seized his opportunity to make a sudden assault. The advanced guard was struck with surprise, and thrown into disorder, but speedy succours came to their support, and being now in force, they would have immediately routed the Numidians, if the latter had not changed their mode of fighting. Their infantry was now mixed with their horse, and did great execution. This was a new expedient: their cavalry had been always used to rush on with fury, and then to wheel about, and retire; but now they pressed forward, and dared to engage horse to horse. By this new mode of fighting they broke the ranks, and, when they had well nigh overpowered our men, left their foot-soldiers to complete the work.

LX. In the mean time the siege of Zama was pushed on with vigour. The officers of rank and the tribunes performed prodigies of valour, all exerting their own personal bravery, without depending on the assistance of their comrades. The besieged gave equal proofs of their valour; they opposed all assaults, and made a firm resistance in every quarter. The conflict was so violent, that no man thought of his own personal safety; while the annoyance of the enemy was the object and endeavour of all. Sounds of exhortation and joy, mingled with groans and shrieks, formed all together a strange and various uproar. The clash of arms was enough to rend the skies, and nothing was seen in the atmosphere but darts and missive weapons. The assault was not maintained in all quarters with equal vigour. The besieged, whenever they saw a cessation on the part of the Romans, employed their time in looking at Jugurtha's cavalry, which were at some distance hotly engaged; and according as they succeeded, or were repulsed, alternate sounds of joy and dismay were heard from the ramparts. You would have seen the men as eagerly in motion, as if they could be heard or seen by their friends at a distance; they called aloud to them; they encouraged them to deeds of valour, they made

signs with their hands, and writhed and twisted their bodies in various contortions, as if they were either shrinking from a wound, or aiming their darts at the enemy.

Marius conducted the attack on that side of the city. The scene that passed on the walls did not escape his observation, and he thought fit to relax his ardour, and to appear as if he despaired of success. He looked quietly on, while the Numidians were left at leisure to behold the conflict in which Jugurtha was engaged, and seizing the moment, when all eyes were fixed on the distant field, he advanced with sudden fury to storm the place. The Romans attacked with their usual spirit, and, applying their scaling-ladders, had almost gained the summit of the walls when the beleaguered citizens returned to the charge. They heaved down from the battlements huge massy stones, flaming brands, and a volley of missive weapons. The besiegers persisted with undaunted bravery, till some of their scaling-ladders gave way, and dashed the men headlong from the top. The assailants fled in confusion, each man eager to save himself, and the greater part covered with wounds: few out of the whole number escaped unhurt. Night coming on, the conflict ceased in every quarter.]

LXI. (Metellus now began to despair of his enterprise.) He found the city impregnable, and saw no way of bringing on an engagement with Jugurtha, who would not fight except in those sudden attacks, when he could fall on the Romans by surprise, or could seize an advantageous post. The consul therefore, the summer being at an end, resolved to raise the siege of Zama. He departed from before the city, and, after placing garrisons in such of the towns as had made a voluntary surrender, and were by nature, or by art sufficiently strong, he marched his army into the part of the Roman province that lay contiguous to the frontiers of Numidia, and there settled his men in winter-quarters. He did not however think that his time, in this retreat, was to be sacrificed, according to the practice of others, to indolence, or voluptuous pleasures: he still employed his thoughts for the public service, and, being convinced that he could not end the war by force of arms, he changed his plan, and had recourse to art and stratagem: his scheme was to employ the king's friends against their master, and for the future to wage (a war of treachery.) For this purpose he fixed on Bomilcar, the man who had been at Rome with Jugurtha, and who having been charged with the murder of Massiva, gave sureties for his appear-

ance, and afterwards fled from justice. He stood high in the esteem of Jugurtha, and the confidence reposed in him by his master made him the fittest tool to strike a blow of perfidy. Metellus fixed on this favourite of the king, and allured him to a secret conference, where he bound himself by a solemn promise, to obtain for him from the senate a full pardon, and the entire possession of all his effects, upon condition that he should deliver up Jugurtha, living or dead. The Numidian readily embraced the offer. The genius of his country led him to works of treachery, and the dread of being delivered up to execution in the event of peace with Rome co-operated with his natural disposition.

LXII. Bomilcar lay in wait for an opportunity to approach Jugurtha. He found him in a dejected state of mind, desponding, and lamenting his condition. He addressed the king in pathetic terms, and, with tears in his eyes, besought him to think of his own safety, that of his children, and the public good of the Numidians, who had been hitherto so zealous in his service. He represented to him that defeat had attended every action; that the country was a scene of desolation; that numbers of his subjects had fallen in battle, or were made prisoners of war; that the resources of the kingdom were exhaust-

ed; that he had sufficiently tried the valour of his troops, and the fortune of the field; and, finally, that if he neglected the public welfare, the people of Numidia might be roused to act for themselves. By these and similar remonstrances, Jugurtha was at length persuaded into submission.

An embassy was instantly sent with instructions to inform the Roman general that the Numidian prince was ready to comply with any terms that should be prescribed, and, without further stipulation for himself and his kingdom, to surrender at discretion. The consul immediately summoned from their respective quarters all the officers of senatorian rank, and, with them and others of experience, proceeded to deliberate on the business. The result was, a decree of council, according to ancient usage, commanding Jugurtha to deliver to the Romans two hundred thousand weight of silver, his whole train of elephants, a certain number of horses, and a quantity of arms. Jugurtha complied without delay, and thereupon the consul required that all the deserters from his army should be sent to him bound in chains: this was also readily obeyed. They were all given up, excepting a small number, who, on the first report of a submission, fled to Bocchus, king of Mauritania, for protection. At length Jugurtha was summoned to surrender himself to

the will of the conqueror at the city of Tisidium. This he considered as the crisis of his fate; and though he had resigned men, arms, and money, this last demand produced a wavering in his mind, and he began to dread the punishment which his conscience told him he deserved. For several days he remained in suspense and agitation. Harassed as he was by a train of disasters, he was, at times, inclined to think any terms, however harsh, were better than a renewal of the war; but different reflections soon succeeding, the thought of falling from a throne to a state of bondage pierced to the inmost feeling of his heart, and without balancing any longer, though now in a reduced state, and stripped, by his late submission, of considerable resources, he resolved at all events to renew the war. At Rome, in the mean time, the senate met to appoint governors of the different provinces, and Numidia was assigned to Metellus.

LXIII. (It happened in this juncture that Caius Marius,) being at Utica, and performing a propitiatory sacrifice to the gods, was told by the priest who presided at the ceremony, that the omens which appeared portended all that was great and wonderful; that whatever undertaking he resolved in his mind, he might pursue with thorough reliance upon the gods, and might

try his fortune to the utmost risk, as success was sure to follow him throughout. The fact was, that, long before this time, Marius had conceived hopes of obtaining the consulship: for that high honour he had every requisite, except a line of noble ancestors. Possessed of unremitting industry, distinguished by his probity, consummate master of military affairs, and undaunted in the field of battle, he added to those public virtues the strictest domestic economy, and a mind superior to the allurements of wealth or pleasure. The love of glory was his ruling passion. He was born at Arpinum, and remained in that city during his tender years. As soon as he was capable of bearing arms, he entered into the service. The eloquence of Greece had no charms for him, and the elegant refinements of the city passed unheeded. The art of war engaged his whole attention; and, by consequence, his natural genius soon displayed itself in full vigour. His early ambition made him aspire to the office of military tribune; and though, when he became a candidate, the people did not know him even by sight, yet his character stood so high, that he succeeded by the unanimous suffrage of all the tribes. From this beginning he opened his way to further advancement, and in every station discharged his duty

with so much honour, that he was always deemed worthy of a higher post.

And yet with all this honourable reputation (for at that period ambition had not yet sullied his virtues) Marius did not presume to offer himself a candidate for the consulship. All the other magistracies then depended on the election of the people, but the consular dignity was reserved by the nobles for men of their own rank; and no commoner, however distinguished for his glorious actions, was considered worthy of that elevation, or could do away the idea of pollution which prejudice attached to his birth.

LXIV. In the present juncture Marius derived encouragement from the predictions of the soothsayer, which corresponded so exactly with his own ambition. He therefore applied to Metellus for leave of absence, that he might proceed to Rome and offer himself for the consulship. The commander in chief possessed a mind replete with every virtue, a true sense of honour, and every quality of a great man; but still retained with all these excellencies, an alloy of that pride, that contemptuous haughtiness, which is the reigning vice of the nobility. He listened to the request with astonishment; he told Marius that he wondered how he could form so wild a project; and, in the style of friendship, advised him to

desist from such vain pretensions, and not aspire above his rank; all things in the state were not fit for all; Marius had every reason to be satisfied with his present situation; and, upon the whole, that he would do well not to solicit from the people such a favour as they would be perfectly justified in refusing him. Having urged these and similar arguments, without making any impression on the mind of Marius, he promised at last to comply with his wishes as soon as the state of things would permit him. Marius took every opportunity to urge his suit; and the general, we are told, answered at last, that he had no occasion to be so eager to depart, as it would be time enough for him to solicit that office, when the consul's son would be of age to stand joint candidate with him. The young man, then serving under his father, was about twenty years of age. This answer, while it whetted the impatience of Marius, filled his heart with resentment against the consul. Rage and ambition, those worst of motives, became now the spring of all his actions. He stopped at nothing, either in thought or action, that seemed conducive to his design. He relaxed his discipline, and allowed greater liberty than he had formerly done, to the troops under his command in the winter-quarters. He mixed with the

merchants, of whom there was at Utica a large number, and talked of the war with no less malignity towards the commander in chief, than ostentation with regard to himself. He declared openly, that if he had the sole command of but half the army, Jugurtha would in a few days be his prisoner; whereas the consul, he said, protracted the war in order to gratify his own vanity and kingly pride, by continuing in the command. To the men in trade these suggestions appeared well founded; the more so, as, in the course of a long war, they had impaired their fortunes; and avarice is ever impatient in its pursuit.

LXV. There was at this time a Numidian serving in the Roman army, the son of Manastabal and grandson of Masinissa, who had been declared by Micipsa heir to the kingdom of Numidia, in default of the immediate successors appointed by his will. The name of this prince was Gauda. He had been for some time the victim of disease, and the vigour of his mind decayed with his constitution. This man had expressed his desire to have a seat allowed to him next the consul, and a troop of Roman cavalry for his body-guard; both of which petitions Metellus rejected: the seat, because it was an honour granted to none but those whom the Roman people acknowledged to be kings; and the

body-guard, because the Roman cavalry would think it a disgrace to be assigned to a Numidian.

Marius, perceiving that the prince was discontented, took advantage of the opportunity to inspire him with revenge against Metellus, and promised to second him in all he should undertake. Gauda, as weak in intellect as in body, was easily led to listen to these flattering speeches, and with pleasure heard himself styled a king, great personage, and grandson of Masinissa, who was sure of possessing the kingdom of Numidia, if Jugurtha was either slain, or taken prisoner; an event which he was taught to think would be the certain consequence of the appointment of Marius to the consulship and to the sole management of the war.

By the intrigues of Marius, the Numidian, the Roman knights, the soldiers, and the merchants, some induced by private solicitations, others by their hopes of peace, agreed to write to their friends at Rome an account of the war, to the disadvantage of Metellus, with ardent wishes to have Marius appointed commander in chief. In this manner the lieutenant-general found a number of friends, who seemed by honourable means to open his way to the consulship; and it must be further observed, that the people at that

time had obtained by the Mamilian law a victory over the nobles, which gave them the power of promoting new men to the highest offices; so that all things conspired in favour of Marius.

LXVI. During these transactions Jugurtha, who had changed his mind and resolved not to surrender, was busy in making preparations for a renewal of the war. He raised an army with the utmost expedition; and exerted his utmost by the force of menaces, or bribery, to recover the cities that had revolted from him; he fortified his strong holds, and bought a new stock of arms, or caused them to be made, in order to supply the loss of what he had given up; he endeavoured to allure to his interest the Roman slaves, and tried by bribery to seduce the men stationed in various garrisons; in short, he left nothing untried or unassailed, but threw all around him into hurry and agitation.

In consequence of these commotions, a conspiracy took place in the city of Vacca, where, immediately upon the offer of Jugurtha to capitulate, Metellus had placed a garrison. The principal inhabitants, pressed by the entreaties of their king, and in fact never wholly alienated from him, entered into the plot. The common people, as is the case in all countries, and particularly in Numidia, were fond of innovation, ready for in-

surrection, and never pleased with quiet times. The chief conspirators settled their plan, and agreed to carry it into execution on the third day from thence, which happened to be a public festival celebrated by the custom of the country all over Africa, and more likely to promise mirth and festivity, than to give any suspicion of danger or popular commotion. On that day, the principal conspirators invited the centurions, the military tribunes, and with them T. Turpilius Silanus the commanding officer, to their several houses, and in the midst of a scene of revelry, massacred them all except Silanus. After this exploit they sallied out, and fell upon the soldiers, who, as was natural on a rejoicing day, wandered about the town, in a dissipated manner, without their arms, and under no command. The populace followed the example of the higher orders; some from previous information of the design, and others from a natural disposition to barbarity, being perfectly ignorant of the motives of the transaction, and solely led by their love of tumult and innovation.

LXVII. In this scene of distraction, the Roman soldiers were covered with dismay and astonishment, and knew not on which side to turn themselves. They made the best of their way to the citadel, where their shields and stan-

dards were deposited; but they found it garrisoned by the enemy. The gates of the city had been shut before the massacre began, and there was now no possible mode of escape. Even the women and their children joined in the fray, and from the tops of houses threw down upon the heads of the soldiers stones and all sorts of materials that happened to be within their reach. In this manner, surrounded on every side with ruin, the Romans saw neither hope nor resource; unable at such a moment to resist even the weaker sex, they all fell in one promiscuous carnage, and the good and the worthless, the brave and the dastardly, perished together, undistinguished and unrevenged. It is worthy of notice, that in such a scene of destruction, carried on by the Numidians with unrelenting fury while the city was barricaded on every side, Turpilius, the late governor, was the only Roman who survived the general massacre, and escaped unhurt. Whether an event so extraordinary is to be ascribed to the humanity of his host, to some secret agreement, or to mere chance, remains problematical to this moment. All that can be said is, that the man, who in such a general slaughter could choose to live in infamy rather than die with honour, must be pro-

nounced a spiritless wretch, and deserves the contempt of posterity.

LXVIII. Metellus, when he received intelligence of the horrors of Vacca, was so overpowered with anguish and astonishment, that for some time he withdrew from the public eye. Rage and indignation, however, soon mingled with his grief, and he resolved without delay to take revenge on the perpetrators of so horrible an outrage. He ordered the legion which he had with him in winter-quarters, to be in readiness, and having collected a considerable number of the Numidian cavalry, he put himself at the head of this little army, and about sunset proceeded on his way to Vacca. About the third hour of the following day he arrived at a small plain, encompassed on every side by various rising grounds. There the soldiers halted, and, being exhausted by the length of their march, refused to proceed any further. The general remonstrated, that they were within a mile of the city of Vacca, and that their character as soldiers and as men imperiously called upon them to persevere in what they had begun, till the massacre of their brave and ill-fated fellow-citizens should be avenged. To these exhortations he added a strong incentive, by promising them the plunder of the place. The courage of

the troops being thus revived, he ordered the Numidian horse to advance in front, and the infantry to follow in close array, with their standards bent down, and their colours furled.

LXIX. The inhabitants of the city, perceiving the approach of an army, supposed, as was the case, that Metellus led them on, and immediately ordered all the gates to be shut. Observing however that no devastation was committed, and seeing the Numidian horse in the foremost lines, they concluded that it must be Jugurtha who approached, and marched forth with hearts of joy to meet him. In that instant the signal being given, the cavalry and infantry rushed on to the attack. Some put to the sword the multitude that issued from the city, while others hastened forward to secure the gates, the ramparts, and the towers; and, in short, all our troops, forgetting their former lassitude, thought of nothing at that moment but revenge and plunder.

In this manner the people of Vacca were allowed no more than two days to enjoy the triumph of their guilt; that great and affluent city was made a scene of slaughter and devastation. Turpilius, the Roman governor, who, as already mentioned, was the only person that escaped the general massacre, was cited by Metellus to give an account of his conduct, and not being

able to justify himself, he was condemned to be first scourged, and then to suffer death: he was a native of Latium, and was therefore executed according to the sentence *.

LXX. During these transactions, Bomilcar, by whose advice Jugurtha had offered those terms of capitulation, from which his fears made him afterwards recede, began to suspect that he had lost the confidence of the king; and as in that case there was every thing to be apprehended for himself, he resolved to bring about an immediate revolution. The plan which he formed was, to cut off the king by stratagem, and with that design his imagination laboured day and night. Having at length weighed all circumstances, he resolved to draw into his plot a Numidian nobleman, of great wealth, and high in favour with the people, whose name was Nabdalsa, and who had been long used to command an army distinct from that of the king. Whenever it happened that Jugurtha found himself fatigued by a multiplicity of affairs, or was engaged in schemes that required his whole attention, Nabdalsa conducted every thing, and by a fair discharge of his duty had acquired great wealth and popularity.

* See Note E.

He now entered into the plot with Bomilcar. The two conspirators consulted together, and fixed a day, on which they resolved to strike the blow, leaving all previous measures to be settled as the emergencies of the moment might require. From this meeting, Nabdalsa went to join his army, which, by the king's orders, he held in readiness near the Roman winter-quarters, to hinder our men from laying waste the country with impunity. In that situation, having leisure to reflect, the magnitude of a deed so atrocious presented itself to him in all its horror, and under the influence of these fears he did not return on the day appointed. Bomilcar, impatient to execute his purpose, and at the same time fearful lest his colleague should abandon the enterprise, and adopt different measures, dispatched a letter to him by trusty messengers, in which he accused him of backwardness and indolence; appealed to the gods as witnesses of the oath by which he had bound himself; and cautioned him not to prefer certain ruin to the gracious offers made by Metellus: the destruction of Jugurtha, he said, was inevitable; the only remaining question was, whether it should be accomplished by the Roman general, or by their undaunted bravery; and, upon the whole, he would do well to con-

sider, which was most eligible, a splendid reward, or certain death upon the rack.

LXXI. This letter, as chance would have it, was delivered to Nabdalsa at a moment when he had laid himself down upon his bed after much bodily fatigue. Bomilcar's style of reproach overwhelmed him with uneasy reflections, and, as is usual when the spirits are wearied, he fell into a profound sleep. A Numidian of tried fidelity was at that time Nabdalsa's confidential scribe; a man high in favour with his master, and admitted to all his most secret designs, with the exception solely of the plot then depending. The secretary, as soon as he heard that a letter had arrived, concluding that, according to custom on such occasions, his attendance would be necessary, went directly to his master's tent. He found him fast asleep, and, seeing a letter carelessly thrown on the pillow behind his head, he took it and read the contents. The conspiracy being thus detected, the Numidian made the best of his way to the king.

Nabdalsa waked in a short time. He looked in vain for the letter; but from his guards, who were deserters from the Roman army, he gained intelligence of what had passed during his sleep. He instantly gave orders to have the spy pursued and seized. That expedient failing, he resolved

to throw himself at the feet of Jugurtha, and, if possible, to restore himself to favour. He stated the measures which he had meditated, and which he had intended to carry into execution, if the fraud of a treacherous domestic had not anticipated him. In a flood of tears he implored the king, by the friendship that had long subsisted between them, by the proofs he had given of strict fidelity, not to imagine him capable of such a crime.

LXXII. The king, disguising his real sentiments, returned a mild and generous answer. He had already put to death Bomilcar with several of his associates, and now thought it prudent to dissemble his resentment, lest the public tranquillity might be endangered by any further severities. From this period Jugurtha was a stranger to tranquillity of mind; neither day nor night afforded him a moment of peace; he never thought himself safe in any place, at any time, or with any man whatever: he dreaded his own subjects no less than his enemies; he lived in constant alarm, always on the watch, frightened at every noise; shifting in the night to different bedrooms, and often to places ill suited to the royal dignity. He sometimes started out of his sleep, and, jumping from his bed, seized his arms, and caused general con-

sternation. In short, his terrors became so excessive as to assume the air of madness.

LXXIII. Metellus, having received from the deserters an account of the late conspiracy, and the death of Bomilcar, made preparations for the war, with as much vigour as if it was only then beginning. Wearied as he was by the repeated importunity of Marius, he thought at length that an officer who served so reluctantly, and who harboured such feelings of malice towards his general, was not fit to be trusted any longer, and therefore gave him the leave of absence which he required. At Rome the populace listened with eagerness to the letters that arrived concerning Metellus and Marius, and swallowed the different accounts according to the bias of their jarring inclinations. The noble rank of the commander in chief, which had hitherto given lustre to his name, was now made an objection to him, while the low extraction of his competitor placed him high in the favour of the multitude. The contest was warm, and carried on with all the violence of party spirit, without any attention to the real merits or defects of the two characters.

The factious magistrates were not idle in this scene of contention, but added fuel to the fire; and in their public declarations did not hesitate

to accuse Metellus, while they extolled Marius to the skies. The frenzy among the common people rose to such a height, that the working mechanics, and the rustics in the field, who earned their bread by their daily labour, left off their work, and crowded about Marius, anxious for his elevation, and careless of themselves. The nobles were unable to withstand this torrent, and the consequence was, that the consulship was obtained by a commoner; a circumstance unknown for a series of years. In a short time after, Manlius Mantinus, one of the tribunes, having demanded, in an assembly of the people, whom they would have to command in the war against Jugurtha, the full and unanimous cry was for Marius. The senate had not long before assigned the province of Numidia to Metellus; but that decree was now of course null and void.

LXXIV. During these transactions at Rome, Jugurtha found himself reduced to a most helpless situation. He had cut off many of his friends, and the rest, in dread of a similar fate, had fled for refuge either to the Romans or to king Bocchus. Without the assistance of officers war could not be carried on, and, after the treachery of old friends, to repose any confidence in new ones, seemed to him a very dan-

gerous experiment. He was now therefore in the utmost doubt and perplexity; no plan, no advice, no man could please him. He changed the course of his march, and appointed new lieutenants every day. At times he faced about to the enemy, and then as suddenly would retire into the deserts: sometimes he resolved upon flight, and soon after shewed a disposition for engaging; and which was the most precarious, the courage or fidelity of his people, was a problem which he could not solve. In this manner, on which side soever he turned, he saw nothing but distress and calamity.

While he was still in this state of distraction Metellus shewed himself at the head of his army. Jugurtha made the best dispositions which the hurry and exigence of the moment would allow, and a battle ensued. In the quarter where the king exposed his person, the Numidians maintained their ground; but the rest, on the first onset, were thrown into confusion, and betook themselves to flight. The Romans remained masters of their standards and arms; but the number of prisoners was very inconsiderable; for it must be remembered, that in all engagements the Numidians owed their safety more to their feet than to their swords.

LXXV. Jugurtha by this defeat was more disheartened than ever; he fled with a body of deserters, and part of his cavalry, to his safe places in the deserts, and from thence made his way to Thala, a great and opulent city, where his treasures chiefly lay, and where his sons were educated in a manner becoming their rank.

Metellus no sooner received intelligence of all that passed, than he resolved to pursue the enemy notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter. He knew that between the river in his neighbourhood and the city of Thala there lay a tract of country, not less than fifty miles in length, through a parched and sandy desert; and yet persuaded that the reduction of that place would put an end to the war, he resolved to encounter every hardship, and, if possible, to conquer even the difficulties which nature opposed to him. Determined on this enterprise, he issued orders that the beasts of burden, instead of being loaded as usual, should only carry corn for ten days, with a parcel of leathern vessels and other vehicles for water. In addition to these preparations he collected together all the tame cattle that could be found in the country round him, and ordered them to be

loaded with vessels of various sorts, but chiefly those made of wood, such as were used by the Numidians in their cottages. That he might be sure of a sufficient supply, he moreover gave it in command to the people of the country, who, after the late defeat of their king, had submitted to his arms, to provide a store of water, and have it ready for delivery at the time and place appointed. He took care, besides, to provide a large quantity of water from the river, which, though at some distance, as has been stated, was still the nearest to the place of his destination. Having taken these precautions, he pursued his march to the city of Thala.

Metellus, having reached the place to which he had ordered the Numidians to bring a supply of water, proceeded to pitch his camp; and the works were scarcely finished, when, as we are told, there fell a torrent of rain sufficient for the whole army. There was besides, beyond all hope or expectation, an ample supply of provisions of every kind, brought in from all parts by the people of the country, who having lately surrendered, thought, as is generally the case in sudden changes, that they could not do too much to shew their zeal for their new masters. To the Roman soldiers the flood that fell from

the heavens was more acceptable than any other water. Their choice proceeded from a fit of enthusiasm; for they persuaded themselves that they were under the guardian care of a special Providence, and that notion inspired them with tenfold courage. On the following day, to the astonishment of Jugurtha, they appeared before the walls of Thala. The inhabitants, depending on the difficulty of the roads, and thinking their situation inaccessible, were astonished at a sight so unexpected; but, notwithstanding this alarm, put themselves in a posture of defence, while the Romans, with equal vigour, prepared for the assault.

LXXVI. Jugurtha began at length to think that nothing was insurmountable to Metellus. He saw that neither arms nor armies, neither an adverse climate, nor even Nature herself, that conquers every thing, could resist the activity of the Roman general. In despair, therefore, he contrived to escape under favour of the night, and fled from the city with his children, and a considerable part of his treasure. From that time he never rested more than a day or a night in one place; assigning as an excuse, that his affairs called him away, while, in fact, it was owing to his dread of treachery, which he thought he might elude by this rapid change

of residence. He knew that treasonous designs want but time and opportunity for their developement.

Metellus found he was engaged with a people determined on resistance. He saw that the city was strong both by nature and art, and he resolved to enclose it by trenches and lines of circumvallation. He advanced a number of well-constructed machines, with mounds raised upon them and turrets on the top, at once to protect both his men and the works. The besieged, in the mean time, exerted themselves with determined spirit, and prepared their machines to oppose the engines of the enemy. The utmost vigour was exhibited on both sides.

At length the Romans, exhausted by unremitting labour, after a siege of forty days, made themselves masters of the place. They found it empty, nor was any thing left for plunder. The deserters from the Roman army, as soon as they saw the battering engines advanced to the walls, in a fit of despair conveyed to the king's palace the whole stock of gold and silver, with whatever else was valuable; and, having there intoxicated themselves with wine, set fire to the royal mansion, destroyed the whole stock, and perished in the flames; executing on themselves, in this manner, the vengeance

which they had reason to expect from the conqueror.

LXXVII. Thala being thus reduced to subjection, Metellus received a deputation from the city of Leptis, requesting him to strengthen the place with a garrison under the command of a proper governor. The ambassadors stated, that a certain factious nobleman, Hamilcar, was employed in schemes of innovation, with the design of subverting the government; and that neither the magistrates, nor the authority of the laws, were sufficient to check him in his career. A speedy succour, they said, was absolutely necessary, or a people well disposed, and faithful allies of Rome, would in a short time be involved in utter ruin. It is proper to observe, that the inhabitants of Leptis, on the first breaking out of the war with Jugurtha, applied to Bestia the consul, and soon after to the senate, desiring to be united in friendship and alliance with the Romans. Their request was granted, and from that time they gave every proof of their zeal and steady attachment. They received the orders of Bestia, Albinus, and Metellus, in regular succession, and on every occasion acted with prompt obedience. In consequence of such conduct their suit was granted by the general. He dispatched four Ligurian

cohorts to garrison the place, and gave the command to Caius Annius.

LXXVIII. The city of Leptis was founded by the Sidonians; a people who, as history informs us, fled from the civil wars that distracted their country, and after a prosperous voyage settled on the sea-coast, and there built their town in a situation between the two Syrtes, which owe their name to the phenomena observable at both places. The Syrtes are two gulfs near the extreme limits of Africa, of unequal size, but distinguished by the same qualities. The parts of those which are near the shore are always of considerable depth, while the rest is either deep or shallow, according as the sandy bottom happens to be in motion: for when the billows begin to rise, and winds are high, the waves carry along with them quantities of mud and sand as well as huge massy stones; so that the consequence is, that, according as the winds shift about, the whole appearance of the gulfs is altered. From this peculiarity they are called Syrtes.

In consequence of intermarriages with the Numidians, the inhabitants of Leptis had let their native language fall into disuse; but the Sidonian laws and customs still remained in force. Between these and the cultivated parts

of Numidia there were long tracts of wild and sandy deserts, and at such a distance the Numidian court had little or no influence.

LXXIX. And now, since I have been drawn by the affairs of Leptis into this part of the country, it will not, I trust, be deemed improper, if I deviate into a short digression, to relate a most noble and glorious action which was performed by two Carthaginians, and which the mention of the place recalls to my memory.

At the time when Carthage held the greatest part of Africa in subjection, the Cyrenians were a flourishing and powerful people. Between the two states there lay a sandy country of vast extent, all flat and level, without a mountain or a river to serve as a boundary; and this territory was the cause of never-ceasing hostilities between them. The fleets and armies of the two nations had been alternately scattered and defeated, till both sides, at length, felt their strength impaired, and began to fear that some fresh enemy might take advantage of their disabled condition, and attack both the victors and the vanquished. To prevent such a disaster they agreed to a suspension of arms, and, in that period, settled the terms of pacification. On a stated day, and at a certain hour, deputies were to set out from each state, and the place

where they should happen to meet was for the future to be the boundary of the two nations. The persons sent by the Carthaginians were two brothers, of the name of Philenus, who pursued their journey with wonderful activity. The deputies of Cyrene did not make an equal progress. Whether it was from want of exertion or accident is not ascertained; but in those regions, it is well known, that adverse winds are quite as productive of delays as at sea: for in those vast and naked plains, where there are no trees to afford the smallest shelter, a sudden tempest whirls up the sand, and fills the mouths and eyes of the traveller with such clouds of dust as make it impossible for him to pursue his journey. However it happened, the Cyrenians saw that their antagonists had gained a considerable advantage, and fearing the punishment that awaited them at home for their failure, they insisted that the Carthaginians had set out before the stipulated hour. They disputed, puzzled, quarrelled, and declared that they would do any thing rather than acquiesce. The Carthaginians expressed their willingness to end the controversy by any fair expedient, upon which the Cyrenians proposed the following terms; that their antagonists should either consent to be buried alive on the spot, where

they desired to fix the limits of their republic, or that the agents of Cyrene should, on the same condition, be at liberty to pursue their progress to what point they should think proper. The Carthaginian brothers embraced the offer, and preferring the interest of their country to all selfish considerations, were buried alive on the spot which they had reached. The government of Carthage erected altars in this place to the memory of the two illustrious brothers, and instituted religious ceremonies to be observed in the city, in honour of so glorious a transaction.—I now resume the thread of my history.

LXXX. Jugurtha, dispirited by the loss of Thala, had no hopes of being able to make a stand against Metellus: he fled with a small band of his followers, and, after traversing vast plains and deserts, arrived in the country of the Gætulians, a wild and barbarous people, at that time wholly ignorant of the Roman name. He contrived to draw together a large number of those savages, and in a short time taught them to keep their ranks, to follow the colours, to obey the word of command, and to perform all military duties. He addressed himself to the favourite courtiers of king Bocchus, and, by large bribes, and larger promises, allured them

to espouse his cause. Through that channel he made his way to their master, and prevailed upon him to declare war against the Romans. The king of Mauritania was the more easily induced to adopt the measure, as he had for some time harboured a secret antipathy to the Romans: the fact was, in the very beginning of the war with Jugurtha he had sent an embassy to Rome, desiring to be admitted into friendship and alliance with the republic. His request, though highly advantageous in that juncture, was rejected by the intrigues of a few leading men, who, acting always under the influence of avarice, were in the habits of selling their votes on every question, without any regard to public utility, or their own honour. It is proper to add, that, before this time, Bocchus had married a daughter of Jugurtha; but it must also be observed, that the marriage union does not form a tie of affection among the Moors and Numidians. A plurality of wives is the custom of the country, and every man has the number that suits him; some marry ten, and others more, according as they possess the means of supporting them; but their kings, of course, enjoy a multiplicity. The consequence is, that by such a variety the heart is distracted, and never fixes its affections: no

one wife is the partner of her husband, but all alike are despised and ill-treated by him.

LXXXI. The two kings, at the head of their armies, met at a place appointed, where they pledged their mutual faith, and entered into a solemn league. In order to inflame the mind of Bocchus, Jugurtha represented the Romans as the most cruel oppressors, as a race of men impelled by unbounded avarice, and the inveterate enemies of all mankind: they had no more provocation, he said, to wage war against himself than they had against Bocchus, and other nations whom they attacked; the lust of dominion was their only motive, and this led them to consider all monarchies as hostile to them. Himself was now the object of their fury; some time before it was the republic of Carthage, and Perses king of Macedon; and, in short, it was by the power and opulence of any state that the enmity which it inspired in the Romans was to be estimated.

After some more inflammatory suggestions of this kind, the two kings agreed to march towards the town of Cirta, where Metellus had lodged all his booty, all his prisoners, and the baggage of his army. Jugurtha here had two grand objects in view: by reducing the city he should gain a most important point; or, in the

event of the Romans advancing to raise the siege, he expected he should be able to bring on a general action: by which means the politic Numidian would involve Bocchus in an immediate war, and prevent the influence which delay and inactivity might have upon his resolutions.

LXXXII. The Roman general was in time apprized of the league between the two kings, and now resolved to act with more caution than he had thought necessary against Jugurtha, whom he had so often defeated. Instead of offering battle upon all occasions, at the option of the enemy, he pitched his camp in the vicinity of Cirta, and there lay in wait for the arrival of the confederate powers. The Moors were a new enemy; he therefore judged it advisable not to hazard an action, till he had some experience of their genius and military character.

In the mean time he received intelligence from Rome, that the province of Numidia was decreed to Marius. News of his elevation to the consulship had reached him long before; but the last account made a deep impression on his spirits. He felt it to an excess which was neither rational nor worthy of his character: he burst into tears, and, unable to check his indignation, gave vent to the most intemperate language.

Though distinguished upon all other occasions by manliness and fortitude, he yielded in this instance to the weakest effeminacy of grief. Various causes were assigned for this extreme sensibility; some called it pride; others ascribed it to a sense of injured merit; and the greater part imputed it to a feeling of indignation at the victory of which he was so certain, being snatched out of his hands by another. My own opinion, and I have substantial reasons for it, is, that the honours conferred on Marius touched him more nearly than the injustice done to himself; and that if the province had been assigned to any other person, he would have been more willing to resign the command.

LXXXIII. Provoked, and even chagrined, by the injustice which he had suffered, he thought no more of carrying on the war. To officiate for another at his own risk appeared to him the extreme of folly. He judged it proper, however, to send a deputation to king Bocchus, to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of declaring himself, without just cause, an enemy to the Roman people; and representing to him that he had it in his power to enter into a treaty of friendship and alliance with the republic, which would be more advantageous than open hostility; that whatever he might think of his

resources, yet to prefer chance and casualty to a state of certainty was by no means advisable. To begin a war was perfectly easy, but to end it a matter of considerable difficulty; since he who might have its commencement in his power, could not in the same manner command its termination. A weak, and even a dastardly prince might begin a war, but peace depended on the will of the conqueror. His own interest, it was added, and the welfare of his kingdom, ought to be always his primary considerations. He should also reflect, that if he made common cause with the Numidians, it must be upon very unequal terms; since he was at the head of a flourishing monarchy, and the affairs of Jugurtha were utterly ruined.

To this remonstrance Bocchus replied in terms of moderation: Peace, he said, was what he had at heart; but Jugurtha's misfortune touched him nearly: and if that prince were included in the treaty, the terms would be settled without much difficulty. In answer to this message, the Roman general sent his deputies with proper instructions. Bocchus agreed on some points, but returned a peremptory refusal to others. Frequent dispatches passed between them; and thus the negotiation was tediously protracted, while hostilities in the mean time

ceased on both sides, and Metellus, agreeably to his wishes, had no occasion to renew the war.

LXXXIV. At Rome, in the mean time, Marius towered above his enemies. He had been, as already mentioned, raised to the consulship, amidst the acclamations of the people, and soon after, by the same popular ardour, obtained the province of Numidia. He now exulted beyond all bounds of moderation. Before this event he had been the avowed enemy of the nobility, but now, more inflamed than ever, he insulted them with pride, and even ferocity. Sometimes it was his delight to affront them individually, and sometimes he railed with fury against the whole order; boasting that the consulship, which he had extorted from them, was in his hands a trophy gained from the vanquished; and persisting, upon all occasions, and without modesty or mercy, in extolling himself and depreciating them.

Amidst all this animosity, however, the conduct of the war was the chief object of his attention. He demanded recruits for the legions, and drew auxiliary troops from the states and kings in alliance with Rome. He collected out of Latium the bravest soldiers in the country, most of whom he had seen in actual service; while others were only known to him by their

military reputation. His influence was so great, that numbers of the veterans, who had obtained their dismission from the service, were induced to resume their arms, and follow his standard.

The senate, though known to be in opposition to him, did not venture to counteract any of his measures; on the contrary, the fathers, with an appearance of cordiality, passed a vote for recruits to reinforce the legions; and in this they were the more ready to comply, from a persuasion that their decree would be ill received by the multitude; whose unwillingness to serve, it was hoped, would disgust them with Marius, or at least embarrass him in his means of carrying on the war. In both these expectations, however, the fathers were disappointed. To fight under Marius was the prevailing passion of the people; and all talked of returning to their homes crowned with laurels, and enriched with plunder; so great were the expectations which his fame inspired. The eloquence of Marius not a little increased this ardour. Having obtained the consent of the senate to all his demands, his next object was the raising of new levies: and to this end he convened a general assembly of the people, where, to animate their minds with zeal for the war, and at the same time to indulge his

usual strain of invective against the nobility, he delivered a speech to the following effect:

LXXXV. "I know, my fellow-citizens, that most ambitious men assume a very different conduct, while they are candidates, from that which they afterwards exhibit, when in office. As suitors to you they are condescending, humble, and modest; as magistrates, lazy, proud, and insolent. The reverse, in my judgment, ought to be the rule of their conduct. In as far as the commonwealth itself is superior to all ranks of office, to the consulship, and the prætorian dignity, in a proportionate degree should our care for the welfare of the commonwealth transcend our desire for objects of such secondary consideration. I am not now to learn the great, the important duties of the station to which you have called me. To make due preparations for the conduct of the war, and at the same time to manage the treasury with economy; to enlist in the service men, whom it is the interest of a general not to offend; to pay due attention to the administration in all its branches both at home and abroad; and to perform so great a task, in a turbulent scene of party, faction, and cabal; this, my fellow-citizens, is an undertaking attended with difficulties almost insurmountable. The case of other

men too is different from mine: if they are guilty of neglect, their descent from an illustrious family, the exploits of their ancestors, the wealth and grandeur of their friends and relations, with a numerous train of clients, are sufficient to repel the charge. But how is it with me? Depending on myself alone, virtue and innocence must be my only shield: I have no other resource.

"I am conscious, O my friends, that at this juncture the eyes of all men are fixed upon me. The good and upright are willing to lend me their support, because they know that the prosperity of the commonwealth is the aim of all my actions; while the nobles, on the contrary, but wait for an opportunity to ruin me. And this with me is an additional motive for exertion, that you may not be the dupes of those crafty politicians, and that their malice against me may prove pointless and unavailing.

"From my earliest youth to this day, my life has been an habitual course of industry. What I have hitherto done in your service, I have done without the least remuneration: and the honourable reward which you have lately conferred on me is certainly not calculated to make me relax in my exertions.

"To men who have only pretended to be virtuous, in order to gain the object of their ambition, moderation in power is a most difficult task; but to me, whose days have all been devoted to the observance of every exemplary duty, custom has made the practice of temperance easy; and virtue, from being my habit, has become at length my nature.

"It has been your pleasure to trust to me the conduct of the war against Jugurtha; and that commission, so highly honourable, has given offence to the nobility. I now therefore request of you, to consider in time whether it may not be expedient to revoke your order, and give the command in Africa, or elsewhere, to one of their rank, some proud patrician, who plumes himself on a long line of ancestors, and is surrounded by the pictures of his family, but never once saw a campaign. Employ such a man, and what will be his situation? Unacquainted with the military art, and alarmed on every occasion, he will tremble, hesitate, hurry, and bewilder himself, and at last choose a man of plebeian rank to teach him his duty. Such, most commonly, is the practice of your patrician officers: he to whom you give the command, requires a general of his own appointment over him.

"It has been my lot, O Romans! to be acquainted with men, who, after they had risen to the dignity of consuls, began for the first time to learn achievements of their ancestors, and the military system transmitted to us by the historians of Greece. Absurd inversion of the order of reason and nature! for, though election precedes the exercise of office, yet the talent and the knowledge which are requisite to it must be previously possessed and acquired.

"I acknowledge myself to be what they call a new man; but compare me, if you will, with those proud patricians. What they have but heard or read of, I have either witnessed or performed. What they derive from books I have learnt in the field. It is for you then to decide whether words or deeds are most effectual.

"These nobles affect to contemn my birth, while I most heartily despise their degeneracy. They dare to reproach me with want of fortune, while their own crimes are the fittest objects of reprobation.

"For my part, I consider human nature as always the same; her gifts are equally dispersed; and he who stands distinguished by his virtue, is, in my judgment, the man of true nobility. Were it possible to ask the fathers of Albinus, or Bestia, whether they would rather have me or

those men for their offspring, their answer no doubt would be, Give us the most worthy for our children. Let them, if they will, despise me as a new man; but, at the same time, let them extend that contempt to their own ancestors, who raised themselves by their virtue, and, like me, emerged from obscurity. They envy me the honours which you have conferred upon me; let them also envy the toils which I have endured, the life of integrity which I have passed, and the countless dangers which I have run; since such are the means by which I attained these honours. But no—these corrupt and haughty men live as if they despised the favours which you have to bestow, and yet dare to solicit them as boldly as if their conduct deserved them. Mistaken men! who think to attain at once two objects so incompatible in their nature—the pleasures of idleness and the rewards of virtue!

"What is the substance of their harangues before you and in the senate? The praise of their ancestors is the topic of all, and by their panegyric they imagine that themselves are ennobled; but they are much mistaken: the brighter the glory of their forefathers, the more despicable their own degeneracy. And this must ever be the consequence: the glory acquired by an illustrious line of progenitors throws a light round their

posterity, which allows neither their vices nor their virtues to lie in obscurity. For myself, I boast of nothing by inheritance; but I have better pretensions; I can give the history of my own life. Yet mark the injustice of these men! they arrogate to themselves the merit of others, while they refuse to me the fame acquired by myself; and why? because, forsooth, I have no images of my progenitors to display, and because my nobility begins with myself. But surely he is nobler, who builds reputation for himself, than he who receives it from others, and pollutes it by his own degeneracy.

"I am aware, that, if they were now to reply to what I have advanced, neither art nor eloquence would be wanting to their cause. They have made the best use of both, ever since you honoured me with your suffrages, and have shewn as much asperity against me, as they have exhibited disrespect towards you. I therefore resolved upon this occasion to speak my mind, and even to provoke their resentment, lest silence on my part should be thought to proceed from fear or the reproaches of a guilty conscience. So confident I feel in my innocence, that I bid defiance to all they can say; if they speak truth, their report must be in my favour; if false, my life and morals will refute them.

" It is your partiality to me which causes their animosity. You have raised me to the highest honours, and have vested me with a most important command; but I pray you, before it is too late, consider whether you may not repent such kindness. I have no images, no statues of my ancestors, to lay before you; I cannot boast of triumphs and consulships in my family; but I can, if necessary, display spears and harness, standards, and other rewards of valour: I can shew scars and honourable wounds. These are my insignia, and this my nobility, not derived by inheritance, like theirs, but dearly earned by myself in the midst of toil and danger.

" My language, they may say, is rough and unpolished: I grant it; but it gives me not a moment's concern: virtue shews herself simple and undisguised; while the veil and varnish of eloquence is necessary to such turpitude as theirs. I am a stranger, they tell you, to the literature of Greece: true. I never could value those accomplishments, which I see redound so little to the virtue of those who teach them. My pursuits have been very different: I have studied to be of use to my country. To attack the foe, to defend my post, to fear nothing but disgrace, to bear with equal vigour the heat of summer, and the inclemency of the winter; to sleep on the

bare ground, and support hunger and fatigue at the same time: these have been my acquirements; these the arts by which I hope to animate your troops. To treat them harshly, while I indulge myself in repose, and claim the glory which their labour has acquired, is not, you may be assured, the system of Marius. My authority shall be at once useful to the state, and such as becomes a Roman at the head of his fellow-citizens. He who treats his army with rigour, while he gives a loose to indulgence himself, deserves more the name of tyrant than of general. Such are the principles which prevailed in ancient times; by these your forefathers ennobled themselves, and served the commonwealth. Our modern nobles look back in the race of glory; conscious how much they differ from the worthies of antiquity, they despise us who endeavour to emulate those models, and receive the honours which you bestow, not as a recompense but a debt. It is pride, gross pride, which leads them into these errors: their ancestors have left to them all they could bequeath; their riches, their statues, and the glorious memory of their name; but they left them not their virtue, for they could not; that alone is a possession which cannot be transmitted.

"I know that, in their estimation, I am sordid and uncultivated. I cannot furnish out an entertainment, have no buffoon in my train, nor give my cook more than the slave who ploughs my land. To these charges, my friends, I readily plead guilty. I have learned from my father and from other venerable characters, that delicacies belong solely to women, while labour is the province of man; that glory, not wealth, should inspire the ambition of the virtuous, and that arms are a more honourable ornament than equipages.

"Let the nobles, however, persist in their favourite pursuits, and enjoy the pleasures which are dear to them; let them love, let them drink, and as they have wasted their youth, so let them pass their age, in convivial riot and debauchery, the slaves of appetite and of the most degrading propensities. To us, however, they should leave the dust and toils of the field; to us, who prefer fatigue and hardihood to banquets. But no—they will not even make this compromise. Infamous and dishonoured as they are by every possible vice, they yet dare to usurp those honours which virtue alone should claim; and thus, in violation of all laws of justice, the pernicious crimes of sloth and luxury present no obstacle

to the men who practise them, while they bring the ancient commonwealth to destruction.

"I have thus, my fellow-citizens, replied to my enemies, as far as the vindication of my own character required, though by no means in proportion to the extent of their iniquities: permit me now to make a few observations on the state of public affairs.

"In the first place, be assured that the war in Numidia will succeed: you have cut off Jugurtha's best resources, which were the ignorance, the avarice, and the pride of your commanders; you have an army in Africa thoroughly acquainted with the country, but hitherto more distinguished by their bravery than their success. Numbers have fallen a sacrifice to the avarice and temerity of the officers: on you, therefore, who have attained the age for military service, I earnestly call to assist me in defence of the commonwealth; stand forth with promptitude, nor let your spirits be dismayed by either the misfortune of those who have gone before you, or the misconduct of their commanding officers. I shall be always near you, on the march or in the battle, sharing every danger which I plan, and consulting for you as for myself: yes, and, with the will of Heaven, all shall succeed as we wish;

victory, spoils, and glory shall be ours; or, were it even possible to suppose that our success is either doubtful or distant, still, even in that case, it is the duty of every honest citizen to arm himself promptly in the defence of his country. Indolence has never been the road to immortality; and the wish of every father for the children of his heart is, not that their existence may be lengthened to eternity, but that, while they live, they may live virtuously and honourably. I should proceed still further, O my fellow-citizens! if words could infuse spirit into cowards; but this were a hopeless task, and to the brave I have said enough."

LXXXVI. When Marius saw that his harangue had animated the people, he immediately loaded the ships, that were waiting, with provisions, money, and all other necessaries of war. The command of the fleet he gave to his lieutenant, Aulus Manlius, with orders to sail without loss of time, while he himself remained at Rome to complete his levies. Little attentive to the old established rule of selecting the men from certain ranks and classes, he enrolled, without distinction, all who offered themselves, and they were, for the most part, those who were numbered by the poll, and who, on account of their poverty, were excluded from military

service. This conduct was liable to different constructions: by some it was imputed to the difficulty of finding a sufficient number fit for employment: by others it was attributed to the ambition of the consul, who meant by these means to pay his court to the populace, the authors of his reputation, and of his subsequent promotion; and it is certain that men of this indigent description are the aptest instruments in the hands of the intriguing and the ambitious; since, having nothing to lose, they care not how much they risk, and whatever is profitable seems also to them honourable.

Marius sailed for Africa with a greater force than he was entitled to by the decree of the senate; and after a short voyage landed at Utica. At that place the command of the army was resigned to him by Publius Rutilius, for the lieutenant-general Metellus chose to avoid an interview, unwilling to see what he had not patience even to hear.

LXXXVII. The new consul made it his first care to adjust the full complement of his legions, and auxiliary cohorts. Having settled that to his mind, he marched into a rich and fertile part of the country, and gave up the plunder of it entirely to the soldiers; he attacked several towns and castles, that were neither

strong by nature, nor well garrisoned; and gave battle in some places, while in others he ventured only on light skirmishes. In this prelude to the war the new-raised recruits learned to be soldiers; they entered boldly into action; they saw that the runaways were either taken, or put to the sword; that valour was the best protection, and that on the strength of their arms depended the liberties of their country, and the happiness of all that were dear to them. Riches and glory became the leading objects of the war; and in a short time the recruits were so equal to the veterans, that there was no difference whatever in valour and discipline between them.

The two kings, on the first intelligence of the arrival of Marius, put themselves at the head of their respective armies, and marched by different routes into wild and inaccessible parts of the country. Jugurtha was the adviser of this measure; his idea was, that in the pursuit the enemy would divide their forces, and give him an opportunity of attacking them in detached parties. Besides, he expected that the Romans, like most other troops, when they saw no appearance of danger, would expose themselves by a relaxation of discipline.

LXXXVIII. Metellus, upon his arrival at Rome, was, contrary to his expectation, received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. The fever of public prejudice had subsided, and he found himself equally caressed by the senate and the people. Marius, in the mean time, proceeded with activity and diligence: he planned his own measures carefully; and, at the same time, kept a strict eye upon those of the enemy; attentive to every thing that might serve or embarrass either. He obtained the quickest notice of the motions of the two kings; discovered all their designs, and counteracted all their operations. He suffered neither his own army nor that of the enemy to be at rest, but kept the one as continually active as the other was continually in alarm. As he pursued his march, he had frequent encounters with the Gætulians, who were led on by Jugurtha to attack and plunder our allies. He had often routed these predatory parties; and once, in the neighbourhood of Cirta, had obliged Jugurtha to throw down his arms, and save himself by flight.

Marius however saw, that, whatever might be the glory of these enterprises, there was still nothing important or decisive accomplished by them. He therefore resolved to lay siege to all those cities which he knew to be strong

by situation, or by garrison; and which were of course as advantageous to his enemy, as they were materially obstructive to him. By this plan he foresaw that Jugurtha, if he looked tamely on, would be deprived of his strong holds, or, if he came to their relief, would be obliged to hazard a battle.

From Bocchus he had no apprehension. That king had sent frequent deputations, signifying his earnest desire to be considered as a friend of the Roman people, with strong assurances that no act of hostility would be committed on his part. Whether this was mere dissimulation, with intent to lull the Romans to sleep, and then to fall upon them by surprise, or whether it proceeded from the versatility of a man, one moment fond of war, and the next inclined to peace, has not been very clearly ascertained.

LXXXIX. The consul carried his design into immediate execution: he laid siege to the strong towns and castles; took some by storm, and either by threats or by promises reduced others to submission. His operations at first were of no great moment; his design was, by moderate enterprises to draw on Jugurtha to the assistance of his subjects, by which means he should have him in his power. Being, however, in-

formed that the Numidian king kept at a distance, and was occupied by other measures, Marius resolved, without loss of time, to undertake an enterprise of a more arduous description.

In the midst of a wild and desolate country stood a great and opulent city, known by the name of Capsa, of which, according to tradition, the Libyan Hercules was the founder. The inhabitants, under the moderate government of Jugurtha, enjoyed various privileges and exemptions, by reason of which they were thought to be reconciled, and, indeed, devoted to their king. The place was defended not only by strong fortifications, a numerous garrison, and a vast store of arms, but, in addition to those advantages, the difficulty of the roads made it almost impregnable. If we except the fields adjoining to the town, the whole country round is a wide extensive waste, parched and dry, without a drop of water, and teeming with serpents, whose ferocious nature, like that of all other animals, is sharpened by hunger, and, though of itself deadly and destructive, rendered more venomous when they have nothing to allay their thirst.

Marius burned with impatience to make himself master of this place. Such a conquest,

he judged, would forward the progress of his arms, and the glory of surmounting such difficulties was an additional motive. The fame too which Metellus had acquired by the reduction of Thala, was sufficient to inspire him with a spirit of emulation. The city of Thala, in point of strength and situation, was similar to that which Marius had in view, with this difference, that near the walls of the former there were several springs, whereas the latter had only one rivulet, and that within the precincts of the town. For the rest, the rain-water was their only supply. The people here, like the other inhabitants of those parts of Africa, which are uncultivated and remote from the sea, are the better able to endure this wretched dearth of water, as they subsist altogether on milk and the flesh of wild animals, and never make use of salt or any other provocative; food being with them only the means of allaying appetite, and by no means considered as an indulgence or a luxury.

XC. Resolved to prosecute his enterprise, the consul made every necessary preparation, but it appears to me that his chief reliance must have been upon Providence, as the difficulties which he had to encounter were more than human prudence could surmount. A sufficient stock

of corn was not to be procured; the scarcity of that necessary article was to be expected in a country where agriculture is neglected, and the people lay down their lands in pasturage. Add to this, the crop, such as it was, had been by the king's order conveyed to fortified places. The ground, at the same time, was quite parched; and, as is usual towards the close of the summer, bare of grain and forage. The general, however, made the most of his slender store, and arranged all matters with consummate prudence. He consigned the cattle, which had been seized a few days before, to the care of the auxiliary cavalry, and dispatched his lieutenant, Aulus Manlius, at the head of the light cohorts, to the city of Laris, where he had lodged his magazines and military chest. In his instructions to that officer he signified a design to scour the country in quest of plunder, and in a few days to join him at Laris. Having by this artifice cloaked his intended enterprise, he bent his course to the river Tana.

XCI. He took care, as he proceeded on his march, to distribute daily a just proportion of cattle to the several companies of foot and the troops of horse, giving directions, at the same time, that the hides of the slaughtered beasts should be converted into leathern bottles. By

this judicious management he was able, without discovering his secret, to alleviate the scarcity of corn, and to have in readiness a stock of utensils for future use. Accordingly, after a march of six days, when he arrived on the banks of the river, he found that, according to his orders, a great number of leathern vessels had been prepared.

Marius thought proper to halt at this place. He pitched his camp, and having raised slight entrenchments, he ordered his soldiers to take due refreshment and hold themselves in readiness to march at sunset. Unincumbered with their baggage, and bearing no other burden than a supply of water, with which he ordered them and their cattle to be loaded, at the appointed hour he began his march, and continued it during the whole night. In the morning they again pitched their camp, and on the following night observed the same conduct. On the third morning he arrived, before daylight, at a place uneven and rugged with hillocks, not more than two miles distant from Capsa. On this spot the consul, concealing his army with the utmost care, remained in ambush during the remainder of the night; and at the dawn of day, the Numidians, having no idea of an enemy at hand, issued forth in great numbers from the

city: in that instant Marius ordered all his cavalry, with the most expeditious of his light-armed infantry, to rush forward to the town of Capsa, and make themselves masters of the gates. He himself advanced without delay, restraining his men from plunder by the strictest orders. The inhabitants were thrown into the utmost consternation: the suddenness of the attack, the danger, the confusion, and the anxiety which they felt for their fellow-citizens who had issued forth, and were already in the power of the enemy—all these considerations rushed upon their minds, and obliged them at once to surrender themselves.

Capsa was immediately set on fire; all who were capable of bearing arms were put to the sword; the rest were sold to slavery, and the pillage was abandoned to the soldiers. This, it must be acknowledged, was contrary to the laws of war; but must not be ascribed to the avarice or cruelty of the general. The measure was adopted because the city of Capsa was of the highest importance to Jugurtha; was every way advantageous to the enemy, and most difficult of access to the Romans: besides, the people were a perfidious race, whom neither benefits nor threats could restrain.

XCII. Marius, who before this brilliant success, which he obtained without the slightest loss, had been raised sufficiently high in reputation, was now more high and illustrious than ever. Even such of his measures as were rather rash and ill-concerted, were considered as marks of superior genius. The soldiers, pleased with the mild exertions of his authority, and growing rich under his command, were loud in his praise; the Numidians revered him as something more than mortal; and, in a word, the prevailing notion among our allies, and even our enemies, was, that he was possessed of faculties above human nature, or that a particular providence directed all his actions. Flushed with the success of this enterprise, he resolved to follow his blow, and marched against other places; some of which submitted after a vain resistance, while others were deserted by the inhabitants whom the fate of Capsa terrified: these he gave to the flames, and spread terror and destruction wherever he went. At length, having made a number of conquests, most of which were bloodless and without detriment to his army, he conceived a project, which, though not so important as that of Capsa, was attended, however, with no less difficulty.

At a small distance from the river Mulucha, which formed a boundary between the territories of Bocchus and Jugurtha, there was an extensive plain, in the middle of which stood a mountainous rock, of a prodigious height, broad at top, with a small castle erected upon it; on one side only there was a difficult and narrow ascent; in every other part it was as steep and rugged as the labour of man could have made it. Marius knew that this fortress was the depository of Jugurtha's treasure, and therefore applied himself strenuously to the reduction of it. The enterprise succeeded, but more by a lucky incident, than the operations of the general. The place was well garrisoned, and sufficiently provided with arms and necessaries of every kind: a spring within their walls supplied them with water: mounds, and moving towers, and other machinations of a siege, could not be advanced against the castle with any advantage: the road to the top was, as already mentioned, close and narrow, between two steep precipices: the covered galleries could not be brought forward without extreme danger; as soon as they approached the works, they were either crushed by a weight of stones, or destroyed by fire. Before a place so inaccessible, the Romans could neither stand to their work, nor shew

themselves in the moving galleries. The bravest soldiers were either slain, or disabled by their wounds, and the rest were struck with a general panic.

XCIII. Marius saw with considerable anxiety that his time and his labour were wasted ineffectually, and began to deliberate whether he should raise the siege, or wait for the interference of that fortune which had so often seconded his endeavours. In this state of doubt and anxiety he had passed several days and nights, when the following incident occurred. A Ligurian, who served as a common soldier in the auxiliary cohorts, happening to go forth from the camp in the search of water, went to the side of the castle opposite to that where the siege was carried on, and there took notice of a number of snails crawling among the rocks: he picked up one, then another, and, still wishing to gather more, mounted by degrees, till he almost reached the summit of the rock, where a scene of profound solitude presenting itself, he was led by that love of discovery so natural to the human mind, to explore farther and indulge his curiosity. He soon perceived a large oak that had forced its way through many stones, and at first inclining downwards near the root, soon

soht up, according to the nature of all trees, and grew to an immoderate height.

The Ligurian climbed up the tree, laying hold of the branches, and, at times, planting his foot on the jutting points of the rock. In this manner he gained the summit, and in that situation was able to take a view of the castle without being discovered by the Numidians, whose attention was drawn off to the quarter where the besiegers advanced their works. Having gained a knowledge of every thing conducive to his purpose, he descended by the same path, but with more curiosity than at first, examining and exploring every thing around him.

His adventure being thus performed, he hastened to give an account of it to Marius. He urged the general to avail himself of the secret path which he had discovered, and assault the castle, offering to be the guide, and the foremost in the post of danger. Marius thought fit to send some of his attendants in company with the Ligurian to reconnoitre the place; their reports were various according to the genius of the men, some representing it as a proper measure, others as a scheme altogether impracticable. The consul, however, was not discouraged: on the contrary, he resolved to

try the experiment on the very next day; and for this purpose selected five of the most alert trumpeters in his army, with four centurions at the head of their companies, and gave them orders to march under the conduct of the Ligurian.

XCIV. At the hour appointed all being in readiness, this bold adventurer proceeded to the place. The centurions, by the advice of their leader, laid aside their usual dress and armour, and marched with their heads and their feet uncovered, in order that nothing might obstruct their sight, and that their ascent among the rocks might be easy and unincumbered; they slung their swords and bucklers on their shoulders. The last were in the Numidian fashion, made of leather, more light and portable, and, if they struck against the rocks, no sound could follow. The Ligurian led the way. He tied cords round the pointed prominences of the rocks, and also round the old roots and branches of trees, that appeared in some places between the stones. By this contrivance the soldiers raised themselves with greater ease. He lent a hand to those whom he saw disheartened by the difficulties which they had to struggle with; and when they came to a spot where the ascent appeared almost impracticable, he directed the men, free

from all incumbrance, to climb up before him, and then followed them, loaded with their arms. Where the difficulty seemed insurmountable, he there particularly exerted himself, and by ascending and descending frequently, animated the men to follow his example. At length, having with infinite toil and labour conquered all these obstacles, they reached the summit of the rock, and found the castle upon that side naked and defenceless; the Numidians, on this as on the preceding days, being all drawn off to attend in the opposite quarter to the operations of the siege.

The Numidians, during all this time, were allowed neither pause or respite. Marius, being informed of what was achieved by the Ligurian, pushed the assault with redoubled vigour; and, after exhorting his men, shewed himself on the outside of his covered gallery, and ordered the soldiers to form a military shell and advance against the works, while the battering engines, the archers, and slingers, from their distant station, kept the enemy in constant alarm. The Numidians had often crushed to pieces, or destroyed by fire, the works and machines of the Romans; and now elated by success, they scorned to remain within their battlements, but had the hardihood to appear on the outside, and

there passed whole days and nights, abusing the Romans in the most outrageous manner; railing against Marius as no better than a madman; and endeavouring to intimidate our men by threatening that they all should be reduced to slavery under Jugurtha. Such was the insolence of these people, intoxicated with success.

The conflict was continued on both sides with unremitting fury. The besiegers fought for dominion and glory; and the Numidians for the preservation of themselves, and all that was dear to them. In the heat of the action a sudden clangor of trumpets was heard. An uproar so unexpected in the rear of the combatants spread a terrible alarm. The women and children who had issued out, to be spectators of the conflict, betook themselves to flight; they were followed by such as were near the walls; and, at last, the whole body, armed and unarmed, fled in one general panic. The Romans, encouraged by this retreat, advanced with increasing ardour, and bore down all before them; some of those who opposed them they merely wounded, and without stopping to kill them, urged on with rapid fury, trampling the slaughtered bodies under their feet; and emulous only for the glory of victory, pressed forward to gain possession of the works, without pausing a moment to think

of plunder. Thus did success almost justify the temerity of Marius, and confer on him glory, where he might have expected censure.

XCV. While this enterprise was depending, Lucius Sylla, who filled the office of quæstor, arrived in the camp with a large body of cavalry. He had been left at Rome by Marius, with directions to raise recruits in Latium, and the territories of our allies. And now, since I am led by the chain of facts, to mention this very extraordinary person, it may not be improper, in this place, to give a sketch of the character and genius of the man; especially as I shall not hereafter have an opportunity of speaking of him more at large; and since Lucius Sisenna, his best and ablest historian, has not in my judgment acquitted himself with sufficient freedom.

Sylla was the descendant of an old patrician line, whose lustre had been nearly extinguished by the misconduct of his ancestors. He was an accomplished scholar, and completely versed in Greek and Roman literature; his mind was great and elevated; and, though fond of pleasure, he was still fonder of glory. The leisure hours of his life were all given to luxury; but, when business called, his pleasures never retarded him, except in the affair relating to his wife, when

his conduct certainly might have been more honourable. Artful, eloquent, and easily accessible to his friends; he was a profound master of dissimulation, and could disguise his deepest schemes with incredible art; his generosity knew no bounds; and lavish of every thing, he was particularly so of his money. It may be said of him, that, before he gained a victory over his country in the civil wars, he might be esteemed the happiest of men; and the prosperity which he enjoyed was always so proportionate to his merits, that some have doubted which was the greater, his good fortune or his merits. With respect to his actions after the civil war, I know not whether we should feel more of grief or of indignation in mentioning them.

XCVI. Sylla, on his arrival in Africa, when he joined Marius with his new-raised cavalry, had no experience in the art of war; but such were his talents, that a short time made him a most distinguished officer. Familiar with the soldiers, and easy of access, he complied with the requests of such as applied to him, and with others did not wait to be solicited; unwilling to lie under obligations of any kind, and, if incurred, more eager to discharge them than a real debt, he expected no return for favour granted by himself, but by conferring benefits made it his study to

enlarge the circle of his friends. Affable among the lowest ranks of the army, he was by turns jocose or serious, according to the occasion. He loved to mix with the common men, and was often present at their works, on their marches, and their midnight guard. Superior to the little arts of low ambition, he scorned to undermine the character of the consul, or any man of real merit; and was only anxious that none should surpass himself either in valour or in prudence, in the cabinet or in the field. The consequence of this honourable conduct was, that he became the favourite of Marius, and the idol of the army.

XCVII. Jugurtha, during this time having lost the city of Capsa, and other strong holds of great importance, together with the treasure which he had amassed, turned his thoughts to Bocchus, and by frequent messages pressed him to march his army with all expedition into Numidia, as there was now, he said, a fair opportunity to give battle to the Romans. Finding, however, that the Mauritanian prince rather fluctuated between peace and war, he had recourse a second time to the favourites at the court of Bocchus; and by bribery engaged them once more in his interest. To the king their master he offered the third part of Nu-

midia, provided that the Romans were expelled out of Africa; or that, by a treaty of peace, he retained the entire possession of his dominions. Tempted by these proposals, Bocchus, at the head of a numerous force, advanced to meet Jugurtha; and the two armies formed a junction just as Marius was preparing to march into winter-quarters; and as it was then near the close of day, the Numidian prince thought this a favourable moment for attack: because, if he met with a defeat, the night would be his protection; and, if he gained a victory, it could prove no impediment to his men, as they knew all the turns and windings of the country; and, on the other hand, darkness would in either case throw the Romans into confusion.

XCVIII. It was reported to Marius from various quarters that the enemy were approaching; presently the enemy themselves appeared, and lost not a moment in making an attack, before the Romans could form their lines or secure their baggage, and before the signal, in any order, could be given to the troops. The cavalry of the Moors and Gætulians rushed on with impetuosity, not drawn up in order of battle, or any regular military arrangement, but in tumultuous bodies, as they happened to be combined by chance. The Romans, thus taken

by surprise, were thrown into the greatest confusion, but still resolved to act like men who were mindful of their glory: some snatched up their arms, and defended their comrades who were looking for theirs; while numbers mounted their horses and advanced to the attack. The conflict was violent, and presented no appearance of a military engagement, but looked rather like a quarrel among gangs of robbers. No standards to follow, no ranks in regular array, the cavalry and infantry on both sides met, as chance directed, in wild encounter. Some were mangled, others massacred, and numbers, while assaulting all before them, were felled to the ground by enemies behind their backs. Neither their valour nor their arms were sufficient to protect the Roman soldiers, outnumbered as they were, and on every side surrounded by the enemy. At length the veterans, and with them the new levies, who had acquired great military skill, meeting in bodies, as chance or the nature of the ground directed, ranged themselves in circular order, and presenting a front on every side, were enabled to check the progress of the enemy.

During all this distress, Marius remained firm and undaunted, nor lost for a moment his accustomed fortitude, but at the head of his own

troop, which was composed of men selected for their valour, he was present every where, and faced every danger. Where he saw the men giving ground, he flew to their assistance, and penetrating through the thickest squadrons of the enemy, did all that the confusion of the moment would admit of, and made himself felt as a soldier, since he could not be heard as a general. By this time the day was closed, but the ardour of the barbarians did not subside; on the contrary, by order of their king, who expected every advantage from the darkness of the night, they persisted in the conflict with more fury than ever. Upon which Marius, considering all circumstances, adopted the plan which his situation suggested, and, in order to secure a safe retreat for his men, took possession of two hills that stood in the neighbourhood of each other: one of them was not large enough to afford room for a camp; but it had the advantage of a copious spring of water. The other was a convenient situation, and from its height and steepness was difficult of access, and required few additional entrenchments. He ordered Sylla, at the head of the cavalry, to take post on the eminence that afforded water; and having collected his forces, while the bar-

barians were in great confusion, made his retreat to the other hill.

The kings, perceiving the difficulties which they had to encounter, desisted from the combat, but resolved not to draw off their forces. They invested both hills with a prodigious multitude, and pitched their tents on the adjoining plain. Fires were immediately kindled all around; and the barbarians, according to custom, passed the night in joy and revelry. The air resounded with songs and exultation. The monarchs themselves were elate with joy; and because they had not fled, felt all the pride of conquerors. The Romans, under cover of the night, surveyed the whole scene from their eminence, and were not a little encouraged by this disorder and infatuation which they witnessed.

XCIX. Marius particularly derived confidence from the folly of the enemy. He commanded his men to observe the strictest silence; and the guard was changed, contrary to custom, without the sound of trumpets. At the dawn of day, the barbarians having sunk to sleep, exhausted by the fatigues of their nocturnal riot, he ordered the infantry, the troops of horse, and the legions, to sound all their instruments in one general clangor, while at the same moment

the soldiers sallied out, and, raising a general shout, rushed on to the attack.

The Moors and Gætulians started up, alarmed by an uproar so horrible and unexpected. In their confusion they could neither fight nor fly, and were incapable of doing or resolving upon any thing. Stunned by the horrid tumult, by the shouts, the clamour, and the furious onset of the Romans, and finding no assistance whatever from their comrades, they were seized with a kind of idiot stupor, and were at length routed or massacred on the spot. Their arms and standards were taken. The number slain upon this occasion exceeded all that fell in former engagements, as, surprised, and scarcely awake, they could not think of saving themselves by flight.

c. Marius, as he had before determined, marched his army into winter-quarters. For that purpose he chose the maritime towns, where he was sure of being supplied with provisions. Far from being flushed with the pride of victory, he was still upon his guard, and continued to preserve the same cautious conduct, as if the enemy was always in view. He divided his army into a kind of a square. Sylla, at the head of the cavalry, commanded the column on the right; Aulus Manlius, on the left, led on the

slingers and archers, with the Ligurian cohorts. In the front and rear he placed the light-armed infantry, under the conduct of the military tribunes. The deserters, whose lives were of little consequence, and who best knew the course of the country, he employed as scouts to watch the motions of the enemy.

For himself, in the mean time, he was as active and vigilant as if he had made no arrangements whatever. Visiting every quarter, he extolled or reprimanded the men, according as their merits or faults required it. As he made it a rule to be at all times armed, and prepared for action, he kept his men under the same regular discipline. In fortifying the camp, his circumspection was as great as if he was still on a march. The cohorts of the legions mounted guard at the gates; the outside posts were assigned to the auxiliary cavalry, and on the lines and ramparts he took care to station a sufficient force. He went the rounds in person, not so much from a suspicion that his orders might be neglected, as for the purpose of inducing the men to undergo with cheerfulness the fatigue in which they saw their general take an equal share. This policy of Marius was not confined to the present juncture; he pursued the same conduct to the end of the war; and

such was the impression on the minds of the soldiers, that they preserved good order more from a sense of honour, than the fear of punishment. For this conduct different reasons were assigned: some imputed it to ambition, and the love of popularity; others were of opinion, that it sprung from the laborious life to which he was accustomed almost from his infancy, and in which incessant practice had so confirmed him, that what others thought hardship beyond enduring, was to him become a pleasurable habit. In justice to the general it must be said, that by the lenity of his administration he rendered essential service to the state, perhaps with more reputation and real dignity than he could have done by more rigorous measures.

CI. The army proceeded on their march, and on the fourth day, being arrived in the neighbourhood of the city Cirta, they were alarmed by the scouts, who shewed themselves in quick succession on every side. This was undoubted notice of the approach of the enemy; and the messengers arrived from various quarters, all bearing the same intelligence. Marius was at first in doubt how to draw up his men; but soon resolving not to alter the arrangement which he had made, gave orders to halt, and waited to receive the enemy. By this measure

Jugurtha saw his schemes defeated, as he had ranged his troops in four divisions, imagining that in some quarter they would be able to attack the Romans in the rear.

The heat of the action fell to the lot of Sylla: that officer, after an animating speech to his men, advanced in close array at the head of some troops of horse, and made a fierce attack on the Moors. The rest of the cavalry remained firm in their station, eluding the darts and missive weapons of the enemy, and occasionally doing execution on those who dared to approach.

While our cavalry was thus engaged, Bocchus, with a body of infantry, whom his son Volux had brought to his assistance, entered into the action. This reinforcement was quite fresh, and not having marched with expedition, had not shared in the former action. The king of Mauritania placed himself at the head of these men, and fell upon the Romans in the rear. Marius, at this point of time, was busy in the front of the lines, as Jugurtha had appeared with a numerous force in that quarter. But the Numidian prince, as soon as he heard that Bocchus was engaged, turned off privately with a few of his attendants, and joined the Mauritanian infantry; where he exclaimed in a loud tone of

voice, and in the Latin language (which he had learnt at Numantia), that the efforts of the Romans were all in vain, for that Marius was no more; and that he himself had given the mortal blow. As a proof of what he said, he brandished a sword tinged with the blood of a foot-soldier, whom he had slain with his own hand. Our troops, though they did not believe the story, were struck with horror at the very idea of such a calamity; while the barbarians, encouraged by the tale, fell with redoubled ardour upon the Romans, who, astonished and aghast, were just upon the point of giving way, when Sylla, having routed the troops to whom he had been opposed, came up at this critical juncture, and attacked the Moors in flank. Bocchus was instantly put to flight; but Jugurtha, anxious to retain the victory, which already appeared to be completely in his hands, still persisted in encouraging and supporting his soldiers, till, surrounded by our cavalry on the right and left, and seeing his men all slaughtered about him, he cut his way alone, and escaped with difficulty amidst a volley of darts. In the mean time, Marius, having defeated the cavalry of the enemy, came up to the assistance of his troops, who had been, as he thought,

repulsed; the contrary, however, was the case, and the enemy fled on all sides.

The field of battle was now a scene of horror and blood. The enemy flying, and pursued in all directions, were some of them killed, and some taken prisoners. Men and horses lay stretched in one common massacre; and those who were wounded, and unable to fly, after a few faint struggles to raise themselves from the ground, fell back again and waited painfully for death. The whole field, as far as the eye could reach, was strewed with javelins and mangled carcases, and the ground, where it could be seen, was crimson with blood.

CII. The consul, now beyond all question victorious, repaired, as he had originally intended, to the city of Cirta; at which place also, about five days after the last defeat of the barbarians, ambassadors arrived from Bocchus, who requested that Marius would send to the king two persons on whom he could rely with confidence, to consult upon matters relative to the interests not only of Bocchus but of the Roman people. The consul accordingly appointed L. Sylla and A. Manlius, who, although they went in consequence of the king's request, thought it politic to open the business themselves, for the purpose of conciliating Bocchus, if they saw that

he was hostilely inclined; or of encouraging and confirming him in his sentiments, if they they should appear to be friendly and pacific. With this intention Manlius, though senior to Sylla, gave him the precedence on account of his superior eloquence; and the following were the terms in which he addressed himself to Bocchus:

"It is with much pleasure, king Bocchus, that we see so excellent a prince inclined, by the inspiration of heaven, to prefer peace to war: we are happy to find, that the virtues which you possess are no longer polluted by connexion with such a wretch as Jugurtha; and that we are thus relieved from the bitter necessity of including your error in the same punishment with his guilt. It has always been the policy of the Roman people, even in the poor beginnings of their empire, to prefer friends to slaves, and to think there was more honourable safety in the obedience that flowed from inclination, than in that which was extorted by coercion. To you our friendship is particularly advantageous; the distance between us precludes all dread of encroachment, and yet our amity towards you is as strong as if we were immediately in your neighbourhood. It is likewise to be considered, that the people attached to us

are numerous; and that neither we, nor any one else, can ever have too many friends. Would to heaven that you had thought so from the beginning! and by this time you would have received more benefits from the Romans, far more than you now have suffered injury and insult. But since fortune, who governs all human affairs, has willed that you should feel our strength, as well as our kindness, avail yourself, without delay, of the opportunity which she now offers, and persevere in the friendly resolutions which you have adopted. It is in your power, by means which are many and practicable, to sink the memory of your fault in offices of good-will and alliance: we beg you to consider as an important truth, that the Roman people never allow themselves to be outdone in benefits; what they can do in war, you already know by experience."

Bocchus replied to this speech of Sylla in terms of gentleness and moderation, alleging, at the same time, in extenuation of his error, that he had taken up arms by no means from a spirit of animosity, but merely with a view towards the defence of his own kingdom; as that part of Numidia, from which he had expelled Jugurtha, and which had become his own by right of conquest, was attacked and ravaged

by Marius in a manner which he could not patiently submit to; besides, he reminded them, that, when he sent ambassadors to Rome, his overtures of friendship were peremptorily repulsed. He was, however, willing to forget all causes of discontent, and, if Marius had no objection, he was ready to send a second deputation to the Roman senate. His offer was accepted: but the mind of the barbarian soon veered about: he abandoned the resolution he had taken by the advice of his favourite courtiers; a set of men whom Jugurtha, alarmed by the negotiation with Sylla and Manlius, had by bribes and lavish presents allured to his interest.

CI. I. Marius, in the mean time, disposed his army in winter-quarters. There was in the neighbourhood a royal tower, garrisoned, by Jugurtha's order, by the deserters from the Roman army. The consul resolved to lay siege to the place, and with that design marched through a dreary waste at the head of a detachment of light infantry and some troops of horse. While the siege was going on, Bocchus, moved by some happy impulse, changed his mind a second time. The disasters he had experienced in two defeats made an impression on his spirits; or it might be, that he was over-ruled by such

of his court as had not sold themselves to Jugurtha. Returning to his former pacific disposition, he selected, from his intimate and confidential friends, five men of eminence for their firm integrity and superior abilities. These he sent to Marius, and, if that general gave his consent, directed them to proceed to Rome, with full powers to negotiate on his part, and on any terms to conclude a treaty of peace.

The deputies lost no time, but travelled with all possible expedition towards the winter-quarters of the Romans. On their way they fell in with a band of Gætulian plunderers, and by those ruffians were robbed of all they had. After this misfortune they proceeded on their way with fear and trembling, and in a wretched plight gained access to Sylla, whom Marius, when he set out on his expedition, left commander in chief, with the character of proprætor. Sylla might have treated the deputies like so many wandering runagates, according to their appearance; but, on the contrary, he gave them a gracious reception. This behaviour made such an impression on the minds of the Barbarians, that they no longer believed the reports they had heard of Roman avarice; and Sylla's benevolence was to them a clear proof that he was disposed to be their friend. The truth is, that,

even in those days, numbers were so simple as not to suspect that presents were given with insidious views. Generosity was thought to proceed from the virtues of the heart, and was received with gratitude.

The deputies, in full confidence, opened their commission to Sylla: they stated to him the orders they had received from Bocchus, and requested his protection and advice. They held forth in praise of Bocchus; they extolled him for his principles of honour; they talked in a magnificent style of his prodigious riches; and omitted nothing, that they thought conducive to their purpose, or likely to gain the good-will of the proprætor. They were treated by him with all marks of condescension. He gave them his advice how to conduct themselves with Marius, and afterwards before the Roman senate. It happened, however, that, with all these instructions, they loitered in the same place not less than forty days.

CIV. Marius having met with no success in his enterprise, returned to Cirta: being there informed of the arrival of the ambassadors from Bocchus, he summoned them to a meeting, at which Sylla, Lucius Bellienus, the prætor at Utica, and all of senatorian rank round the country, were ordered to attend. In that

assembly he heard what was offered on the part of Bocchus. He found that the Mauritanian king had commissioned his deputies to proceed to Rome, and to desire an armistice till their return. To these overtures Sylla, and the majority of the council, acceded; the few who differed in opinion, were men of little or no experience, who did not consider the fluctuation of all human affairs, and the sudden revolutions that escape human foresight. This party proposed the violent measures.

The Mauritanian deputies, having reason to be satisfied, settled their plan among themselves. Three of them, conducted by Corcius Octavius Rufo, who had been some time in Africa in the quality of quæstor, or paymaster of the army, took their departure for Rome, and two returned to king Bocchus, who heard with pleasure the account they gave him of all the proceedings, and more particularly the generous conduct and the friendship of Sylla. The ambassadors at Rome did their best to varnish the conduct of their master; they acknowledged his errors, but imputed them entirely to the iniquity of Jugurtha, and humbly prayed to be united in friendship and alliance with the Roman people. They received the following answer: "It is the custom of the senate and the Roman people to

bear in mind all acts of friendship and hostility. As Bocchus declares, that he repents of his conduct, they are willing to forgive him. The friendship and alliance which he solicits, will be granted when his merit proves him worthy of that distinction."

CV. The Mauritanian prince, informed of this answer from Rome, sent letters to Marius, desiring that Sylla might be sent to his country, in order to adjust all matters that concerned their mutual interest. His request was granted. Sylla went forward, escorted by a detachment of foot and cavalry, and a number of slingers from the Balearic islands. They were accompanied by a body of archers, and a cohort from Pelignum, carrying, for the sake of expedition, the lightest arms, but sufficient for defence against the feeble darts of the enemy. On the fifth day, as they were proceeding on their march, they perceived, on a sudden, Volux, the son of Bocchus, advancing on the open plain at the head of a thousand horse. As they observed no regular order, but spread themselves at random over the plain, their number, in that confusion, appeared to be greater than in fact it was. Sylla, and his train of attendants, concluded that a ferocious enemy was coming down upon them. With this idea they prepared for

an immediate action; each man grasped his arms, and brandishing his darts and missive weapons, stood ready for the attack, not altogether exempt from fear, but still retaining the ardour natural to men who were conscious of former victories, and resolute against an enemy so often vanquished. While their minds were thus in agitation, the light-horsemen, who had been sent out to explore the country, returned to Sylla, with exact intelligence, and reported that all was quiet.

CVI. In a short space of time, Volux advanced to the Roman lines, and addressing himself to Sylla, declared that he came by the order of his father Bocchus, to greet him on his march, and marshal him the rest of the way. Both parties formed a junction, and continued their march on that and the following day, without any kind of alarm. Towards the close of the next evening, when they had pitched their camp, the Mauritanian prince, alarmed and terrified, went with the utmost precipitation to inform Sylla, that, by the information of his scouts, Jugurtha was hovering on the borders of the camp; with earnest solicitation pressing the proprætor to make his escape under cover of the night. Sylla replied in a tone of unshaken firmness, that he feared no danger from

enemy so often overthrown, but relied with confidence on the valour of his troops; and, even if certain death awaited him, that he would boldly meet his fate, rather than desert the men under his command, and, by an ignominious flight, endeavour to preserve a life subject to various accidents, and, perhaps, in a short time, under some bodily disease to sink to silent dust. Volux still persisted to offer his advice: to march in the night he proposed as the wisest measure: Sylla adopted that opinion, and issued orders to his men, as soon as they finished their meal, to light up a number of fires, and be ready at the first night-watch, to decamp in regular order. The march was conducted without interruption till sunrise, when Sylla, finding his men worn down with fatigue, halted with intent to pitch his camp. While he was employed in that business, the Moorish horsemen brought intelligence, that Jugurtha had with rapid speed made a forced march, and taken his station about two miles in front. The Romans, on hearing this information, were struck with terror and dismay: they thought themselves drawn into a snare, and that Volux was guilty of a stroke of perfidy. Some, more enraged than the rest, were for immediate vengeance on the

Mauritanian prince, who after so foul a crime ought not to survive a moment.

CVII. Sylla in his own mind drew from all appearances the same conclusion, but still restrained the fury of his men. He animated them by exhortations; he observed that the valour of a few had often made a glorious stand against superior numbers; that the man who in battle is prodigal of life, is the most likely to preserve it; while he has arms in hand, to trust to his naked heels, is treachery to himself; and when the danger presses in front, to shew a defenceless back to the enemy, is an act of folly, and ignominious cowardice. After this, turning to Volux, and, calling on Jupiter to witness the fraud and iniquity of Bocchus, he charged the young prince with hostile intentions, and ordered him to quit the camp.

Volux, in a gush of tears, implored and beseeched Sylla not to think him capable of so black a crime; he was innocent; the whole was owing to the wily arts and active vigilance of Jugurtha, who was ever on the watch, and by his scouts had gained intelligence of all their motions. The Numidian, however, was not in strength; he had with him a slender force, by no means numerous, and, as he depended entirely on the support of Bocchus, it was not

probable that he would dare to hazard an attack, when the son of his protector must be an eye-witness of the transaction. For this reason, it appeared to him, that the wisest measure would be to march in the most open manner through the Numidian camp. For himself, he was ready to send forward all his Moors, or to leave them in their present station, and singly and alone to follow Sylla's standard. In such a crisis there was no room for choice. The march began. Surprised by a movement so unexpected, Jugurtha had no time to prepare for action. He remained in doubt, wavering, and irresolute. Sylla pursued his way, without any kind of obstacle, and in a few days arrived at the place of their destination.

CVIII. There was, in that juncture, at the court of Bocchus, a certain Numidian, well received, and in high confidence with the king. The name of this man was Aspar; he had been dispatched by Jugurtha, on the first notice of an intended interview with Sylla, with instructions to manage for the Numidian prince, and penetrate into the secret designs of the Mauritanian court. There was on the spot, at the same time, another Numidian, of the name of Dabar, a descendant of Masinissa, but of mixed blood, as his father, Massugrada, was the son

of a concubine. Possessed of great talents, and many elegant qualities, he was in high favour at court. Bocchus had long known his firm attachment to the Romans, and now chose him for his deputy to Sylla; with instructions to declare, on his part, that he was ready to accede to any terms proposed by the senate, and left it to Sylla to appoint the place, the day, and the hour for an interview. He himself had formed no plan, but reserved every thing to be settled at the conference. An envoy from Jugurtha was to be admitted to the meeting; but from that circumstance no jealousy could arise, as in his presence all matters would be finally adjusted, and in fact there was no other way to check the machinations of that politic and wily Numidian. I find, however, upon due inquiry, that Bocchus was by no means sincere upon this occasion: the reasons which he stated, carried an ostensible surface, but he acted with the duplicity of an African, amusing both the Romans and Numidians with a prospect of a general peace. He wavered for some time between both nations, debating with himself, whether he should deliver up Jugurtha to the Romans, or surrender Sylla to the Numidian prince. In his heart he was inclined to treachery,

but the terror of our arms put an end to his doubts.

CIX. To the message from the Moorish king, Sylla made answer, "That he should be short and sparing of words in the presence of Aspar, but would open himself more at large in a private meeting with Bocchus alone, or in a council attended by a small number." At the same time he communicated to Dabar, the envoy, the substance of the answer he expected to receive from the king.

A conference was accordingly had in a few days. At that meeting Sylla shortly said, that he came commissioned by the consul to demand a categorical answer to his question, which was most agreeable to the Mauritanian king, peace or war. Bocchus, in compliance with the rule prescribed, desired to adjourn for ten days, when he should be prepared to tell his fixed resolution, not having as yet determined with himself. The conference ended in this manner, and both parties withdrew to their respective camps.

In the course of the night, Bocchus sent to Sylla, desiring to see him with all possible secrecy. Each party had a faithful interpreter, and no other person whatever was admitted, except Dabar, a man of an unblemished character: he was chosen as the confidential friend

of both parties, and was sworn in the form they prescribed. After this ceremony the king spoke as follows:

CX. "Seated as I am on the most splendid throne in this part of the world, and possessed of greater riches than all the princes round me, I never imagined that a time would come, when I should be indebted to the friendship of an individual. You, Sylla, are the first to whom I owe an obligation: before I came acquainted with you, I was in the habit of doing good; I relieved numbers at their own request; and to others, unasked, I was a voluntary friend: I wanted assistance from no man. My former lustre is now eclipsed; but I do not, as others would do, repine at the change; on the contrary, I am delighted with it. I acknowledge with pleasure that I stand in need of your assistance, and I do not hesitate to declare, that a mark of your friendship will always be dear to me. Put my sincerity to the test; at your own discretion dispose of my arms, my forces, my finances, of every thing belonging to me. When you have converted all to your own use, I hope you will not imagine that I have closed the account of the obligations I am under to you. A due sense of your goodness will at all times be next my heart. I shall be in your debt, not

you in mine. With your desires, as soon as I am properly informed, I shall ever be ready to comply. With me it is a settled maxim, that the prince who suffers himself to be surpassed in acts of generosity, is more inglorious than he who is conquered in the field of battle.

" I am now to speak of the Roman republic. What I have to say shall be dispatched in a few words. You, Sylla, are sent to act for your country, and now hear my sentiments. I never made, nor wished to make, war against the Roman people: I took up arms to defend my frontiers, which were invaded. Since you desire it, I relinquished that design. Conduct your war against Jugurtha according to your own discretion. The river Muluccha divided Micipsa's dominions from mine; I shall never pass beyond that boundary, nor will I suffer Jugurtha to transgress it. To conclude, if you have any further demand, fair and reasonable to both parties, make it; from me you will meet with no reluctance."

CXI. Sylla made a gracious answer, as far as regarded himself, brief and modest; but on the subject of the peace, and all matters in negotiation, more at large. He gave the king to understand, that " the senate and Roman people, knowing their own advantages in the

course of the war, would not consider the neutrality which he now offered as a mark of friendship or good-will. It would be convenient to himself, but no advantage to the conqueror. Some act demonstrated on his part, and conducive to the interests of the republic, would be expected. For this purpose the king had a fair opportunity; Jugurtha was in his power, and he might strike a sudden blow. By delivering up the Numidian prince, Bocchus would confer an obligation on the Roman people, who, in return, would not hesitate to extend their friendship, to grant a treaty of alliance, together with the part of Numidia which he claimed as his right."

Bocchus was at first unwilling to accede to these terms; he pleaded the ties of blood, the rights of mutual friendship, and the stipulations of a solemn league. By a stroke of so much perfidy he must alienate the affections of his subjects, all attached to Jugurtha, and the avowed enemies of Rome.

Sylla at length carried his points. The Moorish king, softened by repeated applications, yielded his consent, and promised to perform all that was required of him. It was then agreed, that a negotiation for peace should be ostensibly carried on to amuse Jugurtha, who had

reason to be heartily tired of the war, and wished for nothing so much as a general pacification. These measures being settled, the king and Sylla took leave of each other.

CXII. On the following day, the king sends for Aspar, the ambassador of Jugurtha, and tells him it had been communicated to him by Dabar, on the part of Sylla, that it was possible the war might be put an end to on certain conditions, and that he wished to know the sentiments of the king his master upon the subject. The ambassador, much gratified by the proposal, repaired immediately to the camp of Jugurtha; and having received his instructions, hastened back in the course of eight days to Bocchus, and told him "that Jugurtha would do with promptitude whatever was enjoined him, but that his reliance on Marius was very faint, as he had often experienced the hollowness of conventions with Roman generals: that if, however, Bocchus wished sincerely to consult the interests of both parties, and have a peace ratified between them, he ought to endeavour to bring about a conference at which all should attend, for the ostensible purpose of discussing the terms of the peace, and then take that opportunity of delivering up Sylla to Jugurtha; as the possession of such an important person

would be the surest means of extorting a treaty from the senate and people of Rome, who never would suffer a man of his consequence to remain in a state of captivity, into which he had fallen, not from any error of his own, but from zeal in the service of his country." After much hesitation and reflection, Bocchus consented to this proposal. It is difficult to decide whether his reluctance was real or pretended; but the inclinations of kings are generally as fickle as they are ardent, and pass from one extreme to its opposite very rapidly. Some days after, when the time and place of conference were fixed, Bocchus gave audience in their turn to the ambassadors of Jugurtha and Sylla, and, by kindness and promises to each, sent them both away full of expectation. On the very night, however, which preceded the day of conference, having assembled his friends, and suddenly, as if altering his resolution, having dismissed them again, he is said to have remained for a considerable time in a state of the most agitating perplexity, during which his countenance changed as rapidly as his mind, and betrayed, notwithstanding his silence, the internal conflict of all his sentiments. At length he came to the determination of sending for Sylla, and by his advice laid a snare for the capture of Jugurtha. As soon as it was

daylight, being informed of Jugurtha's approach, he mounted his horse, and, attended by some friends and our quæstor, went forward under the pretext of receiving him honourably, and waited for him on an eminence which the men he had set in ambush could command. The Numidian accordingly arrived, and with him several of his friends, but they were all unarmed, as had been agreed upon with Bocchus; and as soon as the signal was given, the party who lay in wait rushed forward and surrounded them. The attendants were all slaughtered, and Jugurtha himself was delivered up a captive to Sylla, by whom he was conducted to Marius.

About the same period our generals, Q. Cæpio and M. Manlius, were unsuccessful in their efforts against the Gauls, and experienced some reverses which struck terror through all Italy. It was then the prevailing opinion of the Romans, and has continued the same to our own times, that no other nations could attempt to resist their valour, but that with the Gauls they fought rather in self-defence than for glory. Upon the conclusion, however, of the war in Numidia, when it was known at Rome that Jugurtha was delivered up, Marius, though absent, was raised to the consulship, and ap-

pointed to the government of the province of Gaul. On the kalends of January he was honoured with a splendid triumph, and thenceforward the hopes and the strength of the city were centred in him.

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